

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1909

AMERICAN SHIPS AND THE WAY TO GET THEM

BY WINTHROP L. MARVIN

[The following reply to a paper in the *Atlantic* for July, 1909, by a "British Marine Officer," on the upbuilding of the American Merchant Marine through the agency of free ships, represents so ably the views of those who believe in the stimulus of ship subsidies as an essential remedy, that it is here printed without regard to views upon principles of tariff reform which have been repeatedly expressed in the columns of the *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.]

IN the July *Atlantic*, an officer of the British mercantile marine painted in vivid colors the "amazement" with which "European statesmen, naval and military experts, merchants and ship-owners" look at America, because our country has suffered its merchant flag in the past thirty years to be driven from the ocean. This is a new view-point, and though the theme is by no means unfamiliar to the American people, the article has attracted a great deal of attention because of the sailor-like vigor and directness with which this British officer emphasized the weakness and the folly of depending for the delivery of our enormous export commerce upon the ships and the seamen of foreign nations, our rivals in trade and possible enemies in war.

Most striking of all, and, it must be confessed, not materially overdrawn, is the picture which this transatlantic observer presents of the great and imposing battle-fleet of the United States, with no reserve of either ships or men behind it, armorclads and cruisers "undermanned by recruits," raw cowboys and plough-boys, for the most part from the Middle West, who hurry through their first enlistment and then quit the sea and the service never to return, — all this, because the disappearance of our merchant ships has carried with it, as one inevit-

able penalty, the starving and scattering of the bravest and hardest sea-loving and sea-faring population in the world, the men who built and sailed the Yankee packets and clippers of years ago, and manned the guns of the Hartford and Kearsarge, as their fathers had manned the guns of the Ranger, Alliance, and Constitution.

It is good sometimes to see ourselves as others see us, and the sharp words of this friendly British officer are certain to intensify the determination so manifestly rising in our country to recreate an American merchant marine worthy of the present wealth and strength and the glorious maritime traditions of the Republic. Yet the author of this really notable article falls into an unfortunate anti-climax when he suggests that the melancholy loss of our ocean-carrying might have been averted by the simple expedient of a "free-ship" policy — that is, a whole-sale purchase of American ships from British builders. Such an expedient, if it ever had been tried, would certainly have proved a disappointment, if not an absolute failure.

For the decline of the American merchant marine in ocean trade, as the sea-folk of New England well know, is due to a situation which could have been only partially and slightly modified by "free ships." This loss of our shipping is due

VOL. 104 — NO. 4

to, and yet could have been prevented by, the modern Republican system of protection. When, in 1861 and the years afterward, the statesmen of the new Republican party, not merely to meet the exigencies of the Civil War, but with deliberate, far-seeing purpose, set themselves to force the development through national aid of great national industries, they left out of the protective system what for three-quarters of a century had been one of the greatest of those industries, undeniably the most successful, and in the manner of its growth the most distinctively and characteristically American.

The first Federal government in 1789 had found the American merchant marine almost as shrunken and dead as it is now — a mere skeleton of 123,000 tons, capable of carrying only a fraction of our commerce, which was conveyed as now largely by British shipping. But the statesmen of 1789, in their very first tariff act, "for the protection and encouragement of manufactures," embodied stalwart protection for American ships and sailors through the form of discriminating tonnage and customs taxes, which compelled American merchants to employ the ocean carriers of their own country — and the law required that these ocean carriers should be built in the United States.

This bold protective measure, which Washington and Madison joined in framing and enforcing, proved so successful that by 1800 our registered merchant fleet had expanded to a tonnage of 667,000, carrying 89 per cent of our imports and exports, and by 1810 to a tonnage of 981,000, carrying 91 per cent of our imports and exports. These policies of ship protection, though modified here and there in the years that followed, were not entirely withdrawn against Great Britain, our chief competitor, until 1849, and by that time they were reinforced by a generous system of mail subsidies which rapidly developed steamship-building and engine-building in the United States, and gave to our ocean steam fleet

a growth in quantity and quality far superior to that of the United Kingdom. These early American mail subsidies, by the way, — it is worth recalling now, — had been granted by Democratic Congresses, on the recommendation of Southern Democratic presidents. They created several American steam lines to Europe, with which the feeble and slower British subsidized ships could not compete, and other lines to the West Indies and in the Pacific Ocean.

The American merchant marine, as it stood at the height of its strength, in 1855, when 583,000 tons of shipping were launched in the United States, was the result of a system of national protection deliberately initiated in 1789 by the founders of the Federal government. Even through those periods when low-tariff or anti-protection theories had prevailed in Congress and the country, the merchant marine was sedulously fostered by discriminating duties, and later by subsidies to mail lines, while all the time direct bounties were paid to the vessels and men of the deep-sea fisheries, "the nursery of the navy." There was small protection then for pig iron and cotton cloth, but much protection for ships and, therefore, for shipbuilding. This maritime interest up to 1855 was unquestionably the most progressive, efficient, and prosperous interest in America.

Those were the years of the Dreadnought and the Flying Cloud, and of the still swifter steamers of our subsidized mail lines — the years of which this British officer writes, when the Stars and Stripes were streaming proudly at the peaks of the finest ships in the ports of every ocean. A significant decline came in the years immediately before the Civil War — our shipbuilding fell off from 583,000 tons in 1855 to 214,000 tons in 1860. One cause of this shrinkage was that, as a direct result of the fierce sectional jealousy and strife over the slavery issue in Congress, the ocean-mail subsidies were withdrawn, in retaliation on the part of the leaders of the South against

the abolition ports of the North, which built and owned most of these swift and powerful vessels of such unmistakable value in the conflict now seen to be impending.

Not all the pluck and resource of Vanderbilt and Collins, the ablest ship managers of their time, could sustain the American steam lines, unsubsidized, against the treasuries of Europe; and all but a few of the splendid Yankee steamships had vanished with the clipper ships from the great trade routes of the North Atlantic when the first shots of the war were fired at Sumter. The Civil War did not begin the destruction of our ocean shipping, as is often but inexactly stated: the destruction had begun before. American ships, without their mail pay, though larger and faster ships, could not compete with the British Cunard line and its subsidy of \$900,000 a year. As one of the greatest of American merchants of that period, A. A. Low, Esq., father of Hon. Seth Low of New York City, said:—

“I only know the English have always, in peace and war, manifested a determination to hold the supremacy of the ocean, and the supremacy which they acquired by arms in war they have in peace acquired by subsidy. . . . They have driven us from the ocean by this policy just as effectively as they ever did drive an enemy from the ocean by their guns.”

The American merchant marine had prospered and grown amazingly under national protection, and it had begun to shrink as soon as that protection was withdrawn by the able but vindictive men who soon after left Washington to found the Southern Confederacy. They were frankly jealous and afraid of the mighty sea power developed by the North, which in the end justified their fears by furnishing the men and the ships that enforced the blockade and smothered the Rebellion.

It is not difficult to understand why these Southern men, meditating withdrawal from the Union, should have

sought, before they went, to cripple the formidable power of the Northern-built and Northern-owned mercantile marine, with its 2,500,000 tons of shipping registered for deep-sea trade, besides the large coast fleet, and 100,000 seamen. But it is much more difficult to explain why, under the high protection policy of the Republican party in all the years since the Civil War, the merchant marine in overseas trade has remained a neglected and unprotected industry, — the only unprotected industry exposed to foreign competition.

Every Republican president since Grant has earnestly recommended a righting of this manifest inconsistency, through the form either of mail subsidies to regular lines or of subsidies to the whole body of our ocean shipping. McKinley and Roosevelt were especially insistent on a subsidy policy, and under the administration of President Harrison something was actually done — the enactment of an ocean-mail law which has stood to the present time, and has created the one American steamship line to Europe and excellent lines to the West Indies, Mexico, and near ports of South America. But this legislation of 1891 was not liberal enough to sustain steamship lines to the farther and principal South American countries and across the Pacific Ocean. New ocean-mail bills providing for such lines have been defeated by small and decreasing margins in two recent Congresses, and other bills carrying out the same purpose have been introduced in the present Senate and House for consideration next December.

It is the Solid South, aided by a portion of the Middle West, that is directly responsible for the failure of the American government to take some step to include the merchant marine within the fortunate circle of protected industries. New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the nearer Western States, and the Pacific Coast, have voted with increasing emphasis in recent years for

subsidy to American ocean ships; but these great industrial communities, with their aroused ambitions for a broader trade, and their pride in the new American navy, have until now been overborne by the combined opposition in the National House of nearly all of the Southern Democrats and a faction of Middle Western Republicans.

Yet this opposition has significantly become weaker year after year. A powerful organization, the Merchant Marine League of the United States, has grown up in the Middle West, and from its headquarters in Cleveland, Ohio, has been carrying on a patient, systematic campaign in the press and on the platform, and its labors are beginning to bear widespread results. The states which, while accepting protection and demanding it in liberal measure for their own industries, are still reluctant to protect American sea-going ships and American sailors are now Wisconsin, Nebraska, Iowa and (southern) Illinois. On the latest test votes, Minnesota, Indiana, and Kansas showed a surprising gain of strength for the merchant marine. The propaganda of the Merchant Marine League for the American ship is actively combatted in most of the Western States by the resident agents of the European steamship combinations, which now derive an income of about \$200,000,000 a year from their control of our ocean carrying.

This is a prize which Europe will not relinquish without a mighty battle, for the earnings on the carriage of American commerce not only are a great source of mercantile profit abroad, but are the fund out of which in large part European governments maintain their powerful naval reserves of fast merchant ships and trained and prepared merchant seamen. Germany especially has an enrolled reserve of more than a hundred thousand sailors, supported largely by American trade, in the service of the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American. The present weakness of the United

States in this regard admirably suits the European purpose.

There is not the slightest mystery about the decline of our merchant marine. That mortifying spectacle of few or no American ships to convey our trade in peace, or to supply and sustain our battle-line in war, is due directly and solely to the fact that the industry of ship-sailing in the foreign trade has, for nearly fifty years, been left alone outside of the American protective system.

"Ah, but has not the shipbuilder been protected by our exclusive navigation laws — absolutely protected?" may be asked.

Yes, the shipbuilder has been protected, but the shipyard is not the main factor in the problem. It is an important, but after all a subordinate one. The shipyard makes the machinery of the ship-owning industry, which is the ships. If there were a prohibitive duty on the machinery for weaving cotton or woolen cloth, and if there were no duty whatsoever on, but absolutely free trade in, the cloth itself, the industry of textile manufacture could not honestly be called a protected industry — and there would probably be a very small demand for textile machinery in the United States. The prohibitory protection of the shipbuilder is of no avail, because the use of the ship itself is not protected.

Here in a nutshell is the problem of the American merchant marine. We have established a protective system, and we have left out of that system the industry of the ocean-ship-owner. We have thereby killed that industry, exactly as we should have killed the manufacture of cotton goods or woolen goods if we had left that industry alone out of the protective system. The manufacturer could not buy his labor and materials in a protected market, and yet sell his product under terms of free-trade competition with all the world. The shipowner has not been able to buy his labor and materials in a protected market — it is only of recent years that materials have been free — and yet sell his

product, which in this case is the service of his ship, under terms of free-trade competition with all the world; or, worse, under terms of free-trade competition frequently aggravated by the bounties or subsidies of other governments.

Let us take a specific case in point. A few years ago, a group of Boston merchants, alert, courageous, enterprising men, thoroughly versed in the shipping business, raised in Massachusetts a considerable amount of capital and built two large and three smaller American steel steamships especially designed for the economical carrying of heavy cargoes — the two larger ships carried passengers besides. This new Boston fleet, finding the North Atlantic crowded, was put on the route from Puget Sound across the Pacific to Japan, China, and the Philippines. The line was operated with the energy and thrift characteristic of New England. It developed an important export trade from our Northwest to the Orient. It did this without national aid, and received from our government only ten or twelve thousand dollars a year for carrying the United States mails.

But this American line ran in direct competition, from Puget Sound to Asia, with a British line of three steamers, out of a Canadian port, less adapted for economical operation but receiving a mail subsidy of \$300,000 a year, and with a Japanese line of three or four steamers receiving a subsidy of \$330,000. After three or four years of this hopeless competition, the Boston managers of this steamship company were compelled to abandon the service and pocket a heavy loss, transferring their three smaller steamers to the coastwise trade and selling the two larger to the government.

These five Boston ships were all built in the United States, by American workmen, out of American materials — they could have been built out of foreign materials imported free of duty, but in that case they would not have been eligible for the coastwise trade. Now suppose that under a "free-ship" policy the

five ships had been built or bought in England. They would have cost somewhat less money, — perhaps twenty-five to thirty-five per cent less, — simply because English mechanics will work for one half of the wages of American. But would that have equalized conditions and enabled the British-built American ships, earning practically no subsidy, to compete with British ships subsidized for \$300,000 a year, or Japanese ships subsidized for \$330,000?

Nor is this experience in any way exceptional. On all of the important routes of the world's commerce, the dominating factors in transportation at the present time are the great national mail-subsidized lines of foreign governments. The year before this Boston-owned Puget Sound line was abandoned, another American line, the Oceanic, was driven off the route from San Francisco to Australia. Though this American Oceanic line performed the fastest and most exacting service in the Pacific Ocean, it was paid at a rate about one half of that given to the French or German companies running out from Europe to Australia; much less than that of the British lines, and less than that of the Japanese. These Oceanic steamers were among our few naval-reserve ships; and, as naval auxiliaries under our law, were manned by American seamen at \$40 a month, while the European and Japanese ships in the Australian trade were manned chiefly by Asiatics at \$8.

It is simply paltering with a great and vital national question to plead that a "free-ship" policy — that is, the purchase of American ships in British yards — would of itself enable American ship-owners to meet the conditions with which they are confronted in the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. The British officer who urges this "free-ship" plan as all-sufficient declares, in all sincerity, that it is "pure nonsense" to say that British steamship companies receive "national aid in the way of grants and subsidies." Fortunately, this is a matter of official

record, and our British officer need only turn to the postal and admiralty reports of Great Britain, and the postal reports of her colonies, to discover that, instead of "one or two of the big mail companies," as he says, there are thirty or more great lines of British steamers, to all parts of the world, receiving from \$8,000,000 to \$9,000,000 in subsidies in the present year. Since 1840, the British expenditure upon subsidies exclusively to British ships has been very nearly \$300,000,000. It is the custom to proclaim that none of this protection has been given to slow "tramp" ships, and, directly, this is true; but indirectly the enormous mail-subsidy grants of the British government have quickened and developed the entire mercantile marine of the United Kingdom. For these subsidies in the beginning opened up new trade routes and created commerce in which the slower cargo craft inevitably shared. And in the early days of steamship-building the mail subsidies served as bounties and gratuities for the development of new shipyards and engine works in which mail liners were built at first and cargo-carrying vessels were afterwards constructed.

There are two great conspicuous British steam lines entering the ports of Boston and New York — the Cunard and White Star companies. Both of these have been mail-subsidized by the British government for many years — the Cunard line from its earliest beginnings. It is this latter company which has afforded the most illuminating recent example of the generosity and courage with which Great Britain fosters her mercantile marine. For the British government, with the express sanction of Parliament, has actually loaned to the Cunard line out of the British Treasury a sum approximating \$13,000,000, to pay for the construction of the *Mauretania* and *Lusitania*, and has also provided a subsidy of \$1,100,000 a year for twenty years, sufficient to repay the loan with interest! In other words, the

Cunard line is fitted out with great new ships at the direct cost of the British taxpayers — a subsidy proposal which nobody has ever yet had the hardihood to suggest to the protectionist government of the United States.

The White Star line, with other British companies and a few American and Belgian ships, was organized a few years ago into the International Mercantile Marine Company, popularly known as the Morgan combination. This great concern within a year has hauled down the American flag from three of its seven American transatlantic steamships, and has transferred these vessels to Belgian registry, presumably to make them eligible for Belgian subsidies, or to gain a somewhat cheaper cost of operation, through a reduction of the wages of the officers and the food-scale of the crews.

The Congressional Merchant Marine Commission in 1904-05 formally inquired of the International Mercantile Marine Company if it would seek American registry for any of its British or Belgian vessels in case a free-ship law were recommended by the Commission for enactment at Washington. Not only did the Morgan Company reply with an emphatic "no," but the same answer was returned on behalf of every other company in which American capital is invested in foreign-built ships now flying foreign colors. All this correspondence is officially recorded in the report which the Commission presented to Congress, but these significant facts seem to have been forgotten by those persons who are now urging a "free-ship" policy as the proper and the only necessary encouragement to the merchant marine of the United States.

On this point the experience of other nations is certainly eloquent. "Free ships" means now in practice British-built ships, the yards of the United Kingdom, developed in part by the generous mail subsidies and in part by the huge naval construction, standing in point of number and the general cheapness of their pro-

duct ahead of the yards of the continent of Europe.

Germany in the beginning tried the "free-ship" expedient alone, having no shipyards in which either merchant craft or men-of-war of large size could be constructed. The experiment was a complete and acknowledged failure, the German mercantile tonnage increasing only from 1,098,000 in 1873 to 1,243,000 in 1881. Then Bismarck appealed to the Reichstag for a positive and liberal policy of state aid through mail subsidies, preferential railroad rates, and other potent forms of imperial encouragement. Now the real growth of the German merchant marine began, and the tonnage of the Empire rose to 2,650,000 in 1900, and to 4,232,000 in 1908. The subsidies to the imperial mail lines were given on the express, significant condition that the ships receiving them should be built in German shipyards, by German workmen, as far as possible of German materials. Under this direct and vigorous protectionism, Germany, which thirty years ago was forced to buy even her battleships in England, has now developed several of the greatest shipyards in the world. For a long time the North German Lloyd has purchased no important ship abroad, and it was recently announced that hereafter the Hamburg-American line would depend entirely upon native construction.

The experience of France was similar. After a long and patient trial of "free ships," the French people found themselves in 1881 with actually a feebleness of ocean fleet (914,000 tons) than they had possessed in 1870 (1,072,000 tons), while French shipbuilding was so nearly dead that it was a serious question whether French battleships would not have to be procured from England. In sheer desperation at the utter failure of the "free-ship" experiment, the French government resorted to subsidy and bounty on an extensive scale. The British officer writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* states that "Statistics declare a decrease" in

French tonnage under this policy. He is very seriously misinformed. The records of the Bureau Veritas show that the French mercantile marine, which was 914,000 tons in 1881, has actually doubled to 1,952,000 tons in 1908 — the later increase consisting chiefly of steamships of high character. This gain is all the more notable because it places France almost on an equality with the 1,977,000 tons of the merchant marine of Norway, to which France twenty years ago seemed hopelessly inferior. The Norwegian government, grasping the significance of this, has lately begun to offer subsidies of its own to create steamship lines to the West Indies and South America, while a very much more ambitious project has just been broached for a direct Norwegian line to the United States.

Sweden lends public money to her ship-owners to establish lines, after the British Cunard example. Austria grants bounties to native shipyards, and subsidies to ocean steamship services. Even Russia, taught by the results of the late war, is offering national aid to arouse the maritime enterprise of her people. Italy has a subsidy and bounty system similar to that of France, and the strong new steam lines which Italian capital has recently established across the North and South Atlantic are due directly to this powerful national protection and encouragement.

But perhaps the most striking recent example of the success of state aid in the creation of an ocean shipping is the experience of Japan. There, too, the first reliance was placed on a "free-ship" policy, and there, as elsewhere, while depended on alone, this ignominiously failed. In the war with China in 1894, Japan found herself with only about 200,000 tons of ocean vessels, and with almost no facilities for repairing, not to say building, them. The Japanese statesmen thereupon launched out upon the most generous and comprehensive system of subsidy and bounty, encouraging both "tramp" ships and regular lines.

and developing native shipyards by the expedient of granting a bonus for every ton of ocean shipping constructed. In ten years the Japanese merchant marine had grown from the 200,000 tons of 1894 to 830,000 tons. The total for 1908 is 1,243,000 tons, and the Japanese payments for subsidy and bounty, exclusively to Japanese ships, are not far from \$6,000,000 a year.

China and the United States are the only important governments which have held aloof from the modern policy of direct and liberal national aid to the merchant marine. Subsidy to shipping in some form or degree — in the form of payments either to regular mail lines or to all ocean ships — is now as fixed a practice as is the use of the gold standard among progressive nations.

This does not mean that the policy of "free ships" is totally discredited and abandoned: it is simply condemned as insufficient in itself without some form of direct protection and encouragement to native shipbuilding and to navigation. As a rule, the governments which grant subsidy or bounty also allow their people to purchase foreign-built ships, but such ships are usually excluded from the benefit of a part or all of the subsidies, and especially is it required that the faster steamships, the auxiliary cruisers, of the national mail lines shall be of native construction. This, as has been said, is the policy of Germany, and in British mail contracts like that of the Cunard line it is stipulated that the subsidized ships shall be "built in the United Kingdom." Unless it be China, or perhaps Russia, no nation now adheres to an absolutely unrestricted "free-ship" policy, with no thought of native shipbuilding.

Hitherto, every proposition for a trial even of a limited form of "free ships" has been rejected in the United States, but it is interesting to note that the latest ocean-mail bill to be brought forward in the American Congress — the bill of Representative Humphrey of Washington, a member of the recent Merchant

Marine Commission — contains a provision authorizing American registry of foreign-built steel steamships of upwards of 5000 gross tons, owned by American citizens; these ships to be employed exclusively in the foreign, and not in the domestic or coastwise trade, and to be eligible to none of the mail or other subsidies of the United States. This proposal is presented by its author to test the sentiment of Congress and the country. With it is associated in the Humphrey bill a provision which Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, Chairman of the Merchant Marine Commission, has introduced in the Senate, for increased ocean-mail compensation to create swift and regular lines of naval auxiliary steamships to Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Japan, China, the Philippines, and Australasia. This ocean-mail measure has recently received the outspoken approval of President Taft and Speaker Cannon, and the whole question of new and progressive shipping legislation will undoubtedly be taken up with vigor at the regular session of Congress opening in December next.

The article of this British sea officer expressing the astonishment of Europe at the maritime feebleness of the United States comes at a time when public sentiment is unmistakably arousing on the subject in America. In one respect, at least, the United States is more fortunate than this British observer seems to be aware — in the possession already of a large group of thoroughly modern and efficient shipyards. Our good critic is very far astray when he declares that "With the exception of Cramps', America has hardly a private shipbuilding yard of any consequence." Within a few miles of the office of the *Atlantic Monthly*, on the shores of Boston Harbor, at Fore River, stands one of the most active and celebrated shipyards in the world. At Bath, Maine, is another modern shipyard, which has launched a battleship of 15,000 tons. Near the Cramp yard on the Delaware is the splendid great plant

of the New York Shipbuilding Company at Camden, the birthplace of a noble fleet of armorclads and liners. There is another large and efficient modern yard, that of the Maryland Steel Company, at Sparrow's Point, near Baltimore; and farther south, in Virginia, on Hampton Roads, is the Newport News shipyard, founded by the genius of C. P. Huntington, and equipped with a group of dry docks for the heaviest repairing. On the Pacific, there are the Moran Yard at Seattle, and the Union Iron Works at San Francisco, which have wrought powerful battleships, and are fit, of course, to undertake any class of mercantile construction.

These great American shipyards, in their present development, are the result of the naval expansion of the United States, but they cannot be successfully maintained either by the demands of the present naval programme or by the relatively light and fitful work of the coastwise trade. There must be great merchant steamships for these yards to build if their costly machinery is to be saved from rust and ruin, and their skilled mechanics held together against the iron need of their government in time of war.

To throw away these mighty shipyards of America, where our steel battle-line has been built, because European shipyards, with their double benefit of subsidy and cheap wages, can do certain work more cheaply, would be an act of unconscionable folly. The development of an American merchant marine and the development of American ocean shipbuilding must proceed together; for history contains no record of any maritime nation permanently great which bought or borrowed its ships from the yards of a rival.

A legislative measure like the Humphrey bill, which provides for the encouragement of native shipbuilding through mail subsidies reserved to home-built ships, and at the same time honestly invokes whatever virtue there may be in a "free-ship" policy by opening our registry to foreign-built ships without subsidy for foreign commerce, has some sanction of experience to commend it. But an unlimited "free-ship" policy, applying to mail ships and even to the coastwise trade, long and vainly advocated in this country as the one expedient to restore our shipping, would simply be free trade run mad.

OLD LADY PRATT'S SPECTACLES

BY ANNA FULLER

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS is perhaps not so reprehensible a vice as many another, yet it is one which few of us can afford to indulge; not only does it warp the judgment and impede that growth in grace for which we are taught to strive, but it estranges one's fellow-creatures to a degree quite out of proportion to the intrinsic evil of it. Of this very obvious truism no one ever had a better understanding than Old Lady Pratt, that wise old moralist who never moralized, that keen philosopher who had never heard of her own contemporaries, Kant and Schlegel, wherein she was by just that much less befogged than the average smatterer of a later generation. She was the first to detect indications of this failing in her grandson Aleck, and scarcely was that admirable little person out of pinafores when she gave utterance to her misgivings. True to her principles, however, Old Lady Pratt — already at fifty-odd in the enjoyment of that honorable title — reserved her criticism for the ears of those most nearly concerned.

One pleasant summer morning her daughter-in-law Emmeline, whom she greatly liked, came running in, hatless and enthusiastic, bearing a fresh-baked loaf of sponge cake. She found Mrs. Pratt and Betsy shelling peas in the dining-room, the sunlight glinting through the blinds and playing pranks with the swiftly moving fingers.

"There, mother!" Emmeline cried, after warmly kissing the two ladies, who had long ago adjusted their minds to the highly spontaneous caresses of Anson's wife. "I believe we've succeeded at last! It's full of eggs as it will hold, — and it has puffed out, and breathed in, and dried up, and moistened down, and

done every single thing it ought to do, and so I just thought you and father might enjoy a loaf, — and Betsy too," she added, as she set her basket down on the dining-table and drew up a chair close to her young sister-in-law, who was so "hard-o'-hearin'" that she had long ago given up the effort. Emmeline Pratt, whose household duties were for the moment in abeyance, was capable of forgetting nearly everything that she ought to remember, but she had never yet forgotten to be kind.

"Did Alfred come in yesterday?" she asked, pitching her voice to an ear-splitting key.

"Why, yes!" Betsy was almost as proud of having understood the question as she was of the implication that young Williams's visits particularly concerned her. "He stayed to supper, and we had a game of six-handed euchre afterward."

"Who beat?" Emmeline inquired, with eager interest.

"Yes, it was, — very pleasant indeed!" — And Betsy, happily unconscious, relapsed into a contented silence, smiling softly to herself.

Old Lady Pratt meanwhile had stepped over to the table, where she lingered, "hefting" the cake with the air of a connoisseur. The small, wiry figure stood firm-planted as Justice with the scales, — differing however from its august prototype in that the shrewd black eyes had never yet been blindfolded.

"Yes," she declared, "you've succeeded this time, sure enough. 'T ain't too heavy, and 't ain't too light, 'n' it *crinkles* jest right. I guess you made that cake yourself, Emmeline; you never could have taught that Hannah to do it."

"I'm afraid that's the trouble with

me," Emmeline lamented, as she picked up a handful of peas and began snapping pods over the yellow bowl in Betsy's lap. "I never can make people do as I say, — anybody except little Aleck. He always minds."

"Minds better 'n Robbie; don't he?"

"I should hope so," was the laughing admission. "Robbie does n't mind much of any, — except when he's sorry!"

Old Lady Pratt was shelling peas with great energy; the supply was getting low.

"I suppose Aleck knows what a good boy he is," she remarked casually.

"Why, how can he help knowing? The child has n't had a bad mark in school, not since Christmas. He told me so himself."

"Seems kind o' proud of it; eh?"

Emmeline looked up quickly. She rarely fumbled over a meaning when there was one.

"Now, mother, what are you driving at?" she asked, desisting from her labors, as she had a way of doing when her thoughts were taking a turn.

"Well, Emmeline, if you want the truth I may as well speak out. We all know that Aleck is a good boy, but he's getting to be a little prig."

"Oh, mother! Not really!"

"Yes, really. You ain't so much to blame. It's his father that's spoiling him. Anson's so tickled to have a boy that keeps his collar straight and don't slam the doors, that he can't conceal his admiration. Both those boys know just as well as I do that Aleck is their father's favorite, and Aleck knows why, if Robbie don't. And so Aleck is getting to feel so superior that I would give ninepence to box his ears, — only he's such a little deacon that he never gives me a chance!"

"And poor little Robbie always seems to be offering up his ears for boxing!" Emmeline sighed. "Why, only yesterday, when Mr. Fields was taking tea with us, Robbie — the little sinner never listens to him in the pulpit — got so interested in the talk that he flooded his

plate with maple syrup, and half the tablecloth into the bargain, before anybody saw what he was doing! I have n't seen Anson so angry, I don't know when!"

"Well, I declare for 't! That *was* a bad mess!" the grandmother admitted, frankly aghast at thought of the trickling disaster. "And yet, — I can't think of anything that would do Aleck more good than to come to grief in jest that way! Mind you, I'm not saying that the child *deserves* a spanking. He's as good a little boy as ever lived. But if he *could* deserve one, jest once, I do believe it would be his salvation."

But, alas, Aleck never did! Unspanked, unhidden, he went his decorous way. He was never late to school, he never fell asleep in church; his sums always came out right, and he rarely tore his clothes, unless he was betrayed into a fight. For Aleck was a good fighter and got into more scrimmages than so proper a little boy should have done. Perhaps he was irritating; I am inclined to think he was. But he was a fair fighter, and it would be difficult to explain why onlookers would have liked to see him whipped.

Robbie, for his part, was rarely among the lookers-on at such bloody encounters. He had an inherent aversion to black eyes, and would have no traffic in them. In fact, Robbie was singularly devoid of the evil passions which find their account in fisticuffs. But there were few other items in the childish decalogue that were not recorded against him. He could be frank to impudence, yet he was an adroit fibber. He had a dandified taste in shoes and collars, yet his pockets had to be sewed up to keep his hands out of them. He never mastered the multiplication table, but "Casabianca" and "A Soldier of the Legion" slipped off his tongue as easily as the Lord's Prayer, which he had repeated every day of his life since long before it dawned upon him that such words as "hallowed" or "trespass" had any meaning whatever. And so Robbie grew up an ingratiating ne'er-do-weel

whom nobody loved the less for that, while Aleck, methodical, long-headed, irreproachable, did his duty in every relation of life, and nobody loved him the better for it.

In due course Aleck made a well-considered, advantageous marriage with a warm-hearted girl, who, taking his handsome face for a cue, idealized him and prepared to spoil him in wifely fashion. But Aleck was not to be spoiled; he was too well-balanced for that. Nor did he prove in the long run altogether stimulating as an ideal. There was never any lapse of morals on his part, never any parleyings with the tempter. As husband and father he was above reproach, and Louisa never lost sight of his many virtues. But after some ten or fifteen years' experience of them, she used sometimes to catch herself wishing that he would once, just once, have the grace to be in the wrong!

Robert, on the other hand, who could so abundantly have gratified a wife in this particular, had, for reasons best known to himself, remained single, and it was with the detached air of a bachelor that he contemplated his brother's achievements in the domestic field, wondering idly at their unflagging excellence.

In the mean time Old Lady Pratt, balked in a pet ambition, found herself obliged to quit the scene of her long and beneficent earthly activity without having once seen her way clear to boxing Aleck's ears. Furthermore, such was the sheer weight of his judgment and integrity, that she felt constrained to appoint him executor under her will, — indemnifying herself, however, by naming his mercurial elder brother co-executor, with equal powers. One may imagine the sly satisfaction with which the old lady inserted this thorn into her impeccable grandson's flesh.

Now Aleck, who credited himself with all the conventional sentiments, was under the impression that he and his brother loved each other, — an illusion, be it observed, which the latter was far from

sharing. Yet it is but fair to admit that no brotherly love, real or imagined, could have made Robert — undisciplined free-lance that he was — tolerable as running-mate in any serious business.

"I've half a mind to refuse the job," Aleck declared, in a burst of conjugal confidence. "It's a paltry little property, anyway!"

Louisa's very needle paused in mid-air. Such a word applied to any matter that concerned Old Lady Pratt bordered on sacrilege.

"Why, Aleck!" she protested, "what would grandmother say?"

"I don't care what grandmother would say. It's what she has done that we've got to consider. I really thought she had more sense!" And Aleck stalked out of the room, conscious of that mild exhilaration which the righteous are prone to derive from a strictly innocuous profanity.

As he closed the sitting-room door, with due regard to the latch, Louisa gave a patient little sigh. It would have done him so much good to slam that door! Her very ears craved the sound of it.

As to Robert — if there had been nothing actually discreditable in his business career, beginning in his father's warehouse, of which he had soon wearied, and continuing at irregular intervals in one or another signally profitless commercial venture of his own, there had not been lacking evidence of an instability calculated to make the judicious grieve. His taste for horses, too, for cards, for harmless conviviality, all counted against him; while some there were among his sincere well-wishers who believed him to be seriously handicapped by his native predilection for music, play-acting, and the like, which, as every one knows, are at direct variance with such higher aims as money-making and personal advancement.

Upon the still recent death of his mother, who had survived her husband but a few months, Robert, having thereby fallen heir to a modest patrimony, promptly renounced the pursuit of wealth in fa-

vor of his latest hobby, the collection and earnest study of a great variety of musical instruments. That a man nearing forty should take to such foolishness was a deplorable circumstance, yet one which might have its uses. For it was an open secret that Robert had at one period allowed himself to be drawn into unholy and disastrous dealings on the stock market, and the hope was that this new vagary of his, developing at the critical moment of his finding himself in funds, might serve at least to keep him clear of that pitfall. Better waste his breath on wood-winds than his substance in gambling; if he needs must choose between two evils, better the fiddle than the ticker!

Great was Aleck's relief, then, when it transpired that Robert, far from pressing his authority as executor, seemed rather bored by the honor thrust upon him, and quite ready to leave matters in more competent hands. In fact, he let fall something to that effect as the two brothers walked together to Old Lady Pratt's house in Green Street the morning after the reading of the will, — a function which had been postponed several days, owing to the pathetic passing of Aunt Betsy on the very evening following her mother's funeral. That unlooked-for event, the only striking incident of a faithful soul's career, had pulled sharply at the family heart-strings; but now that the poor lady had been laid to rest, close at her mother's feet as be-seemed a devoted slave, she bade fair to be soon forgotten. Even Robert, who was rarely lacking in the finer sensibilities, was already finding himself more open to reminders of the imperative little grandmother than of her meek familiar.

To-day, as the two executors sat before the safe in the dining-room pantry, it was with a curious compunction that Robert watched his brother unconcernedly rifling the miniature stronghold which none till now had ever violated. How often had he seen Old Lady Pratt open the ponderous little door to "get

out" the silver for some festive occasion, — jealously securing it again like the good housewife she was. Now and then, when minded to be indulgent, she would draw forth some single object from one or another of the partitions, each of which the children believed to be the abode of priceless treasure; and trifling as the exhibit was, — her grandmother's wedding-ring perchance, or her husband's masonic badge, — it served but to whet the childish curiosity. There was one drawer, having a key of its own, which the most favored child had never seen opened, and in this, as now appeared, were housed the handful of securities which had furnished means of sustenance to the thrifty old lady and her dependents. As it yielded up its contents, Robert could not forbear an only half-humorous protest.

"I say, Aleck," he exclaimed, "can't you almost hear grandma tell us not to meddle?"

"What puzzles me," Aleck remarked, with the fine disregard of other people's mental processes which had always characterized him, "is how those two women managed to make such a good appearance on a pittance like this."

"Well, they did n't live exactly like fighting-cocks, you must admit," Robert threw in, with a glance about the little interior in its Spartan simplicity.

"Here are six governments," Aleck went plodding on, wholly engrossed in his inventory, "and that Smithson mortgage. Twenty-five shares in the Dunbridge horse-railroad, — a gas-certificate, and — I'm blessed if they did n't do the old lady for a Realty Company bond, — and she never let on!"

"What's that?" Robert inquired, with languid interest.

"Oh, a western mortgage swindle the Dunbridge National blundered into Waste paper! Has n't honored a coupon in ten years!"

At the marked animus with which the offending document was tossed upon the table, Robert became gleefully alert.

"Did n't get scorched yourself?" he

inquired, with a tender solicitude expressly designed to enrage the victim.

"Everybody got scorched."

"*I* did n't." Robert's modest disavowal was worth going far to hear.

"It was n't put on the market as a *gamble*!" Aleck flung back.

The co-executor raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders. He had once taken lessons of a French violinist, from whom he had learned certain foreign tricks not contracted for, and which Aleck especially abominated.

"Shall we mark it 'insecurity' and pigeon-hole it?" he inquired, tucking the bond into one of the open partitions, cheek by jowl with a bundle of family letters.

Aleck, with an impatient grunt that might pass for acquiescence, proceeded to gather up the other papers and restore them to the locked drawer. Having made everything ship-shape, and folded his inventory to fit his wallet, he stood a moment irresolute, fingering the bunch of keys which dangled from a single ring.

"I suppose you'll have to have the duplicate keys," he observed grudgingly.

"It *would* seem a painful necessity, — unless you prefer entrusting them to Eliza!"

Whereupon Aleck, feeling in his heart that Eliza, the "hired girl," who had served Old Lady Pratt from time immemorial, would be quite as available a depository as Robert, detached one set of keys and reluctantly handed them over to his brother. As he stepped aboard the horse-car a few minutes later, on the way to his counting-house in the city, the thought of that Realty Company bond crossed his mind, and he took himself to task for suffering his irresponsible partner to treat it so cavalierly. Not that the bond itself was worth its ink and paper; but, after all, business was business, and it would never do to encourage Robert in loose views.

That his own judgment had been at fault in this particular instance was brought home to him in a manner not altogether painful, when, only a few weeks

later, there appeared in his mail a notification from the Realty people to the effect that a small payment would be made on the bonds of the company upon their presentation at a given office in State Street.

Pending its final distribution, the little property had been left in its accustomed quarters, and thither Aleck repaired in quest of the despised bond. To his extreme annoyance, it was not to be found; and after diligently searching every nook and corner of the safe, he set out for his brother's lodgings in no conciliatory mood. The cheerful warble of a flute which greeted him as he mounted the stairs did not tend to allay his irritation, and with only the pretense of a knock he entered what Robert was pleased to call his "work-shop," and closed the door behind him.

The flute warbled blithely on, and Aleck stood a moment feeding his wrath on the sight of those inflated cheeks and grotesquely arched eyebrows.

"Robert!" he called sharply, when no longer able to contain his disapproval.

The performer merely changed the angle of his right eyebrow in token of intelligence, but not until he had finished the little roulade did he come to speech. Then, removing the instrument from his lips, and gravely drying the mouthpiece upon a silk handkerchief, "A pity you don't like music," he observed pleasantly. "It's a delightful resource."

"I have no lack of resources," was Aleck's curt rejoinder, as he seated himself face to face with the offender, whose countenance was gradually resuming its normal hue. "In fact, I'm rather too much occupied to be called upon to keep my co-executor in order."

"Your co-executor? Why, that's me! Sounds quite important! Well, what's wrong with the co-executor?" And by way of concession to the dignity of the office Robert laid his flute on the table.

"I thought it was understood that the handling of grandmother's estate was to be left to me."

It was Aleck's most aggressive tone, and Robert was prompt to accept the challenge.

"Well, supposing it was," he mocked. "That's nothing to get mad about!"

"Look here, Robert, we're not in the grammar school!"

"Glad to hear it. Thought for a moment that we were! And now, what can I do for you?"

"You can tell me what you have done with that Realty Company bond."

"Done with it? I understood that it was done with us."

"What have you done with the bond?"

"I have n't done anything with it." And here Robert, as a delicate hint that he considered the subject exhausted, fell to fingering the keys of the recumbent flute.

"When did you take it out of the safe?" Aleck persisted.

"Did n't take it out of the safe."

"That's nonsense, Robert. The bond's gone, and you're the only person that has access to the papers."

"Really? How about yourself?"

"I'm a business man, and entirely accountable."

"Well, then; I'm not a business man, and I never assume any accountability that I can keep clear of." And from this point on, the flute was left to its own devices.

"Pity you could n't have kept clear of this, then!"

"Come, Aleck! Better go easy. You're running this thing,—that's agreed between us,—and you'll do as you please with the plunder. But you'll be good enough to let my character alone."

"Your character?"

"Yes, my character. It's a poor thing, but mine own,—that's Shakespeare, by the way,—you ought to feel complimented,—but such as it is, I really must ask you to keep your hands off it."

Perhaps the most exasperating thing about Robert was his entire absence of

heat,—quite as if he did n't at bottom care enough about Aleck's aspersions to resent them seriously.

"I've not attacked your character," Aleck protested, yet in the perfunctory tone of one merely desiring to keep within the law.

"Indeed? And what is it that you are attacking? I state that I have n't touched your old bond, and you —"

"Can you state that you have n't opened the safe in my absence?"

"Assuredly not; for I did open it a day or two ago."

"Well, there we have it!"

"I went there to get a bunch of letters that mother wrote grandmother when I was a little shaver and had the scarlet fever. Grandma showed them to me after mother died, and I knew she had always kept them in the safe."

"Did they happen to be in the same pigeon-hole where you put the bond?"

"Might have been, for all I know."

"Hm! That explains it. You took the bond too by mistake."

"Nothing of the kind. I stopped and read the letters then and there, just where I was sitting when grandma showed them to me. There was no bond among them."

"Will you oblige me by examining those letters now?"

"No, I won't!"—And at last Robert did change countenance.

"May I ask why?"

"Because I have n't got them."

"Did you destroy them?"

"That's my business."

"Ah! Then you did n't." Aleck eyed his brother narrowly, and a conviction of the truth seized him. "So — you lost them on the way home."

"Well, what if I did? I've done what I could about it, for I valued those letters more than forty of your tuppenny bonds!"

"And what have you done about it?" Aleck probed.

"Advertised."

"And got no answer. Naturally!"

The man that's got that bond is n't going to show up."

"I tell you there was no bond there, Aleck. I know what I'm talking about. But those letters! Why, man, mother was a genius! I had forgotten how good they were. You see she was in quarantine with me, — I can see her now, moving about the room, her pretty —"

Aleck was on his feet.

"We're not concerned about family letters just now," he broke in. "The bond is lost, and as you won't own to having lost it, I must make it good myself."

Robert's little burst of feeling had gone out like a flame.

"An inexpensive matter," he remarked dryly, "since it's known to be worthless."

"You are mistaken," Aleck retorted, with injured dignity. "There is a payment to be made to-day."

"Indeed? How large a payment, — if the co-executor may be so indiscreet as to inquire."

"Fifty dollars."

"Hope it won't ruin you though if you think it will —"

"It's not this payment," Aleck made haste to declare. "It's the bond itself. That will naturally rise in value, and I shall replace it with one of my own."

"Very right, I am sure," Robert chimed in, with a sententiousness copied after Aleck's own. "I hope it will make you more careful in future. Otherwise I might, as senior executor, find myself constrained to suggest your handing the keys over to Eliza."

And before Aleck was well out of hearing, the dulcet whistle of the flute was again audible in the corridors of the lodging-house.

As Louisa listened that evening to the tale of Robert's dereliction, she was too dutiful a wife not to do justice to her husband's grievance. The attitude of the culprit was in itself trying enough, while the loss of a thousand-dollar bond, whatever its immediate status, was not to be regarded lightly. Old Lady Pratt

had certainly blundered. Incredible as it must seem, even she, the ultimate authority, had suffered a lapse of judgment. Only Aleck had been right, — fatally, indisputably right, — as usual!

To this conclusion all were fain to subscribe when, in course of time, the family learned of the way in which Robert had again demonstrated his business incompetency. They took the matter rather seriously, these Pratt relatives. It was really mortifying that one of their number should be so slack as to let a valuable paper slip through his fingers. And perhaps the worst feature of the case was the indifference with which the delinquent himself persisted in regarding the affair. He would not even take the trouble to defend himself, but, quietly, characterizing the matter as a bee in Aleck's bonnet, he went about his business, if business it could be called, as if nothing had happened. There was something so vexatious about this, considering too how ready every one would have been to pity and condone, that for once the family sympathy veered to Aleck's side.

The feeling against Robert reached its height when, after a few days, it came out that his precious letters had been restored to him and that he had let the finder depart without so much as asking his address, — let alone making any inquiry whatever for the missing bond. Why should he insult the man gratuitously, he would like to know? A pretty return that would be for a thumping great favor!

Now, such indifference savored of moral turpitude, or so his cousin Susan Daggett declared, and Susan ought to know, for she had married a professor of Christian Ethics. This sentiment about his mother was all very well. Aunt Emmeline had written a very good letter no doubt, even if her spelling had been a bit, well — old-fashioned, to say the least. But — "Really, Robert," the good lady urged, "you might have put the question, if only out of consideration for the family feeling."

"True, Susan! And while I was about

it I might have inquired whether there did n't happen to be a diamond tiara under the strap. So easy to overlook a little thing like that!" With which arrant flippancy Robert dismissed the subject for the hundredth time.

Meanwhile, a very few weeks had sufficed for the settling of the estate, and to-day Aleck sat at his library desk, agreeably conscious of a task well done. At five o'clock that afternoon he was to preside at a meeting of the heirs, here in his own library, to render an account of his prompt and able stewardship, and to apportion to each his just share in the little property. Before him was his check-book containing checks drawn to the order of the several beneficiaries; here were the receipts awaiting their respective signatures; and there, in the yellow envelope where once had housed the goodly little company of "governments," still lingered that Realty Company bond which he had sacrificed on the altar of brotherly — shall we say exasperation? — and for which no market had offered. The envelope was of the accordion-shaped variety, designed to open out for the accommodation of a number of papers, and having once been taxed nearly to its capacity, it now presented a slipshod, overblown appearance which offended Aleck's sense of fitness. He picked it up and inserted his fingers, with a view to removing the bond, which, however, seemed disinclined to come loose. Impatient of such contumacy in that particular paper, he gave the thing a shake, when lo, with a hitch and a flop, quite in character, there dropped on the desk, — his own broad desk, dedicated for years to conscientious and punctilious labor, — not his sacrificial offering alone, but its shameless double, none other than Old Lady Pratt's own bond!

For one bewildered moment Aleck believed that he was dreaming. He clutched the arms of his chair in the vain hope that they might crumble in his grasp. He lifted his head and glanced across the room, lest perchance the portrait of his father, — steady, incorruptible man of

affairs whose mantle had descended upon him, — lest perchance the portrait might have melted away, as even more substantial things have a way of doing in dream-land. But alas, everything was in its accustomed place. The very canary-bird across the hall was singing at the top of its voice; he could hear his tom-boy daughter Sophie whistling as she came in from school, and for the first time in his life he felt no impulse to administer a well-merited reproof. Yes, it was clearly he, Aleck Pratt, who had lost his bearings, — it seemed to him as if the whole fabric of his life were suffering disintegration.

Then, in a lurid flash of memory, he recalled the very act of placing that miserable paper there with his own hands. He remembered returning that same afternoon to verify his inventory, careful man that he was, — and that then and there he had half mechanically rescued the "insecurity," and tucked it in with the other bonds. What imp of darkness had impelled him to put it into just that envelope, the only one having inner folds to form a trap for its detention? And why, oh why, since it had remained in hiding through every previous examination, must it come to light now, when the mischief was done past remedy?

Past remedy? Was it then past remedy? And as the excellent man sat there in deadly consternation, the remedy he pondered was not of the wrong done Robert. It was his own personal straits that held possession of his mind, his own hideous discomfiture. Must he then face exposure, he asked himself, his heart hardening within him, — must he produce the bond? Had he not made good its loss? Had he not more than fulfilled every obligation toward the heirs in that as in every other particular? Why take any step tending to lessen their faith in him? Since he had made good that trifling matter (how much more trifling it seemed to-day than ever before!), why rake it up again, at the expense of his reputation as a trustworthy business man?

VOL. 104 — NO. 4

And how about Robert's reputation? The thought gave him pause for a moment only. Robert's business reputation! As if he had ever had any to lose! It was not as if Robert's probity had been in doubt. No one had ever questioned that. But neither had any one ever taken Robert's irregularities seriously, least of all Robert himself! In this very matter of the bond, — what had Robert cared? The man was too indifferent to his own reputation to take the most obvious measures for clearing it. Of course, if Robert had cared, — if he had been distressed, mortified, even decently regretful! But he did n't care! And whatever he had lost in family esteem, it was a thing he had not valued, while Aleck! — why, a doubt cast upon his, yes, infallibility (he boldly used the word himself) a doubt cast upon that would be a family misfortune.

Sitting there, motionless, still gripping the arms of his chair, head down-bent, eyes unseeing, thinking, thinking, thinking, Aleck felt himself becoming with every moment more strongly intrenched in his position. The family could not afford to lose confidence in him. They had been too long accustomed to turn to him for counsel in their business dealings. How faithfully he had served them, as executor, as trustee, as general adviser! Had he ever failed them? Never once. Yet did not the very stanchness of their faith in him render it vulnerable? Too strong to bend, might it not break under the shock of an unprecedented blow? It was surely not for him to deal that blow, not for him to imperil his own usefulness. A slight oversight must not be magnified into a damning misdeed. And with this forcible conclusion our hard-pressed sophist rose to his feet and continued his preparations for the impending formalities.

And when the family met in that very room a few hours later, there was naught in Aleck's face to betray the crisis through which he had passed. He sat, erect, authoritative, in his accustomed chair, giv-

ing his mind to the matter in hand, as untroubled by doubts of his own position as by misgivings touching the reality of the black-walnut furniture which he had regarded with such suspicion a few hours earlier.

Robert had declined the post of honor beside his co-executor, with the brief disclaimer: "Oh, no, Aleck; this is *your* funeral!" And so sure of himself was Aleck that he could contemplate without a qualm the grewsome truth that might have lurked in Robert's words had not common-sense taken command of the situation.

The ceremony of distribution was an affair of but a few minutes, for, aside from the checks in Aleck's book, there remained only the personal effects to be considered. These, under his practiced and conscientious appraisal, had been collected in numbered parcels, to be assigned by the drawing of lots. Contrary to a well-worn tradition that has furnished grist to many a humorist's mill, the little rite was in this instance performed with a reverential quiet, eloquent of feeling. As one and another took possession of his small allotment, not all eyes were dry, nor was every voice quite steady, though we may be sure that no pains were spared to conceal such weakness.

While the others were comparing notes, or chatting in subdued tones, Robert sat, somewhat apart from the rest, studying a set of pink-lustre teacups which had, inappropriately as might appear, come his way. But he had no fault to find with Fortune's caprice. He had always loved those little shiny cups, whose natural claim to handles had been mysteriously denied them. As he lifted one of them in his hand, his mind was crossed by a curious analogy with himself. Was there not something akin to their ingenuous futility in his own equipment for life? He too had his shiny surfaces, oh, yes! and his ready receptivity. Was it perhaps the handles that he too had lacked? Was that why he had — well, spilled so

much out of life? why the cup had so often slipped, just when the elixir was brimming? Across his fanciful reverie struck his brother's voice, harshly breaking in upon the lower murmur of conversation.

"I have something to say, that you must all hear."

To most of those present the accent was merely a trifle more strenuous than usual. But to Robert's ear, trained to the perception of undertones, there was a difference. Nor did it escape Louisa's notice. She glanced at her husband in quick anxiety. Yes, his face was tense with suppressed emotion, as she had rarely seen it. He stood in rigid isolation over there by the desk, the very picture of stolid self-sufficiency; yet in those square-set shoulders, in that stiffly awkward pose, was something that smote her to the heart.

In his hand Aleck held a pair of gold-bowed spectacles. There was no one in that little company that did not recognize them at a glance, though none attached any special significance to their appearance at just that juncture. They had been included in the little collection of valuables which the Law of Chance — sometimes so curiously relevant — had awarded Aleck. When he had come upon them thus, a moment since, he had suffered a severe shock. It was not the peculiar shape of the heavy gold rims, squared off at the corners, that appealed with such poignant force to his memory, — not the initials cut in the edge, recording a gift from husband to wife. It was nothing less than a startlingly realistic vision of the bright black eyes that had animated them for so many decades, — of those eyes, so shrewd, so humorous, so kindly, and always so unerringly clear, — eyes before whose penetrating glance the boldest child had firmly believed that "his sin would surely find him out." What other articles might have fallen to his share Aleck heeded not. He had seen only those spectacles, and more distinctly still the eyes of her

whom he had loved and revered all his life. And now, as he stood before his kindred, with the glasses in his hand, he was impelled to speech by a power that he never once thought of resisting.

"I have something to say," he declared, "that you must all hear." — And in face of the censure, the disparagement, the ridicule he was inviting, his bearing only stiffened to a greater tension, while a queer, discordant break shook his voice. "The Realty Company bond which you have all heard about has been found. Robert had nothing to do with the loss of it. I myself had taken it in charge, and then — forgotten."

A slight movement stirred the little company, but no one spoke, although all eyes were fixed upon him, as he went on to the bitter end.

"I apologize to you all," he said, while a dark flush mounted to his very hair. "I apologize to you all, and most of all to Robert."

There was a second's embarrassed silence; then the click of a small teacup set in a saucer as Robert remarked, in a tone of easy unconcern, "That's all right, Aleck. I always told you the matter was not worth talking about!"

And at that the murmur of voices was resumed, and each member of the company fell to examining his newly acquired possessions with an exaggerated interest.

When the last guest had departed, Aleck returned from escorting his Aunt Harriet, now the senior member of the family, to her carriage. He walked up the path with dragging step, his head bowed, his hands clasped behind him, prey to a profound nervous reaction. They had all been very kind, oh yes. The Pratts were a good sort; not one of them all had shown the least disposition to exult in his downfall. Uncle Ben, to be sure, who must have his joke, had poked him in the ribs and said something quite inoffensive about humble-pie; but Uncle Ben's jokes never rankled. A cousin or two had gone so far as to give his hand a significant

squeeze under cover of the general leave-taking, which was a long sight worse than Ben's pie. But they meant well. Yes, they had all been very kind, — especially Aunt Harriet, who had leaned from her carriage to say, "I think mother would have been pleased, Aleck," adding, — the better to point her allusion, — "I wondered whether you realized that you were holding her spectacles in your hand all the time."

Realized it! As if he had realized anything else! And he did not, even now, regret what it had driven him to. No, he did not regret it, — except for Louisa. It had hurt at the time, hurt atrociously, but now that it was over, the only person that really seemed to matter was Louisa. Louisa had always respected him so. He had always been aware of her respect; but only now did he perceive how much it had meant to him all these years. He somehow could not bear to step down from the pedestal which he felt assured that he had occupied in her esteem.

As he entered the house, in gloomy self-absorption, and drew near the library, his attention was arrested by a muffled sound. He stayed his step, embarrassed and alarmed. There, in the chair where he himself had sat enthroned an hour ago, in fancied security, was Louisa, her arms resting on the desk, her head upon them, sobbing gently. The lamp shone full upon the pretty hair, striking its decorous brown plaits into bronze. Had they been less severely disciplined, those heavy plaits of hair, they might have got entangled in the gold-bowed spectacles, so close did these lie, there where they had dropped, when their brief mission was accomplished.

A quick compunction seized Aleck. He had not thought that she would take it this way; he had only imagined her thinking less highly of him. But that she should feel it like this, that she too should be mortified and distressed, — on that he had not reckoned. He could not remember that he had ever before seen her cry since their little Emmy died.

Why, this would never do, never in the world!

He crossed the room, with a curious hesitancy and self-distrust, and stood beside her, deeply troubled, not on his own account, but for her.

"Don't take it so hard, dear," he begged. When before had he ever called her "dear"? "Nobody's going to think the less of you."

"Of me?" she sobbed. "Of me? Oh, Aleck!"

He began patting her shoulder rather awkwardly.

"Don't cry!" he entreated. "Don't cry, — *dearest!*"

At that reckless, that incredible endearment, Louisa lifted a face, radiant through its tears.

"I'm not taking it hard," she gasped, with a blissful inconsequence. "I never was so happy in my life before!"

"Happy, Louisa? Happy?"

"Yes, happy! Ah, don't you understand? You've been wrong, wrong, outrageously wrong! — and you've owned up like a splendid great hero, and — oh, Aleck, *I adore you!*" And, seizing his faithful hand, she pressed her face against it in an excess of joyful emotion.

Then Aleck, grown old before his time on a diet of respect and esteem and such-like sober fare, took his first draught of adoration like a man. What if it did go to his head a bit? Louisa would have been the last to mind that. For suddenly she felt herself caught up into her husband's arms in a swift embrace which was quite the most delectable thing she had ever known. And as she hid her face against the familiar waistcoat, on which she had that very morning sewed an unconscious button, "Louisa," she heard him declare, with an uncontrollable throb of feeling, "Louisa, I don't care what they say about me, now that I know you are on my side, — and grandmother," he added under his breath.

Whereupon those same gold-bowed spectacles might have been seen to twinkle more knowingly than ever.

THE STANDING OF SCHOLARSHIP IN AMERICA

BY HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

ALL signs seem to point in the same direction. From the primary school to the university, from the kindergarten to the vocational life, there seems to arise in our day a demand for greater thoroughness and effort and serious concentration. A hundred symptoms indicate, and serious educators proclaim, that a turn of the road is near. There may have been a time — perhaps it is only a legend — when education had become ineffective through its formalism and rigidity. The children were forced by severe methods to do work repugnant to them. The prescribed studies of the college boys were dry and tiresome. It must have been a depressing kind of instruction in which the best energies of the youth were insistently subdued. A great reaction had to come. School-time was to be made a period of happiness, the child was to learn only what he liked, the college boy was to study only that which seemed interesting. Only that which appealed to the taste and to the attention was deemed worthy of the classroom. Instead of formal training, at last we had instruction which really opened to the boys and girls a gay-colored world where they might enjoy themselves to their heart's content. It was a period in which the children were no longer ordered, but begged and persuaded; in which the abundance of elective courses made a handsome volume out of the announcements of the smallest college; athletics flourished, and in the school all, with the exception of the teachers, had a good time.

But now in the zigzag movement of educational progress, a new counter-movement seems imminent. We have been trying the national experiment long enough to test its results. We have seen

the girls who have been educated in the high schools with "current events," and the boys who were no longer molested by the demand for Greek. But the outcome seemed more disappointing than ever. Every one who was not deceived by a showy exterior soon discovered the mental flabbiness and superficiality which resulted from the go-as-you-please methods. We began to feel that those who had never learned to obey never really became their own masters; those who had never trained their attention by forcing their will toward that which is unattractive had to learn by severe disappointments later that a large part of every life's work must be drudgery. The youth left the school with a hundred things in their minds, but without any power of intellectual self-discipline.

Our public life reflects this lack everywhere. The newspapers and magazines, the theatres and the social-reform movements, are more and more made for a public which looks only to be entertained, and which has lost the power of sustained attention to that which is not attractive in itself; and the nation slowly begins to realize that such a mental state of the community is the natural soil for every kind of moral weed. Thoroughness is only another form of conscientiousness. He who early acquires the habit of inaccuracy and carelessness will never have the energy to work against evil where it is easier and more convenient to let things go as they will.

We stand only at the beginning of this new reaction, but we already hear from many sides that more serious discipline and training and effort must be secured. This coincides with the fact that educational psychology, since it has entered into

the stage of careful experimental work, has brushed away the widespread prejudices regarding the training of mental powers. The theorists who advocated the coddling education had made much of the fact that no training can really change the mental powers of the individual. A bad memory never becomes a good one. Experimental psychology has demonstrated the fallacy of such pet ideas. Memory and attention, apperception and reasoning, feeling and emotion, effort and will, can be remoulded by a well-directed education; and this development of the mental powers may easily appear to many as a more important gain than any addition to the stored-up knowledge of facts. But the community on the whole is not eager to consult the experimental psychologist: from the deepest needs of social life the new longing has arisen.

If the nation is not to suffer by a cheap complacency, and the triumph of ostentatious mediocrity, the whole educational life must be filled with a new spirit of devotion to serious tasks. The commencement addresses of the leading men of the country have given fervent expression to this instinctive demand of the nation this year. So far as the colleges are concerned, one imperative change stands in the centre of every platform: scholarship must receive a more dignified standing in the eyes of the undergraduates. The constant appeal to the mere liking of child and boy and adolescent has finally made the side-shows more important than the real arena. The university administrations practically everywhere recognize such a reform as a most urgent need. Means must be found to effect a complete revision in the views of the average students. So long as the best human material in our colleges considers it as more or less below its level to exert effort on its studies; so long as it gladly leaves the high marks to the second-rate grinds, and considers it the part of a real gentleman to spend four college years with work done well enough not to be dismissed, and poorly enough never to

excel, there is something vitally wrong in the academic atmosphere.

Some seem inclined to think that the whole blame belongs to athletics. If the interest in intercollegiate sport is allowed to take hysteric character, and if the successful college athlete stands in the limelight of publicity, it appears necessary that the devotee of quiet scholarship should remain unnoticed in the dark, and that his modest career should not attract the energetic fellow. Whatever the reasons may be, many suggestions for reform have been made. Perhaps none may more quickly lead to an improvement than the much-discussed plan of introducing a stronger element of competition into the scholarly sphere, and thus to use for intellectual purposes those levers which have been so effective in the field of sport. The effort to put the highest energy into scholarship has not reached its ideal form so long as it is controlled by the hope of surpassing a rival. That for which we must aim is certainly a more genuine enthusiasm for intellectual efficiency. And yet the present situation would not only excuse, but really demand, the fullest possible play of these secondary motives. If we can foster scholarship by an appeal to the spirit of rivalry, by all means let us use it. We may hope that as soon as better traditions have been formed, and higher opinions have been spread, the interest in the serious work will replace the motives of vanity. As soon as the finest men of the college turn, from whatever motives, with their full strength toward their class-work, the masses may follow, and higher and higher ambitions will be developed.

Of course, no one can overlook some intrinsic difficulties in the way of such plans. No artificial premium can focus on the successful scholar that same amount of flattering interest and notoriety which the athletic victory easily yields. The difference lies simply in the fact that the student's athletic achievement represents, in that little field, a performance which may be compared with the very

best. The scholarly work of the undergraduate, on the other hand, at its highest point necessarily remains nothing but a praiseworthy exercise, incomparable with the achievement of great scholars. The student football-player may win a world's record; the student scholar in the best case may justify noble hopes, but his achievement will be surpassed by professional scholars every day.

But the real difficulties in the transformation of the present state, after all, lie much deeper. Certainly, the faculties of the universities ought not to leave anything undone which may shift the centre of gravity in the little encircled academic world. But however high the hopes may be, we ought not to underestimate the much greater difficulties which have their origin outside of this college world. May it not be an illusion to believe that the deplorable lack of appreciation for scholarship of students can ever be fundamentally changed so long as the corresponding ideas in the great world outside of the college campus are not thoroughly revised? No college faculty can change situations on the campus, if they are simply symptoms and results of the conditions in our whole social organization. The scholarship of the students will never be fully appreciated by the most vital men in college so long as public opinion does not back them; that is, so long as scholarship has no real standing in the American community.

If we are sincere, we ought not to overlook the fact that the scholar, as such, has no position in public opinion which corresponds to the true value of his achievement. The foreigner feels at once this difference between the Americans and the Europeans. The other day we mourned the death of Simon Newcomb. There seems to be a general agreement that astronomy is the one science in which America has been in the first rank of the world, and that Newcomb was the greatest American astronomer. Yet his death did not bring the slightest ripple of excitement. The death of the manager

of the professional baseball games interested the country rather more. Public opinion did not show the slightest consciousness of an incomparable loss at the hour when the nation's greatest scholar closed his eyes. And if I compare it with that deep national mourning with which the whole German nation grieved at the loss of men like Helmholtz and Mommsen and Virchow, and many another, the contrast becomes most significant.

When the president of Harvard University gave up his administrative work, the old Harvard students and the whole country enthusiastically brought to him the highest thanks which he so fully deserved. But when, the year before, William James left Harvard, the most famous scholar who has worked in this Harvard generation, the event passed by like a routine matter. At the commencement festivities every speaker spoke of the departing administrative officer, but no one thought of the departing scholar. And that exactly expresses the general feeling.

It was said with emphasis the other day that the strength of the American university lies in its graduates. In Germany, for instance, inside and outside of the academic circles, every one would take it as a matter of course that the strength of a university lies exclusively in the professors; and moreover in the professors as scholars. If I think back to my student days in my fatherland, the greatest events of those happy years were the festivities and torch-light processions which we boys organized for our great professors when they declined a call to another university. Their work and their fame in the world of scholarship was our greatest pride. For their sake we had selected one or the other alma mater. The American students feel this pride and attachment only for the institution as such; the individual scholars there are to them merely the appointed teachers; they may like them as teachers, but consider their scholarly achievement a private affair.

A very characteristic symptom of the situation is the prevalent opinion that as

a matter of course every professor is ready to become a college president. Again and again scholars from most widely different fields are discussed for presidencies, even in places where they would have to give up their scholarly work and be obliged to go over entirely into administrative work. It is evident that such a change lies well in the line of men whose scholarship refers to government or economics or similar subjects. But if a scholar of Greek or mathematics is treated as an equally natural candidate, it clearly indicates that the public does not consider the university professor primarily as a productive scholar, but essentially as an officer of the institution. To change from a professorship to a presidency then appears as a kind of promotion, while in reality it means a change of profession.

In both the United States and Germany the scholars are almost exclusively university professors, in striking contrast to France and England, where many of the greatest scholars have always been outside of the universities. But this personal union has had different effects in the two countries. In Germany, the exultant respect for scholarship raised the career of the mere university professor; in America, by the lack of respect for scholarship, the standing of the individual scholar has on the whole come to be determined by his administrative position in the universities. Those who have a kind of personal reputation, independent of their services to the institutions, owe it as a rule to extraneous features. Perhaps they make a practical discovery, or give eloquent popular lectures, master a picturesque epigrammatic style, or like to write magazine articles in their leisure hours; in a word, they earn a reputation by their by-products, in spite of their scholarship.

Again, it would be shortsighted to isolate this feature of public opinion from the whole social physiognomy. This relatively low standing of the scholar's work very naturally resulted from the whole make-up of public opinion. It is certainly

not a necessary part of democracy, but it has been a characteristic element in the development of American public life, that every one feels himself a judge of everything, every one is fit for every place, and every one knows what is worth while in life. There is no one who can appeal so little to such a court of judges as the scholar. He has nothing to show. Even the greatest scholar could not point to a fair success, when the success is to be measured in commercial terms. Any clever lawyer or skillful physician would greatly outshine him — not to speak of the banker and the broker. He cannot show his success in that popularity or notoriety which comes to the politician or the literary man or the administrator or the athlete. His work interests a few score of colleagues. Even the external conditions do not furnish those official labels by which the high opinion of the few who know is made widely visible to the crowd — the English baronetries for the leading scholars, the governmental decorations and titles. Men whose names may be among the noblest assets of the United States in future centuries, at a time when the names of the wheat kings and railroad kings will be forgotten, thus remain negligible quantities in the public opinion of to-day.

Hence the most direct reflection of this public situation in the college life is not the disrespect for high-grade class-work, but, still more, the unwillingness of the best men to turn toward a scholarly career. It seems to be the unanimous experience of the faculties in all the leading universities that the men who turn to the graduate school represent a less energetic material than the average of the senior class or of the law school. The finest men go into business and industry, law and medicine; and those who turn to the graduate schools of the country to pursue the life of a scholar are, in the majority, men without initiative and ambition, and without promise for the highest kind of work. Of course, there is no lack of exceptions. There will always be a few

men whose genius calls them, who feel the need of solving the problems which are before their souls, and whose vision sees clearly the noble scholarly achievement. But these exceptions are too few. The man with power and ambition usually seeks another path, he cannot feel attracted to a calling which finds so little appreciation in the community, he must instinctively feel as if he were going into a second-rate profession in which no high rewards are awaiting him. And all this constitutes a vicious circle, with the common result that in all layers of society, with young and old alike, scholarship is not acknowledged as a vital force. It has no access to the inner life of men.

The world laughed when Heinrich Heine's disrespectful humor in the *Harzreise* ridiculed the scholarly pedantry of old Göttingen. He says, "Before the gate of the town I heard two little school-boys, and the one said to the other, 'I no longer want to have any social intercourse with Theodore. He is a disgusting cheap fellow. Yesterday he did not even know the genitive of *mensa*.'" Yes: that sounds absurd; and yet there will never be really great scholarship in a country where there is not sufficient honor for scholarship to attract the very best men to such a career; and the adult men will never possess this high belief, unless the whole atmosphere is so filled with it that even the children instinctively feel it.

Yet the fact that scholarship has no worthy standing in the community at large is again not the ultimate source of the distortion of values. We must go still further to find what is really the last sociological cause. Behind all of it stands a characteristic view of life, a kind of philosophy which is on the whole vaguely felt, but which not seldom even comes to definite expression. Whenever it becomes shaped in such definite form, it is proclaimed, not as a debatable proposition, and not as an argument which is upheld against any possible opposition, but it is always naively presented as a matter-of-course principle. This

naïve philosophizing crystallizes about the one idea that the end of all social striving is to be the happiness of individuals. Now, this is exactly the well-meaning philosophy of the eighteenth century, the philosophy of the rationalists in the period of enlightenment. It is a philosophy which formed the background of all the social movements of that important period, and was therefore the philosophy out of which the Constitution of the United States naturally arose.

The greatest happiness of the greatest number of individuals is indeed the social ideal which, outspoken or not, controls the best forward movements of the country. It seems to stand above the need of any defense, as it evidently raises itself high above the low selfishness of the masses. He who works for the pleasures of millions must be in the right, because those who think only of their own pleasure are certainly in the wrong. Now, to be sure, a social body organized in order to secure the maximum of happiness for its members will have a high appreciation of knowledge. The period of enlightenment very naturally even overestimated the value of knowledge as an equipment of man. But knowledge then and now was in question only as a tool for practical achievement. Such a society will therefore work with the greatest enthusiasm for good schools and widespread education, and will take care that everybody may have the opportunity to learn as much as possible, because wide information and acquaintance with the world must help the individual in his striving for individual success and satisfaction. The splendid efforts of the American people for the raising and expanding of the school system are thus completely in line with this latent philosophy of enlightenment.

But the history of civilization shows that such philosophy is by no means a matter of course; it is a particular aspect seen from a particular standpoint. Other periods, other nations, have seen the world from other standpoints, and have

emphasized other aspects of reality. In a bird's-eye view we see throughout the history of mankind the fluctuations and alternations between positivism and idealism. The philosophy of enlightenment is positivism. It is true, in the trivial talk of the street, we call a man an idealist if he does not think of his personal profit, but of the pleasure of his neighbors. But, in a higher sense of the word, such unselfish altruism does not constitute an idealistic view of the world. On the contrary, it may have all the earmarks of positivism.

We have positivism wherever the concrete experiences — and that means that which "is" — make up the whole of reality. We have idealism where the view of the world is controlled by a belief in absolute values for which there is no "is," but only an "ought;" which have not the character of concrete experiences, but the meaning of obligations which are to be fulfilled, not in the interest of individuals, but on account of their absolute value. For the positivist, knowledge and truth and beauty and progress and morality have meaning merely in so far as they contribute to the concrete experiences of satisfaction in existing individuals: for the idealist, they represent ideals the realization of which gives meaning to individual life, but is eternally valuable independently of the question whether their fulfillment contributes to the pleasure of individuals. From such an idealistic point of view it seems shallow and meaningless to see the end of striving in a larger amount of individual happiness. The purpose of man is to do his duty, — not to be pleased.

This is not the place to enter into a real discussion of these two types of philosophy, and to develop the system of eternal values as against the relativism and pragmatism and utilitarianism of the positivists. This is not even the place to ask which of the two views of the world, and of human life, is the deeper one and the more fit to give account of the reality in which we live. Here we have to empha-

size only the fact that this great antagonism of world-views is going on, in order to insist that scholarship, that is, the devotion to the advancement of knowledge, can find its true appreciation only in a society which instinctively believes in idealism.

To give at once a historical background to this contrast, we have only to look from the philosophy of the United States to the underlying world-view of the German nation. Germany went through the same ideas of enlightenment in the eighteenth century; then came the great philosophical-literary uplifting of the national spirit, the period of Schiller and Goethe, of Kant and Fichte and Hegel. It was a national reorganization, in which the idea of the purpose of man became thoroughly revised. Not experience, but conviction; not the "is," but the "ought," became the pivot. This does not mean that the average man read, or would have understood, Kant and Fichte; but the ideas of the great thinkers reached the entire national life through a thousand channels, and the whole new German education and organization of society was controlled by this idealistic turn. Duty and discipline and submission to an ideal of absolute value became the underlying forces; and, however much millions of selfish individuals may have wandered away from the ideal, the fundamental direction of the national energies had been given.

The aim of life then became the realization of absolute values. The individual and the state alike received, through this conviction, their aim and their meaning; and nothing else can claim real dignity but that which ultimately serves such ideal fulfillment. In such a philosophy the moral deed is not valuable because it adds to the pleasure of the neighbor, but because it is eternally good; the work of art is valuable, not because it pleases the senses, but because it realizes the ideal of beauty; the world of the market is valuable, not because it satisfies individual needs, but because it means a realization

of the ideal of progress; the life of the state is valuable, not because it secures the greatest happiness of its members, but because it is a realization of the ideals of right, and as such of eternal value: and knowledge, too, is valuable, not because it is a serviceable tool for the pleasure of individuals, but because it is a fulfillment of the ideal of truth.

In a society in which that is the instinctive background of public feeling, the incomparable position of scholarship must be secure from the start. The scholar, like the artist or the minister or the statesman, serves his ideal with every fibre of his life. Whether his knowledge will ever be transformed into practical use for anything is not the question. That could not add to the worth and dignity of his achievement. All which gives meaning and absolute value to his creation is that it serves the advancement of truth, that it adds to the world's forward movement toward the ideal. The scholar, as productive scholar, therefore stands on a higher level than he who serves only the happiness of individuals. Where such a thought, clearly expressed or vaguely implied, stands in the centre of national ideas, it must be reflected everywhere; it must give to every effort toward knowledge a new meaning and a new aspiration. To learn for truth's sake then becomes a kind of ideal service; and even if it is indeed only the genitive of *mensa*, it means duty.

Such an idealistic view of the world may seem and must seem to many a logical monstrosity. They have their skeptical and positivistic and pragmatic arguments on the tip of their tongues. And this antagonism has existed at all times. There would have been no need for a Socrates and a Plato and their idealism, if the country had not resounded with the positivism of the old Sophists. The point is only that we must not believe that, in a positivistic, utilitarian society, we can ever give that standing to scholarship which it naturally has in a society controlled by philosophical idealism. Of

course, many would say that a change would not be worth while anyhow, or that it would be too dearly bought, if we were to get higher standing for scholarship and government and art by giving up our philosophy of enlightenment. But we must be clear that we cannot have one without the other. And at least we ought to give up the superficial illusion that just such a type of positivistic philosophy is the regulation equipment for a true democracy.

Indeed, there is no lack of indications that American life, too, tries to overcome the narrowness of utilitarian philosophy, and moves toward idealistic ground; and nothing seems to hold back this progress so much as the illusion that the greatest happiness of the individual is the only possible goal for a democracy. On the surface it may appear as if positivism has more consideration for every concrete individual, and is thus more inclined to award an equal share of the world's pleasures to every one. On the other hand, idealism, which believes in the value of the whole as a whole, may appear more inclined to appreciate the symbols which represent the whole, and therefore to endorse the symbolic forms of the monarchy. In this sense it was not by chance that the Americans, under the influence of a positivistic philosophy of the eighteenth century, founded a republic.

Yet history shows that utilitarian motives have erected monarchies too, and that true democracies have been filled with the spirit of idealism. The American attitude there is controlled by nothing but tradition. Their democracy originated historically from a positivistic philosophy which was most suitable for a century of pioneering and developing the resources of the new world. But now, as times have changed, as new aims and historic purposes come into the foreground, the national philosophy too must adjust itself to the new age; and progress ought not to be hampered by an illusory belief in the democratic character of utili-

tarianism. On the contrary, if the purpose of life is understood as the realization¹ of ideals, the democracy comes to its highest meaning. Each man has an ideal share in the national duty, each man equally should contribute his part toward the realization of absolute values, and equally should submit his individual desire for his pleasure and happiness, for his individual fancy and opinion, to the service of the ideal good.

There is an abundance of factors which, even in the midst of our utilitarian life, point to the necessity of this inner change. For instance, it is very curious to see how the technical complexity of our life forces on individuals an increasing submission to the judgment of the expert. At first it was only the expert in engineering and sanitation, slowly it has become the expert in education, finally it will become the expert in government. But whether the positivism of the time will be undermined by such new practical demands, or by new philosophical thoughts, or by a new emotional revival, in any case indications are abundantly visible that a change is to come. This great new educational uprising against the go-as-you-please scheme, and this new cry for more thoroughness and discipline, for more serious respect

for scholarship, are after all only symptoms of this great national movement. It is essential to recognize these connections. So long as the reforms are confined to our schools and our colleges, they may improve the situation but can never be fundamentally effective. The real reform can come only if it is supported by a corresponding movement throughout the national life.

As soon as the nation feels that the meaning of life lies, not in the greatest pleasure for the greatest number of individuals, but in the realization of eternal ideals, then, as a matter of course, school and college and vocational life will be reshaped and reorganized. Then, on the university campus, scholarship and athletics will no longer be rivals which stand on the same level: athletics will be the joyful play which gives pleasure and recreation to individuals, and serves its purpose well if it makes happy boys more able to live for their real life-tasks; but scholarship will be a service which does not ask, but which finds, respect everywhere, as it is sacred through its own dignity. Service to scholarship will then appear to every one just as valuable as honesty and morality; it is an eternal reward in itself.

THE PASSING OF THE PROMISED LAND

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

IF westbound just beyond the Mississippi on the second or fourth Tuesday of the month, or out in the Middle West the day following, you wonder at the tide of travel. From the newsboys' corner in the smoking-car to the stateroom in the rear Pullman, every seat is taken, every berth engaged. Extra coaches are carried, yet there is an overflow of passengers.

Mostly they are men under forty years old, bronzed with the outdoor life of the farm, sturdy, talkative, eager. Each has a soiled, creased excursion ticket, reading from some little village in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, or other of the older states, to a point away out in the Promised Land.

Each has in the pocket of his ready-made coat advertising literature telling of immense profits in real estate, of crops that grow in startling abundance, of glowing prospects for the future. Each looks forward to a fortune which lies at the Edge of Things.

Eighty-seven carloads of such passengers passed through one Western city on this year's first "Home-seekers' Day" — a new expression added to the West's vocabulary, a date as well known as the public holidays. Trains on some roads ran in eight sections. Were it not a common incident, it would be startling — an exodus of a nation's farm population.

It is estimated by railroad managers that four hundred thousand persons annually go westward through three gateways — Minneapolis, Omaha, Kansas City. This approximates the number of fighting men who followed Moses to freedom — yet, because it is commonplace, it causes little comment. When half that number of emigrants crossed the plains in canvas-covered prairie schooners they were the talk of the world.

Where do they go?

The Promised Land has no fixed latitude or longitude. Once it was Kansas and Nebraska, with the cry, "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm." Then came years of depression, and a quarter of a million settlers moved out of those states, many of them going to Oklahoma, just opened to the white man. Next it pushed on into farther regions — the high plains with their seemingly endless level reaches, their clear skies, and their tireless winds.

So to-day these argonauts ride far out into the Panhandle of Texas, to a new, a very new station, before the train stops. This section appears in your old geography as "The Staked Plains." Five years ago it was a cattle ranch, not a home within ten miles, not a human being except the weary cowboy. A land syndicate bought it, divided it into farms, and sent agents east with the news. A town with frontier-style stores and half-built-up residence streets, one-story farm-houses dotting the prairies, furrows of brown across gray-grassed plains, — the beginnings of civilization, — greet the home-seekers. A dozen automobiles and as many teams are waiting; in an hour the party is scattered all about within a radius of twenty miles, land agents are extolling the virtues of the soil and climate and urging purchase "before the price advances."

Another portion of the stream flows northwest, spreading out on the prairies of the Dakotas, over into Wyoming, where "dry farming" conquers soil once thought perpetually barren; on to Montana and Idaho with their harnessed rivers transforming wide valleys.

When a bit of Indian reservation is

opened to settlement thousands gather. The soil may be unfruitful and the location remote, but land-hunger draws the throng. Those who fail to secure an abiding-place hurry toward some other bright prospect.

The railroads no longer follow the emigrant — they precede him. Long before he has discovered the "chance" in unsettled areas, hastily built branch lines reach like fingers over the untilled plain. Towns are laid out at intervals as regular as the squares of a chess-board. In a week are open stores, a bank, and a lumber-yard; in a month comes the homeseekers' train with its load of new residents, who will buy and improve the territory for miles around.

Nor is it new land alone that the exodus invades. Into the long-settled portions of the Middle West, where the experiment of agriculture has been tried, where land-prices are high, other thousands of land-buyers go. No pioneering for them. They want a country whose toilet is made. They buy the farms already improved, while the former owners move on — to cheaper lands of the Southwest, to the irrigated sections of the Rocky Mountain foothills, to Canada, sometimes to Mexico. A recent excursion, twelve hundred miles into the semi-tropical republic, took three hundred men, representing twenty states. They bought or contracted for eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of land, and paid more than half the purchase price in cash!

It is the story of emigrant days revived — with this difference: the frontiersman of early years had little but his bare hands and his courage — an ox-team, a homestead, a sod house, a few dollars in cash was all. The home-seeker of to-day has a theory of the limitations and possibilities of agriculture. He is a scientific crop-raiser. He takes with him enough money to buy a farm, and to stock it; then deposits a few thousand dollars in the local bank for emergencies. Greatest difference of all — he has succeeded, and moves because he seeks a larger field, in-

stead of being forced to emigrate on account of his poverty.

This financial ability of the modern emigrant is one of the marvels of the modern movement of the land-seeker. It is the greatest evidence of the progress made by the American farmer in recent years. The men who went west in the seventies and early eighties were poor men. They had either been unsuccessful in their efforts to secure a competence in the East, or were unable to see an opening. Thousands of them had lost good years in the service of the army, and came out to find little chance for a start at home. They heard of the opportunities where land was cheap, where homesteads could be obtained for the asking, and they started on the long journey. When they arrived they had little with which to begin the making of a new home. That they succeeded as they did is a wonder; that they were able to conquer the untamed soil and, without the advantage of all that modern experiment and scientific study of soils and products have accomplished, could bridge over the years and finally attain wealth and standing, was a tribute to their courage and their inventiveness. They worked on a speculation.

The modern emigrant has before him a well-nigh undoubted certainty. He comes with his plans outlined, others having tried the experiments, and with the prospects written down as fixed ends toward which he may strive. He takes few chances — which when one breaks the ties of a lifetime is an important thing. It means a more substantial civilization, a peace of mind and a strength of purpose denied to the earlier army of homeseekers. It means that there are to be expected less volatile politics, less extravagant ideas, and altogether a steadier progress toward complete industrial permanence.

Because he is businesslike, because he has been successful as a farmer, he accomplishes things quickly. Newly settled portions of the West advance farther in

twenty-four months than did the West of the seventies in ten years. Across the high plains of the Texas Panhandle for two hundred miles, one may see a house, a cattle-shed, and a windmill on nearly every quarter-section. Here and there is a steam engine pulling a gang of twenty-four ploughs; barbed-wire fences divide the fields; gardens and flower-pots add home-likeness to the very new settlements — and it is one hundred miles in any direction to a real hill! All the improvement has come from bare plain in twenty months. Land that went begging at one dollar an acre in 1900, is worth \$15 to \$30, and the settlers believe that they will double their money in five years more. Farther toward the foothills, where the magic of the mountain stream has worked transformation, orchard and vineyard land under irrigation brings \$300 to \$1500 an acre.

With these facts before him, is it any wonder that the farmer back in Illinois, pondering the probable profits, determines to venture into new fields; that he buys a home-seeker's ticket and joins the excursion to the far West?

The increase in land-values is the real basis of the exodus. The Western farmer has raised a good crop each year for ten years. At the same time, in the older settled portions he has seen the value of his farm rise from \$3000 to \$10,000, and that is enough to encourage any one. He has raised the price of his acres to a figure based on a crop every year. When he has money to invest, he cannot be interested in stocks; he knows little of bonds — except government two per cents; he buys land, always more land.

It is a curious fact that the men who went to the West with the ox-teams seldom have reaped the harvest from rising land-values. They saw too much of the ups and downs, and became timid; the modern home-seekers, coming with cash in hand, able to buy with little mortgaging, have bought and sold, each time increasing their bank account. They are the real gainers from the land boom. They have

told home-folks of profits to be gathered, thus adding to the interest in opportunities presented, and swelling the passenger traffic on Home-seekers' Day.

Financiers have wondered at the swelling of bank clearings in Western cities during recent months. When the East was doing well to hold its own, the West was breaking records week after week, and astonishing business men by its expansion. The inpouring of money, the savings of hundreds of thousands of immigrants, accounts for much of it. Then these newcomers, as well as the earlier settlers, have been receiving prices for grain fifty per cent greater than two years ago. It requires larger checks, more capital, and better facilities, to deal with the Western farmer than ever before. As he hauled his load of wheat to market and received fifty dollars for it instead of twenty dollars as before, as he contemplated the added value of his land, — a fine salary from each year's increase, — little wonder he did not feel the "panic," and good reason why his condition should look inviting to the dweller farther east.

Another phase: the Western farm is perhaps the only place in the country where during the past decade the increase in the expense of living has not kept pace with the advance in income. Of what clerk, of what business man, of what laborer in the town, can this be said?

Take a concrete example: Franklin Mason, living on his farm on Rural Route No. 8, eight miles from a town of the Middle West. Ten years ago he bought one suit of clothing a year, purchasing of the merchant in the county-seat village. He paid \$15 for it, a good, wearable suit that could be used for church and visiting several months, and then for everyday wear. Each year he bought about the same sort of suit, and to-day he does not buy one more expensive. It may be that he does not get so good quality now for the same money as he did then, but whether or not that be the case, he pays about the same price. He furnished his house many years ago, and that furniture

is changed little. Perhaps, as the family grew up, he has added a piano or organ; he has a sideboard and a plush-covered lounge — but these things have been bought one by one and they do not change with every new vogue. It may be that he has invested in a furnace and installed a bath-room and its fixtures, but these have added to the value of his property more than their cost to him. His family dresses better than of old, but not expensively. The sewing is not done at a fashionable dressmaker's, and trips to Europe are not common. If he has of late purchased an automobile, he did it for cash, and figured that he could afford it because of the advantages it would give him in travel and in pleasure. His luxuries are of the most practical sort, and neither costly nor perishable. His table is supplied from the poultry-house, the dairy, the garden, the orchard, and the field. The increased cost of meats and groceries touches him least of all. The farm supplies so large a part of his menu that he can laugh at the figures of economists as the man on the fixed salary cannot. If the market does not suit him, he places his products in a granary and waits. You drive into his yard and see cribs holding thousands of bushels of corn, and a look over his fields reveals stacks of alfalfa ready to be turned into cash when he is minded to sell. He has no rent to pay. If he has mortgaged his farm in order to buy more land, or to improve to greater productiveness that which he owns, — about the only reasons for the borrowing of money on realty these days, — he gets it at a rate of interest one fourth less than he formerly paid, a rate that enables him to handle borrowed money at a profit. Instead of seeking a lender, he is sought by investors who are eager for the splendid security he can offer. His position as a property-owner, and his independence, tend toward a peace of mind and a clear view of things that make him contented and able to choose his course.

All this time everything he has to sell has brought higher prices than ever be-

fore. From the cans of milk at the creamery to the load of grain at the elevator and the cattle at the stock-yards, he has received prices that ten years ago would have been considered extravagant. So he has won at both ends; and whatever may be thought of his lack of the touch of the higher life, he has prospered in material things.

Because this is understood, because of the freemasonry of the farm which spreads the news of any unusual good fortune, has come the steady influx of buyers for his land, men who have heard of his happy condition and seek to share it with him. The furnaces, the bath-tubs, the automobiles, and the other evidences of his prosperity, are incidents. The basis of the West's attraction for the home-seeker is the combination of circumstances — a series of good crop years, high prices for products, with cheap land upon which to grow them, and concrete evidence of the financial advancement of the Western farmer.

Added to this is the widespread feeling among farmers of the East that the plains have proved a permanency of development, coupled with a growing conviction that soon the chance of securing such locations at bargain prices will be gone. This it is that crowds the westbound trains, that peoples the ranch pastures, that underlies the "land craze" — which is not a "craze" at all, but a natural outcome of a condition.

From it go many influences — changing the value of railway stocks, affecting the bank reserves of the metropolis, modifying the plans of boards of trade, and altering the action of wholesalers.

A few weeks later, after the prospectors have made their hurried trip, freight trains creep toward the sunset, carrying cargoes of household goods, of implements and horses and cattle. Wife and children come; and the impedimenta, the *lares et penates*, being loaded in heavy wagons, the family takes its slow way to the new home. Whether it be to the plains of

the Dakotas, to the well-tilled and well-improved sections of Kansas, to the wide reaches of the Panhandle, or close to the mountains, it means both heartache and hopefulness to transport a family from its accustomed dwelling-place to a new location. The new home-seekers have an easier trip than did their predecessors, but it is doubtful if they mourn its necessary partings less.

This moving of the farmer's wife and family with him to the new home adds much to the picture. A plain, motherly woman, watching the reloading of her household goods at a prairie station, aptly described it: "Yes, we were sorry to leave, for John and I were born there. But the young folks lacked room and prospects. They needed something bigger and broader than that little Indiana village. Besides, we talked it over and decided that if we did n't come now it would soon be too late, and the money we could get for our old farm would n't buy any more land than that anywhere. So we started — and here we are."

That story is the story of thousands of households whose gods have been set up anew beyond the Missouri River.

Not long will the Promised Land beckon the American farmer. When the Nebraska farm costs as much as one in Illinois, why should the Illinois farmer leave relatives and home-ties to travel a thousand miles and establish another dwelling-place; why submit one's family to discomfort, if there be no profit in the transaction?

Always there is before one class of dwellers in new lands the fear that there will be too rapid development, that the towns will be overbuilt, that the farms will undertake too much. The merchant of twenty years ago drew his trade for forty miles. Customers made a two-days' journey for shopping. They took back with them great bundles of goods that filled the boxes of the wagons. The profits were high, because competition was limited. That business opportunity is rare to-day. In the older settled portions

VOL. 104 - NO. 4

of the Middle West the towns are seldom more than ten miles apart. Here and there are creamery stations, with a little general store furnishing the everyday needs of a considerable constituency. The wagon has been succeeded by the buggy, and at times by the motor car; trips to town are easy. So has competition increased, with the result that the farmer gains advantage where the merchant loses. It all works to the betterment of the agricultural community, if not to that of the individual merchant. It is no uncommon thing to find a dozen banks in a county of 20,000 population, two hundred miles west of the Missouri River. Some of these are in hamlets off the railroad, and the growth of their deposits is a constant surprise to students of finance.

Five years ago it was freely predicted that land-values had reached their height, but they are twenty to forty per cent higher now than then. This has led to the division of farms. The families of the first-comers are grown to manhood. The second generation have come to the fore, and are taking part in the business of the communities. They have grown up with the country and know what it can produce, and just how valuable it is for the purpose of production and for a home.

Here and there is one who declares that the expansion of prices and incoming of immigration is beyond the limits of business safety. It is pointed out that land is selling in places for prices in excess of any possibility of paying interest from the products of the fields. But there are other things that make land valuable and desirable besides wheat and corn. Conveniences of life, health, and neighborliness add to the value of the farm. When the buyer comes to even newer lands he finds schools established, rural telephone lines, and free rural delivery. He discovers that churches are many, and social organizations of a pleasant sort numerous. In short, he finds that the communities out on the high plains are not very

different from those in the Ohio valley, except that some vacation delights are impossible unless a five-hundred-mile journey is taken. For the lake and the river he must find compensation in the sunshine and the prairies, with the probability that he will make a larger income, proportionately, on his capital than he could have done farther east.

That he can do this is certain if there be a regular succession of crops. That he is in danger of undertaking farming on lands hopelessly semi-arid, or that he may settle on lands irrigated, but where the water-supply becomes insufficient through the excessive demands made upon it, is always true. Thousands of buyers are going to territory that was once declared unfit for agriculture, but by present-day methods of mixed farming are succeeding. The irrigation problems are being worked out with greater system than of old, and under far stricter regulation by state and federal authorities. Consequently, the chance of the immigrant is improved, and his prosperity can be predicted with far greater confidence than could that of the pioneers who made the first trials and faced an unknown condition.

Already they have reached the desert — the gray plains where mesquite and sagebrush alone relieve the monotony. The government has sixteen thousand men at work redeeming it wherever rivers can be turned upon the surface. It has dug canals that, placed end to end, would reach from Denver to New York — eighteen hundred miles. Not satisfied with this, the mountain stream has been chained to store up energy in a dynamo; this power is carried far out on the level land to drive moisture-lifting pumps, making fruitful orchards, productive fields, and happy homes out of an unpromising expanse of sand. It is the West's alchemy of reclamation, the apotheosis of second-generation pioneering.

Uncle Sam has a few more million acres yet to give away, but most of it is rugged mountain-peaks or irreclaimable, treeless plain. Here and there is a great ranch that may be broken into farms — and doubtless several promoters are endeavoring to secure options on every tract thus remaining. Occasionally is found a valley that yet can be irrigated, but those in which the process is cheap and easy are scarce. The time is nearly at hand when the seeker for a home must find a home-owner who is willing to sell for a price. That price increases every year, and will continue so to do until the measure of value and the measure of crop-income balance.

When it is over — which will be when land is worth on the market all that it can possibly return in profits with a good crop every year — the West will lose its attraction for the speculator in real estate, and it will offer to the home-seeker small opportunity for the financial gain that is the real inspiration of the exodus of to-day.

The West has had two immigrating hosts — one of toilers, with neither wealth nor definite plan; the other of small capitalists, possessing both. The former for a time was a burden; the latter is an asset, both socially and financially. The first sowed wheat or corn, and when there came no harvest, was discouraged and struggled against mortgage foreclosure; the other has little indebtedness, and if the wheat or corn fail, has for dependence alfalfa and fruit and garden, not to mention the herds and dairies with their unending stream of income.

Strange will it seem to have no cheap soil offered as a haven of ease and plenty, to dream of no startling profits in Western realty, to hear of no sudden riches waiting where mountain water is harnessed for the field. When that time comes — and it is not far distant — the American farmer will have no Promised Land.

A PATH TO THE WOODS

BY MADISON CAWEIN

Its friendship and its carelessness
Did lead me many a mile
Through goat's-rue, with its dim caress,
And pink and pearl-white smile;
Through crowfoot, with its golden lure,
And promise of far things,
And sorrel with its glance demure,
And wide-eyed wonderings.

It led me with its innocence,
As childhood leads the wise,
With elbows here of tattered fence,
And blue of wildflower eyes;
With whispers low of leafy speech,
And brook-sweet utterance;
With birdlike words of oak and beech,
And whistlings clear as Pan's.

It led me with its childlike charm,
As candor leads desire,
Now with a clasp of blossomy arm,
A butterfly kiss of fire;
Now with a toss of tousled gold,
A barefoot sound of green;
A breath of musk, of mossy mould,
With vague allurements keen.

It led me with remembered things
Into an oldtime vale,
Peopled with faery glimmerings,
And flower-like fancies pale;
Where fungus forms stood, gold and gray,
Each in a mushroom gown,
And, roofed with red, glimpsed far away,
A little toadstool town.

A PATH TO THE WOODS

It led me with an idle ease,
A vagabond look and air,
A sense of ragged arms and knees
In weeds, seen everywhere;
It led me, as a gypsy leads,
To dingles no one knows,
With beauty burred with thorny seeds,
And tangled wild with rose.

It led me as simplicity
Leads age and its demands,
With bee-beat of its ecstasy,
And berry-stained touch of hands;
With round revealments, puff-ball white,
Through rents of weedy brown,
And petaled movements of delight
In rose-leaf limb and gown.

It led me on and on and on,
Beyond the Far Away,
Into a world long dead and gone,
The world of Yesterday:
A faery world of memory,
Faint with its hills and streams,
Wherein the child I used to be
Still wanders with his dreams.

TRADE-UNIONS AND THE INDIVIDUAL WORKER

BY JONATHAN THAYER LINCOLN

As we walk the streets of the City of the Dinner-Pail, enter its factories and visit the homes of its people, — the homes alike of those who buy and those who sell labor, — we may observe in the varied life about us every phase of the labor problem, which, when viewed in the larger field of the nation, appears so complicated to the average citizen that he despairs of understanding it. If we were to study ever so casually the history of the great industry which gives the city its distinction, we should discover the source of many perplexing social questions which, in America, tend to separate class from class in a manner singularly at variance with the ideals of the Republic.

In the early days of the last century, the wives of farmers who tilled the fields now traversed by the city streets sat before the spinning-wheel and hand-loom, after the work upon the farm was done, and wove the cloth from which their gowns were made; they wove linen, too, from flax grown upon their own land; and even the woolen clothes the farmer wore were the product of household industry. It is not difficult to imagine the interest of these farmer-folk in the first factory which was built upon the stream; their refusal to believe that a water-wheel might be made of sufficient power to operate so great a plant as that first factory, which in size would not serve as an engine-room for a modern spinning-mill; their wonder as they watched the imported machinery, producing more yarn in a day than a thousand hands might make on spinning-wheels during a long winter. We can imagine, too, how eagerly the sons and daughters of the farmers sought work in the new factory, and the pride they took in receiving their wages, paid in money

and exchangeable at the village store for stylish foreign fabrics such as no farmer's wife could ever weave.

That successful first mill was followed by another and another, each indeed small, but each somewhat larger and better equipped than those that went before, and all operated by native help, with now and then a foreign worker of Irish or English birth. More factories were built, and foreigners came in great numbers to operate the machinery; but the transition from native help was so gradual that the citizens did not realize how social classes were forming in this democratic community. The newly-built Roman Catholic church gave the Protestants something of a shudder, especially when its communicants celebrated Christmas; and the puritanical proprietors, who had not learned to exchange gifts in memory of our Saviour's birth, complained because the Irish refused to work on the 25th of December. Here was the first suggestion of conflicting social ideals.

The immigrants, however, had no part in the event which made evident the growth of class consciousness in the City of the Dinner-Pail; that occurred in a Baptist meeting-house, and among Christian folk of the same denomination. A bill had been introduced in the state legislature limiting the hours of factory labor to ten a day, and agitation in favor of its adoption ran high. On the farm the day began at no particular hour, nor was there any stated time when work was ended; and a man was paid for a day's labor without regard to the length of it. Some, however, saw a distinction between farm and factory labor, and among these was the minister of the Baptist church. One Sunday at the hour of service, the

congregation, in which mill-owners and operatives sat side by side, was thrown into great excitement by the pastor, who preached a sermon advocating the ten-hour bill; and when his hearers filed out of the meeting-house that morning, they were no longer a united body. The man who sold labor continued to listen to the preaching of the ten-hour parson; but the man who bought labor built for himself another meeting-house; and soon afterwards the first labor-union was formed. The same causes which had been silently at work for years to create discord in the Baptist flock, had at the same time been in operation in the factory, gradually separating the employer and employé in their personal relations, until at last it seemed that their interests were no longer common, and the future success of each must be to the disadvantage of the other. So industrial warfare took the place of mutual goodwill, and more than half a century passed before the contending factions began to see the folly of their antagonism.

The development of unionism was as natural as the development of the factory system, which made the association of workers necessary. So long as factory owners and factory operatives worked side by side in the shop; so long as the man who bought and the man who sold labor belonged to the same social class; so long as close personal relations existed between master and man, there was no need for organized labor; but when, in the complicated development of the factory system, the employer, once associated in business with the employé, found in the management of the concern his sole occupation, and became separated from the workman by a hierarchy of foremen and overseers,—the personal relation between the buyer and the seller of labor being lost,—it came about quite naturally that the workman combined his efforts with the efforts of others of his class, in order to command collectively that consideration from the employer which each employé had received individually in the earlier stages

of the factory system. First, the men in separate shops talked over their common interests in friendly discussions while at their work; later they continued these discussions in the evening at an appointed meeting-place—and the local trade-union was born. With the growth of class consciousness, local federations of labor followed, recognizing the common interests of all hand-workers in the community; and these federations, in their turn, became united in a national labor movement, in which the welfare of the individual was subordinated to the welfare of the toilers as a class.

In administrative principles the national labor movement has shown two divergent tendencies: the Knights of Labor sought to establish a strong central body, the object being to unite in a single organization all the workingmen of the nation; while the American Federation of Labor, subsequently organized, has endeavored to keep all legislative power in the hands of the several crafts—the Federation being little more than an advisory centre. This plan, recognizing in a larger measure the value of the individual, has been the more successful; for since the year 1886, when the Knights of Labor numbered over seven hundred thousand members, that body has rapidly declined in numbers and power, while the American Federation has steadily increased in influence, and to-day possesses all the machinery necessary to achieve the end for which it was created,—namely, to emphasize the human element which is attached to labor as a commodity.

How well adapted to its purpose this machinery is, those who follow the events in the labor-world are well aware. We see how the demands for higher wages, for shorter hours, for more favorable factory conditions, have been enforced: sometimes by actual strike, more often by the mere threat on the part of the unions to call out their members. When we come to study the history of labor-unions we find that the part which the movement has played in the social progress of the

toiler is greater than at first appears. The reform laws passed by the British Parliament in the last century had their beginning in the class-consciousness which arose in the manufacturing cities, following the establishment of the factory system. The first of these acts legalized combinations of workingmen, and thus liberated a force which was felt in later legislation having for its object the amelioration of the social condition of the toilers. "Mercy by Statute" — Lord Ashley's phrase to describe the British Factory Acts, made law through his devoted struggle for the cause of labor — was due in no small measure to the rise of trade-unionism.

As early as 1833 laws were passed to regulate the labor of children and young persons in the textile factories of the United Kingdom; but it was nearly ten years later before public attention was called to the pitiable condition of a class of juvenile workers which exceeded tenfold in number those engaged in the textile industries; and the reason for this delay is to be found in the fact that bleacheries and print-works, paper-mills, establishments for the manufacture of glass and earthenware, pins and needles, buttons, and a hundred like commodities, were not conducted on the great scale of the textile plants, nor were these industries confined to manufacturing cities populated by men and women with common industrial and social interests. The children thus employed were neglected longer than the others, because there were no agitators to plead their cause, and no vast body of discontented workers clamoring for the amelioration of their social condition. From the year 1824, when Parliament repealed the Combination Laws, to the Trade Disputes Act in 1906, the weapon of the British workingman in obtaining legislative benefits has been agitation through unionism.

The first labor agitators in the City of the Dinner-Pail were English operatives of the same stock as the men who, a generation before, lighted the torch of

individual freedom in Lancashire, and, despised by the governing classes, meeting secretly as outlaws, compelled a reluctant Parliament to give heed to the rights of labor, and in the end to grant schools and the franchise to the children of toil. While in America trade-unionism had no such mighty task to accomplish, political equality being already established, the conditions of the factory system made the movement a necessary one, and it would be idle to deny the influence of organized labor in shaping the course of legislative enactment.

Granting, then, that organized labor is possessed of the machinery necessary to obtain its object, and that this object is altogether admirable, being nothing less than winning from the industrial régime a recognition of the dignity of the laborer as a man, unionism should merit the unfaltering loyalty of every toiler. Many workingmen, however, and among them some of the most intelligent, are opposed to organized labor, and on the very ground that it detracts something from the dignity of the individual. There is evidently some phase of the movement which we have overlooked.

So far as organized labor has been successful in emphasizing the distinction between labor and the laborer, the commodity and the man who sells the commodity, and has replaced the personal relation which once existed between the employer and the employé with an equitable régime of collective bargaining, unionism has been an untold blessing to the toiling millions — a blessing alike to skilled and unskilled labor. There is, however, another side to the shield. Unionism came into being to emphasize the dignity of the laborer as a man — it resulted from a highly organized industrial system, in which the individual played an insignificant part. Then unionism, in turn, became highly organized, so that to-day its chief danger is not to the employer, but to the employé, and lies in the direction of the evil which it was established to overcome. The object of unionism is to as-

sert the dignity of the individual worker as a man; and while, by the very act of combination, the laborer surrenders his will to that of the majority, he does it for the sake of demanding from the factory system a recognition of his personality; that, besides being one little wheel in the vast industrial machine, he may be a man as well.

Important as the benefits of unionism have been, we are, nevertheless, apt to over-emphasize them, and to forget that the movement is but one phase of the progress which the mass of mankind is still making toward the full consciousness of freedom. The value of unionism is in the loyalty of its members, not to an organization merely, but to the inclusive cause of labor. "Loyalty," says Josiah Royce, "is the Will to Believe in something eternal, and to express that belief in the practical life of a human being." Now, the cause of labor, uniting in itself the lives of all the workers, is an eternal cause; its object is to advance the consciousness of human freedom among the masses — and unionism is but one means by which loyalty to this cause may be expressed. The moment, therefore, that unionism demands of its members loyalty to an organization which exists only as a means of furthering an eternal cause, this narrow loyalty becomes a menace to every worker whose name is not enrolled upon the union lists; when it entails a disregard of duties which each man owes to every other fellow man, unionism ceases to advance the cause of labor, and becomes instead a hindrance.

That unionism is often unmindful of the inclusive cause of labor is illustrated by the policy of a minimum wage. The intent of this policy is, of course, favorable to the cause of labor, in that it aims to raise the standard of wages; but in the present stage of our industrial development the policy fails to accomplish this result; for a minimum wage is usually determined by the average ability of all the workers in any shop adopting the plan, and the employer, forced to pay the uni-

form rate to workers incapable of earning it, finds it necessary, in order that his cost of production shall not exceed that of his competitors, to withhold from many superior workmen a rate of wages higher than the minimum, which otherwise they might receive. Thus the minimum wage tends to become a common wage, the unearned increase granted the incapable workers being paid from the earnings of their more efficient shopmates. The policy, therefore, is sharply antagonistic to the development of efficiency in the individual worker; it stunts his growth as a man by setting a limit to his ambition; it assumes equal efficiency among all the members of any craft, and by placing equal value upon an hour's labor without regard to the quality of it, destroys the reward of ambition.

A fact too frequently neglected in considering the relation of trade-unionism to the individual worker is that there are distinct classes even among wage-workers. First, we have the vast army of unskilled labor, constantly recruited from the swarm of immigrants who daily pass the inspectors at Ellis Island; wanderers from the Old World, who have never learned a trade, come to take their places in our industrial order as common laborers. As we review the army, our first thought is one of fear for the permanence of a state which so freely harbors this uncouth and unschooled throng, and we sympathize for the moment with those labor leaders who look askance at the newcomers, seeing in their presence here a degrading influence upon American labor. But if we look more searchingly into the faces of this eager throng passing with high hopes through the gateway of the New World, our fears will be dispelled, for immigration calls for courage and every other personal quality which makes for social progress; they have left their old homes in quest of a more favorable environment for individual growth; in America they find that environment, and thousands of them make the most of it.

The immigrant, on his arrival in Amer-

ica without a trade, in most cases without even a knowledge of the language, frequently the victim of unscrupulous men who seek to exploit his labor, begins work at a disadvantage, and at a wage approximating the meagre income to which he was accustomed in the Old World. Many employers will say that to pay him higher wages is to make him indolent, and there is a foundation for the statement. At home his whole life has been a battle for mere existence, there was no margin of wages to be saved, and quite naturally, when, in the New World, he earns a wage sufficient to provide food, clothes, and shelter, and have a penny beside, he does not save this penny, but spends it to buy immunity from toil. After a time, however, he becomes acquainted with men and women of his own race who are no longer strangers in the New World; he visits them in their homes, and finds that the floors are carpeted, that the children go to school and wear clean frocks, that the table is served with meat and fresh vegetables; then he begins to note a difference between life in the Old World and the New, and he desires the luxuries his friends enjoy. He begins to look beyond to-day and becomes ambitious for the future. Soon his children go well-dressed to school and return to a well-kept home; the immigrant has entered the second class of labor, the characteristic of which is thrift.

There is a higher class of labor, and one of vast importance in the evolution by which the worker of to-day becomes the employer of to-morrow: it consists of those who not only are ambitious for their own success and the success of their children, but who look beyond the pay-envelope even, and find happiness in work well done. A machinist recently died in the City of the Dinner-Pail who for nearly half a century had been in the employ of one corporation: year after year he worked at the same lathe until its very ways of hardened steel were worn beyond further service; and in all that time his interest in the affairs of the shop could

have been no greater had he himself been sole proprietor. Sometimes he bought tools with his own money, to facilitate his work, and he refused to charge many an hour of overtime because the labor had not been exacted of him; he looked upon his trade as a fine art, and took the same joy in a perfected mechanism that the painter takes in his finished picture. While this machinist was, no doubt, an exception, there are many workmen who work with the same joy of service; and when, in addition to their love of labor and knowledge of their trade, they have executive ability as well, these men leave behind them the bench and lathe, and become themselves employers of labor.

Because the workers are divided into these and many more classes, the attempt of unionism to create an average craftsman, and then set its machinery at work in his interest, is directly hostile to the development of the individual. It may be quite true, as the socialist contends, that we should take even greater care to improve the social organism, of which we are a part, than to perfect our own individual growth; and that the perfect development of each individual is not the highest development of his own personality, but learning to fill, in the best possible way, his own little place in the social world. This is the old question of the one and the many, which has given philosophers in every field of thought no end of trouble, for the reason that neither ideal is alone sufficient. Like the citizens of a state, the union workers are united by a common interest into an organized community; but just as, in the state, each individual relinquishes only the right to do those things which hamper his own physical and moral growth, — and thus the physical and moral growth of the community, — and relinquishes nothing which makes for a higher individual and consequently a higher social attainment, so the worker, by his act of association with his fellows, does not sacrifice his right to a well-rounded individual development.

Not long ago the King of England touched with his sword the shoulder of a working mason, who knelt before him, and said, "Arise, Sir William Crossman." A man was raised to the honor of knighthood in a country where little more than a generation ago his espousal of the labor cause would have brought him before the law courts on the charge of conspiracy. Surely unionism has served with power the progress of human freedom. It is possible that the movement may still serve, and with increasing power, the progress of mankind; but to-day there may be observed elements of danger to this free service. The average citizen has an interest in this matter, and should study the facts with care. The value of unionism has ever consisted in the emphasis it has placed on the dignity of the individual; to preserve its usefulness in advancing the welfare of the workman, unionism must hold fast to this purpose.

There was once a time when the glory of a state was told in the chronicles of its wars; the soldier was then the hero, and physical prowess the measure of his greatness; the soldier indeed was king, and the king the state. True, there were craftsmen in those days, but few in number compared with the soldiers; and there were husbandmen, who tilled the soil that the women and priests might not starve, and that a great feast should be spread when the lord of the castle rode back victorious from the wars. But with the rise of Democracy the position of the craftsman and the husbandman, the workers of the world, was vastly changed; the worker became the important person, while the soldier was tolerated only to protect him in his industry. And the history of the state since the dawn of the new doctrine has been dominated by the progress of the workingman.

Slowly, throughout the centuries, the consciousness of freedom had been developing in the minds of men. Magna Charta, while containing many benefits for the people, was in no sense a declaration of freedom; the Barons planted the

seed merely, seed which for five hundred years slowly matured, until the industrial revolution, which occurred but a century ago, made possible the ripening of the fruit in our own generation. With the industrial revolution came the factory, and about the factory the city sprang up, populated by a people whose interests were identical. Great cities already existed, but they were peopled by men and women occupied with divers activities; in the factory-towns a single occupation gave a livelihood to thousands, leading these thousands to unite their efforts for the advancement of their condition, which in the end made for the progress of human freedom throughout the world.

The advent of the factory in England, however, created, at first, a reign of great misery among the workers. Not even the galley slaves in the ancient world suffered in mind and body the tortures which were the daily life of the early factory operatives. In Manchester, when the ten-hour law was first agitated, one-half the population sought public charity in bringing their children into the world, and of these children less than one-half lived until their fifth year. The survivors, at the age of seven, began to work in the factories, thousands of them slaving under cruel taskmasters, who used the lash without mercy throughout the fourteen hours of daily toil; the factory became the plague-spot of immorality, concerning which we have many a painful contemporary record. "Fathers have sworn to it," says *The Chronicle*, "and wished they had been childless." As we walk the streets of the City of the Dinner-Pail and mingle with the self-respecting throng of quiet-mannered, neatly dressed mill girls; or enter its factories, where no children under fourteen years of age may be allowed to work; as we visit the homes of the operatives, and note in how great a measure happiness or misery depends upon individual thrift, we marvel at the progress wrought by the last century in the social condition of the workingmen.

Just as the women spun cotton, wool, and flax, on the farms where now stand the great factories of the City of the Dinner-Pail, so for centuries before the invention of Arkwright, the British craftsmen made the textile fabrics of a nation upon spinning-wheels and hand-loom in their own homes. When the factories were built, this vast company of workers was thrown upon the world without gainful employment. Some were taught to operate the machinery within the factory walls, but thousands were unable to learn a new trade, and the condition of these was so deplorable that years afterward, when the conscience of the nation would no longer permit half-naked women and children to do the work of beasts of burden in the dark caverns of the coal-mines, these hand-loom weavers hailed the event with joy, and gladly offered themselves for this brutalizing employment. It is small wonder, then, that the labor movement began with violence, and that the craftsmen, dispossessed of their means of livelihood, revenged themselves by breaking machinery and burning factories.

The factory hand produced a hundred-fold more yarn and cloth than the craftsman, and the cry of over-production was heard throughout the manufacturing world; wages fell, until a day of toil bought but another day of greater misery, and starvation seemed to be the gift which machinery had brought to the worker. Thus the cause of the dispossessed craftsmen, and that of the operatives who took their places, became one — the cause of labor: the right of men, by virtue of their human birth, to something higher than the lives of beasts, to the creation of a social environment, by legislation if need be, in which the individual might develop his own personality. Then, because it was a crime for workingmen to meet and discuss the evils they endured, unionism was born in secret chambers, from which went forth the agitators who became the pioneers of industrial freedom. What these men accomplished for human progress is recorded in the history of the re-

form parliaments of the last century; it is recorded, too, in the political history of every civilized nation. In the great movement for the political enfranchisement of the masses, which was the most conspicuous social phenomenon of the last century, organized labor played no insignificant part; and the fundamental ideal which animated this movement was the dignity of the individual, and the right of every man to the fullest possible scope for the development of his own personality.

Those who note the evolution underlying our present civilization are coming to believe with Mr. Benjamin Kidd, who long ago advanced the theory that the people, having been admitted to equal political rights, are next to be admitted to equal social opportunity. It may be that in this next and greater stage of the progress of the masses, trade-unionism is to play no part; that the narrowness of its organization, working in the interest of a select class of workers, may prevent the movement from further advancing the cause of labor. There is much in the present attitude of the organization to give ground for this belief; but those who appreciate the service of unionism in the past still hope that its usefulness is not outworn. The function of unionism has ever been to emphasize the human element which is attached to labor as a commodity, to assist in creating an environment in which the individual toiler may have free scope for the development of his own personality. In the coming social evolution some factor must contribute this function; shall that factor be organized labor?

If the cause of unionism is made identical with the cause of labor, and thus ministers to the social progress of every workingman, we may believe that trade-unionism still has a work to accomplish; but if the movement is to minister to a class of workingmen only, its usefulness is already at an end. For the cause of labor is an eternal cause, in which the lives of all the wage-workers are united; and

its object is to advance the consciousness of human freedom throughout the world. Such a cause, from its very nature, must guarantee to every workingman that full measure of individual growth which is the priceless gift of freedom. And this right to a well-rounded personal development is no part of a narrow individ-

ualism; it does not mean that the individual shall cease to make sacrifices for the welfare of his fellow men, but, rather, that the worker, advancing to a richer personal life, shall come to the knowledge that man, as man, is free, and to a full consciousness of that freedom which is perfect service.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

V

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

AND now let us make a quick survey of what has been going on within Lee's lines since morning. When day broke, it found Ewell's corps — Johnson in advance, then Rodes, and last Early — arousing along the Pike, from beyond Locust Grove to within a few miles of Griffin. The first North Carolina cavalry, whom Wilson had scattered away from Germanna Ford in the morning, by dusk had re-collected and gone on picket ahead and around Ewell's infantry. Between dawn and sunrise they began feeling their way down the Pike, toward Warren. If they had held back awhile, his pickets would all have been withdrawn to rejoin the moving column, and Ewell could have sprung on Griffin most viciously.

Hill's corps was setting out from Verdierville for Parker's Store. Longstreet, having marched from four o'clock of the previous day and a good share of the night, was now at Brock's Bridge over the North Anna and already under way again. Stuart, Rosser, and Fitz Lee were assembling their cavalry beyond Craig's Meeting House, — at least twenty odd miles from Hamilton's Crossing, where the orders of the night before had

placed them. Ramseur of Rodes's division, Ewell's corps, with his own and part of two other brigades, and Mahone of Anderson's division, Hill's corps, were still guarding the river from Rapidan station to Mitchell's Ford.

Major Stiles, in his *Four Years under Marse Robert*, a book of living interest, gives us a glimpse of the early morning up the Pike. He says, "I found him [General Ewell] crouching over a low fire at a cross roads in the forest, no one at the time being nigh except two horses, and a courier who had charge of them, and the two crutches. The old hero, who had lost a leg in battle, could not mount his horse alone. The general was usually very thin and pale, unusually so that morning, but bright-eyed and alert. He was accustomed to ride a flea-bitten grey named Rifle, who was singularly like him, if a horse can be like a man. He asked me to dismount and take a cup of coffee with him." Ewell told the major while they were drinking their coffee that his orders were to go right down the road and "strike the enemy wherever I could find him."

Lee himself, with a blithe heart, was breakfasting at his camp near Verdier-

ville on the Plank Road. At eight o'clock the night before, he had sent this despatch to Ewell through his Adjutant-General, Taylor: "He wishes you to be ready to move early in the morning. If the enemy moves down the river (that is, toward Fredericksburg) he wishes to push on after him. If he comes this way, we will take our old line [that is, the one of the autumn before at Mine Run]. The general's desire is to bring him to battle as soon now as possible." The reason for bringing Grant to battle at once may have been strengthened by a despatch that he had received from Longstreet during the afternoon, in response to one he had sent him as to Grant's movements. "I fear," says Longstreet, "that the enemy is trying to draw us down to Fredericksburg. Can't we threaten his rear so as to stop his move? We should keep away from there unless we can put a force to hold every force at West Point in check." Longstreet doubtless had in mind the possibility of Butler's command, then organized at Fort Munroe, being carried to the mouth of the Pamunkey.

About eight A.M., after his corps was moving, Ewell sent Major Campbell Brown of his staff to report his position to General Lee. Lee sent word back for him to regulate his march down the Pike by that of Hill on the Plank Road, whose progress he could tell by the firing at the head of his column; and that he preferred not to bring on a general engagement before Longstreet came up. Either Colonel Taylor had misunderstood Lee, or Lee for some reason had changed his mind. Had he not done so and tried to put his plans of the night before in execution, another story would certainly have been written of the campaign. Hancock would have been stopped long before he had made Todd's Tavern, and his corps would have been swung over into the Brock Road; which would have effectually stalled off Hill. And although Ewell might at first have staggered Warren and Sedgwick, he never

could have driven them from the ridge east of Wilderness Run where they would have been rallied; for Hunt would have had it lined with artillery, and it would have been another Cemetery Ridge for the Confederate infantry.

It is a notable fact that whoever took the offensive in the Wilderness was invariably repulsed. That the chances of war are fickle I own, but I sincerely believe that if Lee had struck at us early that morning he would have suffered a terrible defeat before sundown, and, instead of the blithe heart at sunrise, when twilight came on he would have carried a heavy one. For Mahone, Anderson, Ramseur, and Longstreet would have been beyond reach to give a helping hand to Ewell and Hill. So I am inclined to think that Colonel Taylor misunderstood Lee: which in a measure is confirmed by his moves on the 5th, all pointing to a manifest desire not to precipitate a general engagement. For does any one suppose that Hammond's five hundred men could have held Hill's veterans back had they known that Lee wanted them to go ahead? Strangely and interestingly enough, Lee's chances, owing to changing his mind, were growing better and better the farther and farther away Hancock and Wilson were moving from the strategic key of the field. But the truth is that Lee that forenoon knew but little more about Grant's movements than Grant knew about his.

However that may be, Ewell, after hearing from Lee, regulated his march accordingly, slowing up Jones, who was in the lead, and who had felt Griffin's and Crawford's videttes south of the Pike, having pushed the latter nearly to the western branch of Wilderness Run. When he got to the Flat Run Road, Ewell sent the Stonewall brigade (James A. Walker, who must not be confounded with Henry H. Walker of Hill's corps) down it to the left. Soon, through his field-glasses, from one of the ridges that straggle across the Pike just this side of its intersection by the Flat Run Road, he

caught sight of Getty threading his way diagonally up and across the leaning field east of Wilderness Run. Thereupon he halted Jones and sent Colonel Pendleton of his staff to report his position to Lee and ask instructions; and no doubt Pendleton told Lee about the column of troops seen moving toward the junction of the Brock and Plank roads. While Pendleton was away, and our people showing more and more activity and earnestness, Johnson, commanding Ewell's leading division, began to arrange his brigades in line as they came up. Jones was drawn back and formed with his left resting on the Pike, his line of battle stretching off into the woods. He posted Steuart's brigade on the other side of the road, then Walker's and then Stafford's: their fronts reached across from the Pike to the Flat Run Road, and thence on northward almost, if not quite, to Flat Run itself.

Kirkland's brigade of Heth's division, Hill's corps, followed by Cooke, was driving Hammond down the Plank Road beyond Parker's Store. Scales of Wilcox's division of the same corps was standing off Crawford, while Lane and Thomas were getting into position in front of McCandless, who was facing west.

Lee repeated to Pendleton the same instructions as before, not to bring on an engagement until Longstreet was up. Pendleton got back to Ewell about 11.30, and shortly thereafter Griffin's division and Wadsworth's were discovered advancing.

In front of the left of Jones and right of Steuart was an old narrow, deserted field, occupying a depression between two flat irregular ridges, and crossed a little diagonally by the Pike. In the middle of it, its sides sloping down to it, was a deep gully, the scored-out bed of a once lithe, trembling wood stream. The Pike crossed it on a wooden bridge. The field was known as the Saunders or Palmer field, and was about eight hundred yards long and four hundred yards wide. It

was the only open, sunshiny spot along the four and a half to seven or eight miles of our battle-line, if we include Hancock's entrenchments down the Brock Road. The woods were thick all around it, but the ground east and north of it in the angle between the Pike and the Flat Run Road was very broken, its low humpy ridges cradling a network of marshy, tangled places, the birthplace of mute lonely branches of Caton's Run, and everywhere crowded with cedars and stunted pines. Griffin's and the right of Wadsworth's division formed about three-quarters of a mile east of the old field.

While their troops were forming, Griffin, Ayres, and Bartlett went to the skirmish line, so says Colonel Swan in his admirable account of the battle. They discovered that the enemy were in force, and so deeply were they impressed by what they saw that Griffin notified Warren. Warren, harried every little while by inquiries from headquarters why he did not move, sent word back to Griffin not to delay, although he had remonstrated at the choice of the point of attack, in view of the enemy being in force, he thinking it should be made towards Chewning's. Griffin sent Swan back to say that he was averse to attacking. By this time Warren had almost lost control of himself, and in sneering manner (I can see his face, and hear his tones) he raised the question of courage. There was nothing left for Griffin to do.

In the formation for the advance, Sweitzer's brigade of Griffin's division had given place on the left of Bartlett to Cutler, of Wadsworth's division, and had formed in reserve behind Bartlett. On Cutler's left was Stone, then Rice of Robinson's division, then McCandless of Crawford's. The Maryland brigade of Robinson's division was in reserve behind Stone and Rice. From the Pike to the left of McCandless it must have been fully a mile and three-quarters, and all through thick woods.

Wadsworth's brigades and their supports were ordered by Warren to move

by the compass due west. Now a compass is a right trusty friend and has guided many a ship steadfastly and truly through darkness and storm on the open sea, but it is out of its element and worse than nothing for an army fighting in woods like those of the Wilderness. It was natural for Warren, the skillful engineer, to rely upon it, but under the circumstances, and with the woods as they were, it was utterly impracticable. The first one hundred yards of underbrush, and then one of those briar-tangled ravines, and all reliance on the compass was gone. Self-protection, if nothing else, called on the regiments and brigades to try to keep in touch with each other, whatever the compass might say. As a matter of fact, only one of the commands was guided by it, — McCandless, who had the opening of the Chewing fields on his left to help him. But it ended in taking him away from everybody, and in coming mighty near to causing him to lose his entire brigade. For our people next to him naturally swung toward its streak of light, — thus leaving a wide gap between him and Rice.

Well, as already stated, when they began to move it was almost noon. The troops tried at first to advance in line of battle from the temporary works which had been thrown up while the reconnaissances and preparations had been going on; but owing to the character of the woods, they soon found that was out of the question, and had to break by battalions and wings into columns of fours. So by the time they neared the enemy, all semblance of line of battle was gone and there were gaps everywhere between regiments and brigades. Regiments that had started in the second line facing west found themselves facing north, deploying ahead of the first line. As an example of the confusion, the Sixth Wisconsin had been formed behind the Seventh Indiana, with orders to follow it at a distance of one hundred yards. By running ahead of his regiment, the colonel of the Sixth managed to keep the Seventh in sight

till they were close to the front; but when the firing began, the Seventh set out at double-quick for the enemy and disappeared in a moment; and the next thing was an outburst of musketry and the enemy were coming in front and marching by both flanks.

But there was almost the same state of affairs on the other side, except that the Confederates, being more used to the woods, observed the general direction better and handled themselves with much more confidence and initiative than ours, when detached from their fellows. For instance, the Forty-fifth North Carolina, of Daniels's brigade, having lost all connection with the rest of its brigade, stumbled right on to Stone or Rice, and before they knew it were within a few rods, only a thickety depression between them. Ours were the first to fire, but the aim was too high and scarcely any one hurt; the return volley, however, so says the regiment's historian who was present, was very fatal, and our men broke, leaving a row of dead. Cases of this kind could be repeated and re-repeated of what took place in the Wilderness; and I am free to say that, as I walked through the woods last May, looking for the old lines, more than once I halted with a feeling that some spectral figure, one of those thousands who fell there, would appear suddenly and ask me where he might find his regiment. As a proof of the savage and unexpected encounterings, a line of skeletons was found just after the war, half-covered in the drifting leaves, where some command, Northern or Southern, met with a volley like that of the Forty-fifth North Carolina, from an unseen foe. It is the holding of the secrets of butchering happenings like these, and its air of surprised and wild curiosity in whosoever penetrates the solitude and breaks its grim, immeasurable silence, that gives the Wilderness, I think, its deep and evoking interest.

The woods being somewhat easier for Bartlett's troops to move through than for those in front of Ayres, he gained the

eastern edge of the old field quite a little ahead. His first line no sooner came out into the light than Jones, from the woods on the other side of the field, opened on it. Our men dashed down to the gully and then up the sloping side at them, and at once became hotly engaged. As the second line cleared the woods, Bartlett rode galloping from the Pike, flourishing his sword and shouting, "Come on, boys, let us go in and help them." Meanwhile Cutler, on Bartlett's left, with his Iron Brigade, made up of western regiments, whose members were more at home in the woods than their brothers of the East, had gotten considerably ahead of Bartlett's men, and swinging more and more toward the Pike at every step, struck Jones's and the left of Dole's brigade, and, going at them with a cheer, smashed through, capturing three battle flags and several hundred prisoners. Battle's brigade directly behind Jones was so severely handled, also by Cutler and Bartlett, that it fell back in great confusion with Jones's broken regiments for a mile or more. Dole's right held on, and Daniels, moving up and going in on his left, met Stone's and Rice's bewildered commands, some of whom were really firing into each other, and soon stopped all their headway.

When Ewell witnessed Jones's and Battle's overthrow he hastened back to Gordon, who was just arriving from his bivouac beyond Locust Grove, and implored him to save the day. Gordon moved his strong brigade well to the south of the road; they formed quickly, and at his stirring command dashed at what was left of Cutler's and Bartlett's men, who, by this time, were in greater or less disorder, besides having met with severe losses.

The Seventh Indiana, that started on Cutler's extreme left, had fought its way clear round to the Pike, while the Sixth Wisconsin, that tried to follow it, found itself deep in the woods beyond one of the wandering branches of Wilderness Run, at least a quarter of a

mile away from the Seventh. A company of the Twentieth Maine, that had started in Bartlett's second line, came out on the Pike a half-mile west of the field; and behold, on their return, they were beyond a Confederate line of battle advancing toward their first position. Such was the state of our lines when Dole's, and those of Battle's and Jones's brigades that had rallied, went in with Gordon, all giving their wildest "rebel yell." And, reader, let me tell you I heard that rebel yell several times; and if you had been there, with the lost feeling one is apt to have in strange, deep woods, the chances are about even, I think, that your legs would have volunteered to carry you to the Lacy Farm, or for that matter to the other side of the Rapidan. I mean only that that would have been your first feeling as you heard them coming on; but I dare say you would have faced the enemy right well.

Well, as I have said, what was left of Rice, Stone, and the Maryland brigade, — all somewhat shaky, if not already falling back under the advance of Daniels, — Gordon, Dole, and Battle struck just at the right time, and practically sent everything flying, but the dead, before them. Bartlett's troops fell back, in great disorder, to the east of the old field and the works they had made in the morning; most of Cutler's and those on the left did not stop till they reached the Lacy Farm. There, after great exertion, Wadsworth, who was deeply mortified and in high temper, rallied them. I recall very distinctly their condition, for I was right among them.

And here, reader, let me bring in a word from my friend Dr. Winne of the Army, to whom you have already been introduced; and were you to meet him, you would wish that there were more in the world like him. "When Wadsworth's demoralized division was reforming at the Lacy House," says the doctor in his letter to me, "I saw a wonderful example of the triumph of mind over mat-

ter which I have never forgotten; and I can almost see the boy's face yet. The shattered division was just moving back to the line when I noticed the youngster in his place going to what may have been his death, with pallid face and trembling lips, yet with his head erect and eyes to the front, going to meet Fate like a gentleman and soldier." I hope, and so do you, reader, that the boy lived through it and on into a good old age, his brave heart ever his cheerful companion, and beating proudly on every 5th of May.

As soon as Wadsworth's men were brought into some kind of order, — and it only took a moment, for once out of the woods and where they could see their colors, all rallied save now and then a man whose heart was not made for war, — I went to the front. And as I reached there Bartlett was reforming, Sweitzer and Robinson having relieved him and stayed the enemy from advancing. He had been wounded in the cheek, and the blood was trickling down on his breast. His complexion was fair and his hair very black, his hat was off, and I can see his bleeding face, as well as Griffin's deeply glum one, across all the years.

So much for the engagement south of the Pike. Ayres, commanding Griffin's right wing on the north side of the road, after overcoming annoying and delaying hindrances, brought his regiments into some sort of line just before they reached the old field, resting his left, the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, on the road. By this time Bartlett with Cutler had gotten across the south end of the field and had disappeared pursuing Jones; but Stuart's men in the woods on the other side of the road, the continuation of Jones's line, had stood fast, and with their fingers on the triggers were poising among the cedars, scrub-oaks, and young pines, watching Ayres; and as soon as the One Hundred and Fortieth, with their colors flying, came into the field, opened on them with premeditated, withering fire. The regiment, under its gallant, yellow-haired leader,

VOL. 104 - NO. 4

"Paddy" Ryan, charged down to the gully and up to the woods, losing heavily at every step. Receiving also a bitter cross fire from their right, they swerved to the left, the color company astride the Pike, and then at close range grappled with the enemy. The Regulars to their right, under a murderous fire, crossed the upper end of the field in perfect alignment, entered the woods, and began an almost hand-to-hand struggle. But Walker's and Stafford's Confederate brigades, with nothing in the world to hinder, — for the Sixth Corps was not nearly up, — poured deadly volleys into them. The One Hundred and Fifty-fifth and Ninety-first Pennsylvania Volunteers went valiantly to their support. And as the Second, Eleventh, Twelfth, Fourteenth, and Seventeenth Regulars are advancing in the open field under heavy fire, let me say that a steady orderly march like that is what calls for fine courage.

It is easy, my friends, to break into a wild cheer, and at the top of your speed be carried along by excitement's perilous contagion even up to the enemy's works. But to march on and on in the face of withering musketry and canister, as the Regulars are doing now and as Pickett's men did at Gettysburg; or as the Seventh Maine, with uncapped guns, resolutely and silently went up to the works at Mary's Heights, and, by the way, carried them; or as I saw the colored division marching on heroically at the explosion of the mine at Petersburg, their colors falling at almost every step, but lifted again at once, — I say, that is a kind of courage which sets your heart a-beating as your eye follows their waving colors.

But it was only a short time till Regulars and Volunteers were driven back with heavy loss to the east side of the field, where with the reserve they at once reformed. Meanwhile Griffin, to help the One Hundred and Fortieth to break the enemy's line, sent forward a section of the Sixth New York Battery, a move of great danger, — and

the guns never marched with the Army of the Potomac again. The section trotted down the Pike and over the bridge and went into action briskly; the air around them and over the whole field was hissing with minie balls. In the edge of the woods, and on both sides of the Pike, at less than two hundred yards away, the One Hundred and Fortieth was fighting almost muzzle to muzzle with the First and Third North Carolina. The first and only round from the section crashed through the woods, ploughing its way among friends and foes, and instead of helping, made it much harder for the brave men. And just then, too, — the One Hundred and Fortieth dreading another round every moment, — on came Battle's and Dole's rallied brigades against their left. Pat O'Rourke's brave men — who helped to save Round Top, the gallant Pat losing his life there — stood the unequal contest for a moment and then broke.

The guns now tried to retire from a position to which many thought they should not have been ordered. But it was too late. Ayres's second line, which had followed the One Hundred and Fortieth and the Regulars with strong hearts, had been suffering at every step by the bitter and continuous cross fire from their front and unprotected flank; and by the time they had reached the farther side of the field were so mowed down that they could save neither the day nor the guns. The One Hundred and Forty-sixth of this second line reached the gully as the guns tried to withdraw, but was completely repulsed, and many of them made prisoners. Their horses being killed and officers wounded or captured, and the enemy on top of them, the sun-sparkling guns fell into the hands of the enemy.

It was at this juncture that, pursued by Gordon's, Dole's, and Battle's brigades, back came Bartlett's men, almost in a panic. They rushed into the field and actually ran over the North Carolinians about the guns, many of whom took refuge in the gully. The Sixth

Alabama, of Battle's brigade, was so close behind our people that they hoisted their colors on the pieces and claimed their capture, till the North Carolinians emerged from the gully and said *No!*

The victorious Confederates could pursue no farther, or stand there, for Sweitzer's, of Griffin's, and the First brigade of Robinson's division, under my friend Charles L. Pierson, a gentleman and soldier, together with our rallied men, now poured such a fire into them from the east side of the field that they fled back to their lines on the edge of the woods. Meanwhile the gully was full of their men and ours, most of whom were wounded, and who did not dare to show themselves.

The guns stood there that night and all through the next day, for the fire was so close and deadly from their lines and ours that no one could approach them. When Gordon broke Sedgwick's line at dusk the following night, to the right of the Sixth Corps, the enemy availed themselves of our confusion to draw them off.

On the repulse of Griffin and Wadsworth, Crawford was drawn well down on the Parker's Store road and began to intrench. Thus by half-past one Warren's corps had been thrown back with heavy loss; and all because the Sixth Corps had not been able to connect with it. Upton's troops did not get abreast of Ayres's bleeding brigade till three o'clock, and the ground where they had fought had burned over. He drove the enemy from an advanced position — for no one in the Army of the Potomac had greater courage or more soldierly abilities than Upton — and then intrenched. In front and behind his lines were many scorched and burned bodies of our men and of the Second, Tenth, Fourteenth, and Sixteenth regiments of Stafford's Confederate brigade, who, with James A. Walker's, enveloped the right flank of the Regulars.

Brown's and Russell's brigades of the Sixth Corps, on Upton's right, greatly impeded as he had been in their advance

through the scrub-oaks, saplings of all kinds, and intermingling underbrush, came in conflict with Early's division, which, after the repulse of Griffin, had been pushed well out on Johnson's left, and, under Hays, Stafford, and Pegram, was advancing between Flat Run and the road of that name. Russell, on the right, gave them a sudden and severe check, capturing almost entire the Twenty-fifth Virginia of Jones's brigade, which after regaining its hope and courage had been moved to the left. In this engagement, or subsequent ones, for fighting was kept up on and off till dark, Stafford was killed and Pegram severely wounded.

Jones and his aide, Captain Early, a nephew of the distinguished Confederate General Early, were killed trying to rally their brigade. I happened to be at Grant's headquarters that afternoon or the next morning, just after the news of his death was received, and overheard some one ask, "What Jones is that?" Ingalls, our chief quartermaster, exclaimed with manifest regret, "Why, that is Jones, J. M.; we called him 'Rum' Jones at West Point." There is a stone on the south side of the Pike, about a mile and a quarter west of the old field, marking the spot where he fell.

The woods thereabout got on fire and burned widely. "Suddenly, to the horror of the living," wrote a member of the Seventh Indiana who was lying along the safe side of the Pike, wounded, "fire was seen creeping over the ground, fed by dead leaves which were thick. All who could move tried to get beyond the Pike, which the fire could not cross. Some were overtaken by the flames when they had crawled but a few feet, and some when they had almost reached the road. The ground, which had been strewn with dead and wounded, was in a few hours blackened, with no distinguishable figure upon it."

As soon as they had driven us back, the enemy began to strengthen their intrenchments and brought guns down to

their line. Our men did likewise; so besides musketry, the field was swept with canister, for they were only four hundred yards apart; off on the right, in Sedgwick's front, the lines in some places were within pistol-shot of each other. Up and down the gully, around the guns and all over the middle of the old field, lay the dead and mortally wounded of both armies, whom no one could reach, the poor fellows crying for help and water. O! violets, innocent little houstonias, flaming azaleas, broom-grass, struggling pines, cedars, oaks, gums, and sassafras, now dotting the field, when the south wind blows and the stars call out, "This is the 5th of May," do you break into your mellow speech and commemorate the boys I saw lying there beyond the reach of friendly hands! Yes, I know right well you do: and Heaven bless every one of you; and so says every Northern oak and elm, and so says every poplar and Southern pine that borders the old home cotton-fields.

Shortly after his repulse, Griffin in miserable humor rode back to Meade's headquarters, and in the course of his interview allowed his feelings to get away with him, exclaiming in the hearing of every one around that he had driven Ewell three-quarters of a mile, but had had no support on his flanks. Then, boiling still higher, he censured Wright of the Sixth Corps for not coming to his aid, and even blurted out something so mutinous about Warren, that Grant asked Meade, "Who is this General Gregg? You ought to arrest him." Meade, however, kept his temper and said soothingly, "It's Griffin, not Gregg, and it's only his way of talking." This flurry of Griffin's was a part of the aftermath of the delusion that Lee would not take the offensive. In view of all the near and remote consequences of that delusion, the most of which are obvious, it is but a wisp, and may be compared to the loose tags of new-mown hay which fall from the load on its way to the barn. There is nothing in the campaign which

approaches the warm and beckoning interest which that delusion has for me. Sometimes as I ponder over it, I think I hear voices from it as from a mountain; they are near and yet far away, and something within tells me that they are chanting one of Fate's old and weird melodies, — and then all is still.

It seems probable with what we know now of the situation, that, if Griffin had not been sent forward till Upton had joined him, Ewell would have been driven far away from where Major Stiles found him boiling his coffee. And I wonder where he would have boiled it the next morning: possibly far back on the banks of Mine Run, or, more likely, on the head-waters of one of the streams bearing off to the North Anna, for Lee would have had to fall back in that direction till he met Longstreet. Wherever he may have breakfasted, for me Ewell has always been an interesting character. Major Stiles tells us that he was a great cook. "I remember on one occasion later in the war," says the major, "I met him in the outer defenses of Richmond, and he told me some one had sent him a turkey leg which he was going to 'devil;' that he was strong in that particular dish; that his staff would be away, and I must come around that evening and share it with him." The major had a part of the deviled turkey leg and a happy evening with the general. It was this same grim, kind-hearted, old Ewell who reported that Stonewall Jackson once told him that he could not eat black pepper because it gave him rheumatism in one of his legs. It would have been well for soldiers in Banks's army if Stonewall had "unbeknownst" eaten some black pepper before he got after them in '62; it might have saved them, a part at least, of that awfully hot chase he gave them back to the Potomac.

And now let us turn from the right of the line, from Warren, Griffin, and Sedgwick, to Getty, who is on the extreme left. It will be remembered that Ewell,

just before the battle began, on looking down the vista of the dreaming old Pike, caught sight of a column of troops crossing the road and moving southeastward up the ridge beyond Wilderness Run. It was Getty, the hour about eleven, and his destination the intersection of the Brock and Plank roads, which, from Grant's headquarters on the edge of the Lacy Farm, lies two and a half miles due southeast as the crow flies, and owing to its strategic value became the vital point of our line on the left. That historic point might, not only for the sake of the services they rendered that day, but for services on many other fields, be called Getty's or Hammond's Crossing. Perhaps a descriptive word or two as to its adjacent natural features will aid the reader to see — and I wish he might hear, also — the stirring events that took place there; for I believe that no crossing of country roads on this continent ever heard, or perhaps ever will hear, such volleys.

The roads cross each other at a right angle in the midst of dense, silent woods which are chiefly oaks, medium-sized, shaggy and surly, the ground beneath them heavily set with underbrush. The Brock Road then bears on south some four miles, through whip-poor-will-haunted woods, to Todd's Tavern, a ragged opening where the Catharpin Road heading for Fredericksburg comes in, and thence on through woods again to Spottsylvania. About half-way between Getty's or Hammond's Crossing and Todd's Tavern, the Brock Road is intersected by a narrow-gauge railroad which runs from Orange Court House to Fredericksburg, keeping south of the Plank that is bound for the same place. Having reached Parker's Store on its way east, the railway swings off from the Plank with a long curve, till it comes to the Brock, and then darts across it. When the war came on, its narrow location had just been cleared through the woods, and the road-bed graded. It will be seen in due time what use Longstreet made of this road-

bed; how his flanking column, under the handsome and gallant Sorrell, formed there and swept everything before it to the Plank Road as he charged due northward through the woods, gray with the smoke of battle and burning leaves. The Plank runs from the crossing to Parker's Store about two and a half miles west, and then on to Orange Court House. From this junction it is not far, less than a half-hour's rapid walk, before we reach the battlefield of Chancellorsville and the spot where Stonewall fell.

The spring-head of the most easterly branch of Wilderness Run crosses the Brock a third or a half mile before the road reaches the Plank. Over dead leaves and dead limbs and around low tussocks, crowned when I saw them last with blooming cowslips, the darkish water comes stealing out of the gloomy woods on the east side of the road, glints at the sun, and then disappears in those to the west. This branch soon spreads into a zigzagging morass, keeping company with others like it that head near the Plank Road and creep northward, separated by low, tortuous, broken ridges, the dying-away of the main ridge that sweeps around from Chewning's. The waters of all of them unite at last in Wilderness Run. In these shallow depressions bamboo-like vines abound, tangling all the bushes, but here and there is an azalea amongst them, and, when the battle was going on, dogwoods were in bloom along their banks and on the ridges between them. These alternating ridges and swampy interlaced thickets twill the country, that lies inclined like a canted trough in the angle between the Brock Road and the Plank. It was the scene of very, very bitter fighting, and there many men of both armies were lost.

The ground on the south side of the Plank is gently wavy, and about its junction with the Brock may be called dry, level, and firm; but in less than a mile to the west of it low ridges are met with, between which are thickety morasses again; but they drain off southward into af-

fluents of Jackson's Run, one of whose branches is a companion of the Brock Road for a while. These waters saunter their way into the Po and Ny and then on at last into the Pamunkey, while those in the morasses on the north side of the Plank flow into the Rapidan and then into the Rappahannock. The land generally, however, on the south side is higher than on the north, and not nearly so broken; but on either side one can barely see a man thirty yards away.

About a mile and three-quarters west of the junction the Plank emerges from the glooming woods into a clearing of twenty or thirty acres; it is a very quiet spot, and over the most of it the broom-grass is waving. The northern edge of this humble little estate follows the abrupt, bulging descents of the Chewning circular ridge which encloses the basin of Wilderness Run. It is the Widow Tapp's place, her small house, with companion corn-crib and log stable, standing several hundred yards from the road and partly masked by meagre plum and cherry trees. In this old dun clearing Lee made his headquarters during a part of the struggle, and by the roadside just at the border of the woods is the stone with, "Lee to the rear, say the Texans," inscribed upon it.

And now let us return to the junction. Wheaton's, Getty's leading brigade, reached the Plank Road by noon, and with all haste — for Getty himself was there, having ridden at the head of his command — deployed astride it, the Ninety-third Pennsylvania on the left, the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Pennsylvania on the right; and succeeded, after losing quite a number of men, in checking Heth's advance. Dead and wounded Confederates were lying within a hundred feet of the crossing where Hammond had made his last stand. As fast as the other brigades of the division came up, they were formed in two lines, Eustis on the right of Wheaton, and the ever-gallant Vermont brigade under Lewis A. Grant on the left. Learning from prisoners that

he was confronted by two of Hill's divisions, Heth's and Wilcox's, Getty immediately began to throw up breastworks along the Brock Road, to the right and left of the junction. While thus engaged, his troops skirmishing briskly along their entire front, Hancock, preceding his corps at a fast gallop, reined up before him, looking the soldier through and through; and I can see his high-headed and high-withered sorrel, with nostrils expanded and pride in his mien that he had brought his gallant rider to the scene of action.

It took but a moment for Getty to make the situation clear to Hancock, whose face that morning, and every morning, was handsomely stern with a natural nobility of manner and an atmosphere of magnanimity about him. It was then after one o'clock, and by this time, although unknown to Getty, Warren's repulse was almost complete. Hancock at once sent his staff-officers back, directing division and brigade commanders to hurry the troops forward with all possible speed. His martial and intense spirit so imbued his corps, and his relations with it were of such a personal character, that his fervor in the face of the threatening situation was communicated like a bugle-call to the entire column. But on account of the narrowness of the road, and the trains and artillery of the division being unable to turn out to clear the way, the men were greatly impeded in their now animated march. About half-past two, Birney's, Hancock's leading division, bore in sight, and under orders formed hurriedly on Getty's left, continuing the latter's line of intrenchments so as to be ready if Hill should come on, which was momentarily expected by Getty.

And so, as one after another of his aroused, perspiring divisions closed up, each formed on the other's left and intrenched: Birney, Mott, then Gibbon, and last Barlow, whose division was thrown forward of the road on some high, clear ground which commanded an immediate sweep of country; and there,

save two batteries, Dow's and Rickett's, all the artillery of the corps was massed. His line then bowed eastward across the Brock Road, not far from where the railway crosses it. The old works, now sunk to low, flattened ridges, and covered with bushes and saplings, some of which are quite large, seem almost endless as you travel the lonely road to Todd's Tavern.

Meanwhile Warren's repulse had made headquarters very anxious, and as early as half-past one, orders suggesting an advance had been sent to Getty. But, believing that Heth and Wilcox were both in front of him, and evidently in no mood to yield, and Hancock's men almost at hand, he used his discretion and waited for their coming, his understanding with Hancock being that, as soon as Birney and Mott were up, they should go forward. In harmony with this understanding, on Birney's arrival, Getty withdrew Eustis into reserve, moved Wheaton to the north side of the Plank Road, and Lewis H. Grant by flank till his right rested on it. Both brigades, save their heavy skirmish lines, were on the Brock Road behind their temporary works, and Birney's and Mott's divisions were forming, somewhat confusedly after their tiresome march, in two lines of battle on Getty's left. The news from Griffin's front growing more and more disturbing, Humphreys, Meade's chief of staff, at a quarter after two reported the serious results to Hancock, who in reply said that two of his divisions, Birney's and Mott's, in conjunction with Getty, would make an attack as soon as they could get ready. This was not the response headquarters hoped for; what they wanted to hear were Hancock's and Getty's guns. An hour passed, and, hearing nothing, Meade, in ill-humor at the surprising turn of affairs up the Pike, sent Colonel Lyman of his staff with a peremptory order to Getty to attack at once, with or without Hancock. It was the same kind of an order in terms and spirit which had sent Griffin ahead without knowing whether Upton was ready to help him.

Humphreys, in repeating Meade's orders, directed Hancock to support Getty with a division on his right and another on his left. Accordingly Hancock ordered Birney to send one of his brigades, Hays's, to Getty's right. Hays, that very gallant man, moved as fast as he could up the Brock Road past the junction, but Getty, having caught the spirit of his orders and knowing that he could not wait for any shifting of Hancock's troops, had given the command forward; and before Hays reached his position his men had cleared their works and were desperately engaged.

And now let us see what had been going on up the Plank Road since dawn. and follow the train of events which, as the day progressed, had put Heth ready to plunge at Getty; for, as a matter of fact, he was just ready to take the offensive when Getty struck at him. The sun rose that morning at 4.48, — I saw it come up, a deep poppy red, — and by the time it started to clear the tree-tops, Lee was breakfasting and his trusty, heavily-built, iron-gray horse, Traveler, stood saddled, ready for him to mount. The general, as has been said before, was very cheerful, his kindly hazel eye beaming while he breakfasted with his staff. It may be interesting to know that it was his habit in the field not to loiter at the table, but to leave it early, so that his young and light-hearted friends might enjoy its freedom. He conveyed the impression to all of them that morning that at heart he was looking forward to a victory over Grant. I have often gazed, as it were, in admiring wonder at the gentleness, the ever-dewy hope and mountainous resolution in Lee's nature.

The troops of his small, punctilious, courageous, and mysteriously impressive Third Corps commander, A. P. Hill, who had been with him on so many fields. were camped, some in front and some behind him, along the Plank Road. "Jeb" Stuart, his buoyant and reliable cavalry leader, had bivouacked that night just in rear of the picket reserve and some dis-

tance beyond the infantry, and, according to his biographer, Major McClellan of his staff, conducted the advance of Hill's corps.

There are no two of the Confederate generals who are more vitally interesting to me than Stuart and Hill, although I never saw either of them that I know of; they may, however, have visited West Point and passed unnoticed in the stream of young and old officers who were coming and going to their Alma Mater when I was there. But, however it may have been, everything I hear or read of Stuart is accompanied with a sense of nearness: I catch sight of his fine features, his manly figure, his dazzling, boyish blue eyes, his flowing, brownly auburn beard, and hear his voice ringing with either command or glee. It is said that rarely was his camp-fire lit that he did not make it joyous, his voice leading in chorus and song. And now the mystic bugles of his troopers are sounding taps from the Rapidan to the James in his old camps, and, hark! as they die away, "Jeb" is still singing on, for woods and fields and running streams all love the memory of a happy heart. Nature made him a cavalry leader by instinct, and a very sweet character. All of his old army and West Point friends never wearied in testifying to their affection for him. He met his mortal wound just a week after the morning we are dealing with. When told that death was very near he asked that the "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," might be sung, and with his failing breath joined as they sang around his bed. When in the field he always wore a yellow cavalry sash, and a felt hat with a black plume.

Why Hill has been so interesting is perhaps because there is always something very keen to me in the courteous dignity, care of personal appearance, and a certain guarded self-control, of officers who are small, naturally "military," and whose lives and movements are in harmony with all forms of military etiquette. They say he was quiet in manner, but when aroused and angered, was hard

to appease. He wore his coal-black hair rather long, and his face was bearded, his eyes rather sunken, and his voice sharp and stern. But what kindles an enduring, historic light about him is that, when both Stonewall Jackson and Lee were dying, he, this little, punctilious, courteous soldier, was in their misting vision. Stonewall said, as he was fading away, "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action." Lee, like Stonewall, was back on the field and murmured, "Tell A. P. Hill he must come up." Well, well, flowers of Virginia! go on blooming and blooming sweetly, too, by the graves of each of them as this narrative wends its way.

Kirkland's brigade of North Carolinians of Heth's division was in front that morning, and moved leisurely; for Hill had had the same instructions as Ewell, to develop our lines but not to bring on a general battle till Longstreet should overtake them. "Never did a regiment march more proudly and determinedly than the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina as it headed the column for the battle of the Wilderness. We passed General Lee and his staff." So says its historian.

It was the same regiment that charged at Gettysburg and lost so heavily on the first day, led by those two fine young West Point men, Burgwyn and "Rip" McCreery, both of whom lost their lives. I wonder if, for the sake of boyhood's memories which I shared with McCreery at West Point, the reader will consent to allow the current of events to eddy for a moment around him and Burgwyn. At Gettysburg their regiment, the Twenty-sixth, was lying down in the edge of the wheat-field that waved up to McPherson's woods, waiting for the command, "Forward." After a while Burgwyn, who was refinedly and delicately handsome, and who had graduated only a few years before our time, gave the long waited-for command, "Attention!" The lines sprang to their feet, the color-bearer stepped out four paces to the front, and at the com-

mand, "Forward!" the regiment, eight hundred strong, moved resolutely across the field toward our men, who were standing partially protected by a stone wall. The engagement soon became desperate, and after the colors of the Twenty-sixth had been cut down ten times, McCreery seized them and, waving them aloft, led on; but within a few paces he was shot through the heart, and his Virginia blood gushed out, drenching the colors. Burgwyn took them from McCreery's paling hand, — and I can see that thin, nervous hand sweeping the holy air of the chapel in impassioned gesture as he delivers his Fourth of July oration. A moment later a shot goes tearing through Burgwyn's lungs, and, as he falls, swirling, the flag wraps about him. The lieutenant-colonel of the regiment kneels by his side and asks, "Are you severely hurt, dear colonel?" He could not speak, but pressed his friend's hand softly and soon passed away.

The Twenty-sixth, with its gallantly commanded Confederate brigade, finally carried the position; and it adds interest and, I am sure, stirs a feeling of pride in every Northern breast, that the Twenty-sixth's worthy opponent that day at Gettysburg was the Twenty-fourth Michigan, now present in the Wilderness, whose exploit of capturing the colors of the Forty-eighth Virginia has already been given. Nine officers and men carried the flag of that Michigan regiment during the action at Gettysburg; four of them and all the color guard were killed. The same old flags, those of the Twenty-sixth and the Twenty-fourth, were present in the Wilderness, and I am glad I served on the same fields with them. The Twenty-fourth Michigan was from the shores of Erie and Huron, the Twenty-sixth from the slopes of the mountains of western North Carolina. In one of the North Carolina companies there were three sets of twins, and, when the battle was over, five of the six were lying dead with Burgwyn and "Rip" McCreery.

(To be continued.)

THE LAWYER'S FUNCTION

BY DONALD R. RICHBERG

In the Congressional Library at Washington, above the statue of Law, appear the words, "Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her voice is the harmony of the world." In many recent publications have appeared casual references to lawyers as a class of parasites feeding upon the labor, the disagreements, and the unhappiness of others.

The conflict between these two sentiments, of which perhaps the latter has the more general acceptance, would seem to make it worth while for a lawyer to examine into his conduct, and the conduct of his professional brethren, to see whether he and his kind are harmonizers of society, spreading peace and fostering unity, or parasites, welcoming discord, and living from the sores and afflictions of their fellow men.

At the outset, it may well be admitted that what is here written down may contain neither new ideas nor even old thoughts in modern tailoring; but now and then it need not involve a waste of time to go down into the cellar of the past and look upon the foundation stones, or even perhaps to strip away the interior decorations of our establishment, and see of what sort of material our house of labor is built.

The first query which naturally presents itself is whether the present vast and complex administration of the law is a necessity. Incidental to this query there is, of course, the consideration as to whether or not rules of conduct for society as a whole, and the individuals therein, are essential. But for the purposes of this article, perhaps we may assume, without argument, that society as a whole recognizes and always will recognize that there must be fundamental and accepted guides

for conduct in business and social relations, and that there must be a machinery for enforcing the individual compliance with such principles for the common benefit.

In an elementary social state but few laws would be necessary; but it must be obvious that, as population increases and the occupations of men show augmenting variance, the applications of fundamental laws will increase in complexity and refinement until the time inevitably comes when it is necessary, not only to have judges of conduct and tribunals for the settlement of disputes, but also to have in the community certain members devoting themselves wholly to the study of the growth, development, and application of legal principles, in order that the judge, to whom new and complicated situations are presented for decision with such frequency as to allow scant time for consideration, may be enlightened as to all the elements of the problem on behalf of each litigant. Furthermore, in the search for truth, as distinguished from that which appears to be true, or which may be true, it is inevitable that the rules for making such distinguishment will become as important as the rules for the ultimate decision of the controversy. Professional advocates would therefore appear indispensable, granting acceptance of present social conditions.

Perhaps, then, the assumption may be fairly made that the function of the lawyer as a harmonizer is plain and valuable; and we may enter with this premise upon the intended consideration of this article.

When is a lawyer a harmonizer and when a parasite? The suggestion that a lawyer is ever a parasite will probably meet with such ready acceptance from

all grades of society that no argument will be necessary thereon. It is the present intention to show that there are certain plain lines of distinction between the function of harmonizer and that of parasite, which can be borne in mind by every practicing lawyer to the advancement of his own self-respect and for the promotion of society's esteem for the profession.

A lawyer's activities may be divided into three classes: Advice, Litigation, and Law-making.

In the realm of advice a lawyer may choose between counseling his client how to uphold the rights secured to him by the justice of his cause, and how to obtain benefits from the application of technicalities and the use of the weaknesses of the particular statute or precedents under consideration, whereby he may attain advantages inconsistent with fair play between man and man. Every time a lawyer encourages such an application of the law as, resulting in injustice, casts disrepute upon the law, or its administration, he is plainly promoting discord either in the present or in the future. Every time a lawyer counsels controversy for the establishment of a right as recognized by existing law, or for the promulgation of new law beneficial to the majority of society, he is exercising his true function, and the charge which he lays upon his individual client and, through him, upon industry and progress in the mass, if reasonable in amount, is well earned and should be cheerfully paid. When, however, a lawyer gives the other kind of advice, the expense, perhaps cheerfully borne by the client who profits personally therefrom, must be finally laid upon society as a whole, which is thereby paying for its own injury, and naturally re-sents the charge.

Let it be understood that there is no assumption in this article that men are unwilling to be known as parasites, or to reap the rewards thereof. It should, however, be noted that in the long run humanity manages to exterminate the parasite, and the survival of the legal

profession, and the perpetuation of honest pride in this occupation, must be entirely dependent on what lawyers give to society in excess of that which they take away.

The activities of a lawyer in litigation even more characteristically exhibit these two functions. The lawyer who endeavors by every means to present fully and completely all the elements of his client's cause, and to point out, with all the directness consistent with courtesy and calm, the defects in his opponent's presentation, is fully meeting his responsibility to give a conscientious judge all the information obtainable bearing upon the question at issue. He is therefore promoting speedy as well as just settlement. On the other hand, the lawyer who, by every artifice at his command, endeavors to cloud the strength of his opponent's cause, not striving to show the real weaknesses of testimony, but, by befuddling witnesses, attempting to create false weaknesses; who endeavors, in his own case, not so much to bring out all of the strength of his actual position, as to build up a situation mixed of truth and supposition which may give his client an advantage — this lawyer is not only breeding distrust of the law in the minds of every one within the court-room, but is making for ultimate injustice for both his client and his adversary.

In the third division of a lawyer's activities perhaps there is more of the parasite and less of the harmonizer than in either of the other two. A mass of law-making, in fact, one might almost say the mass of law-making to-day, is devoted to the promotion of special interests, regardless of whether the common good is served or not. The lawyers who devise such schemes, and the lawyers in the legislature who allow such bills to become laws, are remarkably plain examples of the parasitical class. Yet in the province of law-making is one of the broadest and most splendid opportunities for the true harmonizer. Here, lawyers, finding through the practice of their profession

the defects in the present law, may serve the community in a most effective manner through drafting and agitating for laws which their experience has shown to be desirable.

Allied to the possibilities of law-making is the opportunity constantly before a lawyer for the unmaking of laws, largely through the application of so-called constitutional principles. Here, again, is a plain line of demarcation, depending not so much upon whether or not a lawyer believes a law to be for the good of the majority, but rather upon whether he approaches the problem presented to him, of the possibility of overthrowing a statutory enactment, with the attitude of determining his course of action from a consideration of the essential merit of the law, as shown by a fair construction of the Constitution, or takes up his problem with the simple desire to find out if, by any possible construction of Constitution or statute, he may be enabled to overthrow the law, entirely regardless of its value to the community.

Among many objections to the foregoing reasoning, two may appeal to most lawyers. First: that it is exceedingly difficult to classify every activity as either harmonizing or parasitical. Second: that, were it possible to make such a classification with fair accuracy, the results attained would be hardly worth while, and distinctly impracticable in a business epoch. The conclusion from these objections would seem to be that the only proper standard for a lawyer to take is to work with all honorable means for the attainment of his client's purposes, and rest the ethics of the situation upon the shoulders of his employer. The word "employer" is used because such an attitude necessarily results in making a lawyer a mere hiring. If, however, the law is to be esteemed a profession, there must remain with a lawyer the right and duty, not only to determine what shall be honorable means to an end, but whether that end itself is advantageous to, or subversive of the interests of, well-

ordered society. If a lawyer is to be a counselor, an officer of court, and hence a quasi-public official, he has a public trust to lend his efforts to the advancement of the common good and the promotion of social harmony. If a lawyer is a mere business man, employed to do a certain task for a certain wage, then he should, for the sake of honest manhood, strip away the cant, the deceitful pomp and circumstance which attend upon professional pride, and take the inevitably resultant position of a parasite, not necessarily harmful in all his activities, perhaps often feeding from malignant growths and hence benefiting his fellow men, but on the whole reaping or gleaning from what others have sown.

It does, however, appear from the trend of the times that future decades will show an increasing ethical communal responsibility among all classes of society, and among all reputable occupations. In this advance it would seem reasonable to expect that lawyers, as those who face daily the problems of the fulfillment and breach of obligation, and hence are keenly observant of the moral growth of a community, will strive to better their works in even greater degree than their fellows. The position of counselor is indeed difficult to fulfill for one who does not feel that he possesses a keener, deeper insight into the complex questions of right and wrong than is within the comprehension of the one who comes to him for advice.

There are certain branches of the profession which to-day have fallen into some disrepute from the well-recognized impracticability of obtaining an income therefrom without the sacrifice of considerable self-respect and the regard of one's friends and neighbors. Perhaps therefore, gradually, the lawyers who are harmonizers and who refuse to become parasites may be differentiated from those who wish to be harmonizers but allow themselves to become parasites, even as these are to-day differentiated from those who wish to be para-

sites and now and then incidentally are surprised to find themselves harmonizers. If such a distinction should ever obtain general acceptance, the eventual disappearance of the parasitical lawyer will be inevitable. Let it once be known that the majority of the profession refuse to promote discord and only lend effort to aid in peace and security, and the success of a plainly unjust cause will be well-nigh impossible, since the appearance of the parasitical lawyer in court will condemn the case *ab initio*, and the judge who will rule in favor of such a one will be required to satisfy a suspicious public of the purity of his motives before expecting further confidence to be bestowed upon him by the voter or the appointive power.

It may be that this writing has begun too far in the "shadowy past," and gone too far into the "misty future," to permit of its being of any avail in the "living present;" but when one realizes that the past holds all our guides to conduct,

and the future all our reason for being, the demands of the present diminish considerably in importance. At least, it may be said that those members of the Bar who realize that there is an ethical problem constantly confronting them and adopt some standard for its daily solution, are storing up comfort against a future day of doubts. When they, warmly clad, well fed, and comfortably housed, see the bread line forming in the city square, when they pass the careworn, anxious crowds waiting outside the newspaper offices for the first edition of "want-ads," when they observe from house to office twenty shapes of wretchedness to one appearance of happiness, they may examine into their conduct of life with calm scrutiny, knowing that, whatever be the wrongs responsible for these miseries, that which they have taken from the world has been in exchange for full value received, and their bread and cake have not been bought at the expense of such as these.

THOUGHT-DRIFT

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

Dim hour by hour through autumn's wane
The silkweed lets her plumes adrift:
They rove — they sink — and yet again
Upon the wavering breeze they lift.

No count is made of where they roam;
They are not found, they are not lost, —
Soft wanderers without a home,
Yet scathless to the sworded frost.

Not otherwise dim hour by hour
I shed white thoughts into the wind, —
Sole drift of my life's vanished flower:
They are not lost — yet none may find.

MARCO POLO AND THE EUROPEAN EXPANSION OF THE MIDDLE AGES

BY C. RAYMOND BEAZLEY

THE history of the growth of Christian civilization into a practically universal predominance does not begin with the discovery of America, or of the Cape Route, or of the way round the globe. It does not open with that revival of classical study which we call the Renaissance. Its most brilliant chapters precede the Reformation. It is bound up with the whole history of the Middle Ages, with the time of the making of the modern nations.

In the evolution of these modern nations, there are few things more remarkable than the influence of the Scandinavians, which lies behind the whole of the great revival of Mediæval Europe, from the Dark Ages of the seventh, eighth, and tenth centuries, to the vigorous and even brilliant civilization of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth. The gradual association, incorporation, or alliance of the Norseman, the Dane, and the Swede, with the Christian nations he came to plunder or destroy, is certainly the most decisive fact in history between the rise of Islam and the Crusades, and has a peculiar connection with the Columbian or American chapter of human development.

First of all, the Northern invaders scattered themselves over the whole shoreline, and often penetrated far within the continent, or the older Christendom, from the Elbe to Gibraltar—in less degree, from Gibraltar to the Bosphorus, or even to the Caucasus. Gradually they breathed their spirit—barbarously, but effectively, they infused their energy—into every Christian nation. Thus they accomplish what is essentially

a regeneration of European life and energy; they impart to nearly all the great European peoples something of their own fire; and they start afresh that forward movement which Greece and Rome had once led, and in which Mediæval Christendom persists, from the eleventh century, until its own civilization has grown into the larger, stronger, and more complicated organism of the modern world. The Crusades themselves; the territorial, commercial, and missionary expansion that follows the Crusades; the new spirit of external enterprise and far-reaching ambition, which marks the Latin world from the days of Hildebrand; the extension of European influence in the later Middle Ages toward ultimate domination in the extra-European world—cannot rightly be dissociated from the impulse given by the Scandinavian migrations, piracies, conquests, and settlements. The creative, stimulative, and invigorative effects of the Northern invasions have perhaps never yet been generally understood, or fully appreciated.

In particular, the Scandinavians play a remarkable part in anticipation of Columbus. For their pioneers—pirates, conquerors, or colonists—not merely overrun and appropriate one Normandy in France, and another in Italy; settle one-half of England, and finally subdue the rest; plant themselves on the Scottish and Irish, the German and Spanish coasts, and even for a moment on the shore of Northwest Africa; create the Russian nation of pre-Mongol time; penetrate, as leaders of Russian expansion, to Siberia on one side and to Caucasia on another; become the Old Guard

of the Byzantine emperors, powerful agents of the great Byzantine revival; and explore the seas of Northern Europe, from Archangel to Iceland. They also discover and settle in Greenland, properly belonging to the American world; and they sight and examine various regions of Northeastern America, which may fairly be identified with Labrador, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and perhaps certain districts of New England. In one part of the country, which they call Vineland from its wild vines, they vainly attempt to settle.

It is not impossible that Columbus may have gained some knowledge of these Far-Western explorations. Yet it is elsewhere, in other fields, along other lines, and through the work of other races, — however much these races owe their vital quickening to Scandinavian blood and spirit and example, — that we find the immediate historical preparation for the great oceanic discoveries which introduce us to the modern world.

The achievement of the man who, seeking Asia by a Western Ocean route from Spain, found across his path that *New World called America*, is directly the result of centuries of continuous European expansion Asia-ward, first by overland, then by maritime, routes.

The European expansion I speak of, the definite anticipation of Columbus, as well as of Vasco da Gama, begins in the middle of the thirteenth century, when direct and friendly intercourse is opened between Latin Christendom and the Mongol Empire (from 1245). It is now that the lands of Higher, Upper, or Inner Asia, the earlier dominion of the new Tartar conquerors of the East, are visited, explored, and described by the first of the great overland travelers of Europe, the Franciscan Friars, John de Plano Carpini, the Italian, and William of Rubrouck, the French Fleming (1245-55). From these pioneers Christendom also learns something of the richer countries — China and the Indies — which lie just beyond their own explorations, and

is thus prepared for the revelations of the Polos in the next generation, from 1260 to 1295.

The Polos, and especially Marco, the historian of their journeys, to whose book¹ we owe our first real picture of Asia as a whole, are among the most important of the predecessors of Christopher Columbus, — not even the Scandinavians have so direct and unquestionable a right to this name. The great Genoese adventurer sailed in 1492 in search of Japan, China, and the Indies — the very regions Messer Marco and his relatives may be said to have discovered for the Western World; in the Antilles Columbus thought he had found various lands of East Asia; Cuba, to his mind, is obviously the Polos' Zipangu or Japan.

These Italian traders then are the first to disclose to Europe, with something like accuracy and completeness, the treasure-houses of the Far East. They are the earliest representatives of Western Christendom — of Columbus's world — to make their way across the whole length of Asia by land, and round most of its southern coasts by sea. From the Crimea to the Volga and Bokhara in one journey, from Cilicia to North Persia and over the Pamir in another, they cross the Gobi desert and the Mongolian steppes to Peking and the Yangtse Kiang, to the Imperial Canal and the ports of Fokien. From Amoy Harbor they return to Persia, by the Indian Archipelago, Malabar, and Ormuz, finally reaching Venice by Trebizond and the Bosphorus.

They are the first Europeans really to discover, and adequately to describe, that China which was then more civilized, populous, and wealthy than any other land, — Christian, Muslim, or heathen; whose cities and manufactures, roads and posts, canals and river-ports, ocean harbors and inland trade, put even Italy to shame. They are the earliest to tell us, with any fullness and knowledge, of the

¹ *The Book of Ser Marco Polo, the Venetian, concerning the Kingdoms and Marvels of the East.*

countries and peoples of Indo-China — Burma, Siam, Annam, Laos. They are the only Westerns of the Middle Ages to perceive, and absolutely the earliest to disclose to Christendom, the existence and the half-fabled riches of Japan. From them comes the best account yet given to Catholic nations of the spice-lands of the East Indies, source of those aromatics already so prized, but whose origin was till now so obscure. They first describe to us, in the tongue of the Franks, the “very noble” Java, the multiform Sumatra, Zanzibar, and Madagascar. They give a better picture than had yet been drawn, by any Latin pen, of Ceylon, of the Malabar and Coromandel coasts, and in general of Southern, South-eastern, and Western India — as well as of Russia and the Far Northern Land of Darkness, where it was “as with us in the twilight.”

To Messer Marco himself, and to many of his readers, China, the most valuable part of the Grand Khan’s immediate dominion and of the Mongol Empire as a whole, was also the most interesting of countries; and in the Polo narrative we certainly have the best mediæval picture, both of Chinese localities and of Chinese civilization, from the European side.

Beginning with a description of the person, character, court, and administrative system of Kublai himself, Marco guides us through Peking with remarkable thoroughness and vivacity, details various peculiarities of Chinese manners and customs, and concludes by tracing two lines of travel through the Celestial Empire, — southwest and southeast from Peking, — which together give him the opportunity to depict most of the great cities and markets of the Far East.

But perhaps in no part of his work did Marco make a deeper impression upon European thought, and more effectively stimulate European interest and cupidity, than in his sketch of the Mongol-Chinese court and capital.

It was Kublai, he tells us, who first gave

to Peking, or *Canbaluc*, — the “City of the Khan,” — that dual aspect which has continued to our own day. The Khan was told by his astrologers that the older city, celebrated under various names for more than a thousand years before his time, would prove insurgent; he therefore built a new town immediately to the north, and forced most of the people of the ancient metropolis to move into his *Taidu* or “Great Court.” This mighty creation of Tartar prudence formed a square, six miles each way, and was encompassed by a lofty wall, fifty feet in height, pierced by twelve great gates which were also forts and arsenals on a vast scale.

Inside, the town was divided like a chess-board into squares by wide, straight streets cutting each other at right angles — “so wide and straight that you can see along them from end to end, from one gate to the other.”

“Up and down the city” were beautiful palaces and fine hostelries and houses. All the house-lots were four-square, laid out in straight lines, and occupied by great and spacious buildings, furnished with courts and gardens of corresponding size. Each square plot was encompassed by handsome streets for traffic, and thus the whole city was “disposed in a manner so masterly that it was impossible to describe it justly.”

In the midst of *Canbaluc*, moreover, was a great curfew-bell which was sounded every night as a stop to business. For after it had struck three times no one could go out in the town, unless for the needs of a woman in labor or for the sick. And any who went upon such errands were bound to carry lanterns with them. Guards patrolled the city after the Great Bell had struck, and if they found any person abroad he was taken immediately to prison, and examined next morning by the proper officers.

The situation was a little like that of Constantinople during the recent revolution, where “any theological students met with in the streets are forthwith conducted to the nearest police-station.”

Nor was all, or half, Peking to be found inside the walls, — for outside stretched suburbs so vast that they contained more people than the city proper.

"And here lodge the foreign merchants and travelers," proceeds Marco, "of whom there are always great numbers come to bring presents to the Emperor, or to sell articles at court, or because the city affords so good a market to attract traders. Here therefore are many fine hostleries for the lodgment of merchants from all parts, a special hostelry being assigned to each description of people, as if we should say, there is one for the Lombards, another for the Germans and a third for the Frenchmen. And thus there are as many good houses outside the city as inside."

For the Peking of those days was one of the world's great markets. Polo indeed declares that its import commerce was without a rival — "to this city are brought articles of greater cost and rarity, and in greater abundance, than to any other." But the explorer's worst fault is an over-responsiveness to the enthusiasm of the moment: any marvel of his experience, as he recalls it in these Recollections, tends to outdo all that has gone before.

Yet, even if Peking's trade were not comparable to that of Quinsai, or Hang-chau (as we certainly should judge from the description of the latter by the Venetian himself), it was, as we know from other sources, of enormous quantity and value.

"From every region they bring goods, including all the costly wares of India, as well as the fine and precious goods of Cathay itself, with its provinces — some for the sovereign and the court, some for the city which is so great, some for the barons and knights, some for the imperial hosts which are quartered round about. And thus between court and city the quantity is endless. And as an example of this trade I tell you that no day passes in the year in the which there do not enter the city one thousand cartloads of silk alone. Nor is this to be

wondered at: for in all the countries round about there is no flax, so that everything has to be made of silk. In certain parts, it is true, there are cotton and hemp, but not sufficient for their wants. This however is not of much consequence, as silk is so abundant and so cheap."

From the City of the Khan, Marco passes to the magnificence of the Khan himself.

In the chief of his Peking palaces, the "greatest that ever was," walls and ceiling were covered with gold and silver, and emblazoned with scenes and figures of all kinds — dragons, idols, warriors, beasts, and birds; six thousand guests could feast with comfort in the dining-hall; while the roof, colored with green, blue, yellow, and vermilion, and varnished so that it shone like crystal, was "built as if to last forever."

Nor was the imperial luxury satisfied with palaces. For a sight even more marvelous to the Frank visitors was the hill which the Khan had reared in his Peking park with earth dug out to make a lake — a hill a mile in circuit and a hundred paces high, covered with trees that never lost their leaves. "And I assure you that wherever a beautiful tree is found and the Emperor gets news of it, he has it transported with all its roots and earth and planted on that hill of his. No matter how big the tree may be, he has it carried thither by his elephants. And he has also covered the whole hill with the ore of azure [*i. e.*, with carbonate of copper] which is very green, and on the summit of the hill is a fine palace all green inside and out. So not only are the trees green, but the hill itself is all green likewise, and there is nothing to be seen on it that is not green; and hence it is called the 'Green Mount,' and in good sooth it is well-named."

Finally, to complete his picture of an unequalled power, wealth, and splendor, Marco describes the ceremonial of the Great Khan's table, especially at the festivals of the Imperial Birthday and the New Year, and tells us of the imperial

bodyguard, so resplendent in their golden girdles and gem-bedizened robes, that "every man of them" (and they were 12,000 strong) "looked like a king."

Was not the lord who could maintain such state, whose capital was such a city, and to whom the whole Tartar world paid such homage, from the Eastern Ocean to the Black Sea, truly the most potent man that was or ever had been in the world, "from the time of our first father Adam until this day"?

After this portrait of Peking and its ruler, followed by an invaluable sketch of the system of administration, finance, and intelligence in the Tartar-Chinese world (his description of the roads and post is exceptionally interesting), Marco Polo returns, in the more normal style of his *Book*, to his *Account of Regions*, unfolding a Far-Eastern panorama which long held the attention of Christian Europe, and helped to inspire the explorations of succeeding centuries.

And in this panorama there are two or three points of supreme importance, for upon these the Polo narrative focuses the attention of the Catholic world, and upon these above all are fixed the hopes and expectations of Catholic leaders, when at last rediscovering, as they imagine, the treasures of Eastern Asia.

The first of these that I will notice is the fertile region, the heart of the tea and silk country of the Great Plain of China, just south of the estuary of the Yangtse Kiang, which contained the famous cities of Hangchau and Suchau, unsurpassed, as the Chinese proverb declared, in Heaven itself.

There 's Paradise above 't is true —
But here below we've Hang and Su.

Upon Hang, in particular, Su's greater rival, Marco lavishes all his powers of administration and delineation. For beyond dispute, declares the traveler (and here his verdict is that of every observer of the central and later Middle Age), this was "the noblest city and the best in all the world." Lying close to the sea, a little southwest of modern Shanghai, it

was also close to the southern terminus of the Grand Canal, and to an ancient but now disused branch of the Yangtse. For more than a century it had been the capital of the Sung emperors, who ruled South China between 1127 and 1276. Its conquest by the Mongol arms had been the crowning mercy of Kublai's reign. Here perhaps the early Arab merchants traded and prospered in the ninth century, and Muslim writers of the fourteenth have as exalted a conception of this Quinsai, "stretching like Paradise through the breadth of Heaven," as Marco Polo himself.

According to the official statement furnished by the native rulers on their submission to the Mongols, Hangchau, about the time young Marco first arrived in China, was still more than twenty miles in circuit; it possessed twelve thousand bridges of stone, crossing the innumerable canals and water courses that intersected the town; and it boasted of a dozen craft-guilds, each of which owned twelve thousand houses, while each house contained several, and some as many as forty, workmen. The total number of houses or "hearth-fires" within the city area was one million six hundred thousand.

The goods imported yearly were beyond value; as an example by which to judge the rest, Marco quotes the single article of pepper, of which nearly ten thousand pounds entered the walls every day.

Under the immediate jurisdiction of Hangchau were one hundred and forty large and wealthy towns, and from salt alone this province paid a yearly customs revenue of nearly six millions of gold ducats; from sugar, spice, wine, silk, and coal, the return was more than equal to twice that sum.

The beauty, comfort, and attractions of Quinsai were worthy of its wealth and people. The charming and ample lake on its western side, where the citizens took their pleasure, even the busiest, when the day's work was done (this famous pleasure was also known to Polo's younger

contemporary, the Arab Abulfeda); the markets, where everything one needed could be bought so cheaply (and such luxury was here "that one often ate fish and flesh at the same meal"); the places and persons of public entertainment—all combined to delight and bewitch the stranger, so that when at home he could only think and talk of Heaven's City, and long to return as speedily as might be.

One thing only was wanting—and to this the greedy and warlike peoples of the West listened intently. Of arms and their handling these sybarites knew little, and cared less; manly courage and skill in fighting were equally lacking. For while philosophers and physicians, traders and craftsmen, were welcomed and honored, soldiers were hated and despised, and unkindly ranked with butchers in the lowest social class. Well was it for the world that this was so. "For if the men of China had but the spirit of soldiers, they would conquer the world."

Again, before he quits the China seas, Marco Polo adds a chapter of especial interest to his readers upon the islands of the Eastern Ocean, among which the first and most important was Zipangu. The picture here attempted, the earliest revelation of Japan to the Christian world, exercised a peculiar fascination on posterity, and among the objects of the enterprise of 1492 there was none more treasured by the admiral than the discovery of this land, the realization of the glittering vision he had caught from the old Venetian.

This Zipangu, then, appears to Marco as a very great island, lying out some fifteen hundred miles in the ocean on the east or Levant side of China. The idolatrous inhabitants, white, courteous, and of handsome aspect, were exceedingly rich in gold—so rich that the king's palace, as men said, had golden windows, and was wholly paved and roofed with the precious metal (just as Christian churches with stone or lead) in the form of plates, two fingers thick. Nor were these the only riches of Zipangu. For it

also possessed rose-tinted pearls of great value, and abundance of other gems—treasures which had already excited the cupidity of Kublai Khan, and were destined to rouse the greed of Catholic *conquistadores* two centuries later.

But Japan was not the only interest of the Sea of China. "For I tell you, with regard to that Eastern Sea, according to what is said by the experienced pilots and mariners of those parts, there are seven thousand four hundred and forty-eight islands in the waters frequented by the said mariners. And there is not one of those islands but produces valuable and odorous woods, and gold, and gems, and all manner of spices—pepper as white as snow, and also the black kind in great quantity." Immense profit could be made when a man had once made the long and difficult journey to these Spice Islands, and thus, despite all obstacles, and the fact that for this journey a full year's navigation was necessary from the Chinese mainland, they were regularly visited by the merchant ships of the great South China ports. When the Latin West had read this passage in Messer Marco's *Book*, it resolved that the merchant ships of Europe should also have their share in this traffic; the resolve was realized; and the realization involved the discovery of the ocean route to the Indies.

Lastly, by his treatment of these Indies, stretching (in his view) from Annam and Cochin China to Abyssinia, Zanzibar, and even Madagascar, Marco Polo stimulates the greed and ambition of the West as forcibly as by his rhapsody on Hangchau, or by his tales of Japan and the Isles of Spices. The gold of Java (mainly fabulous as it was), the rubies of Ceylon, the pearls, sapphires, and emeralds of Coromandel, the Valley of Diamonds in the Northern Deccan, the pepper, cotton, indigo, ginger, and dye-wood of Malabar, the ambergris of Socotra, the ivory of Zanzibar, the incense of Hadramaut—were not these enough to attract the desires and inspire the resolution of the Catholic merchant, the

Catholic crusader, and the Catholic sovereign?

The experiences of the Polos, therefore, are not merely a delightful or romantic tale: they afford a basis and starting-point for all the subsequent expansion of Latin Europe. The new knowledge is bound up with material gain; the Venetian pioneers effectively open to Christian enterprise, or at least to Christian intelligence and study, those markets which every ambitious and wealth-loving people had long considered to be the prizes of the world. From this time "Frankish" civilization directs itself, first by overland, then by oversea, routes toward that Cathay, those Indies, where it looks to find the riches, if not the empire, which at last rewarded its unconquerable energy and persistence.

In the Columbian or Columbus Library at Seville, there is a printed copy of the Polo record — the *Liber Diversorum* or *Livre des Diversités* of Messer Marco Milioni — which belonged to Colon, and in this there are manuscript notes, by Christopher himself, on seventy-six of the one hundred and fifty pages, showing how well he knew and how much he valued the book which perhaps more than any other was his guide.

And even if Polo's name does not occur in the admiral's *Journal* of the voyage of 1492 (or rather in the Abstract of that *Journal* which is all that we possess), yet Polo's Cathay and Zipangu are constantly in evidence herein.

A week before he lands at Guanahani, Columbus opines that the Pinzon suggestion to steer southwest is "not made with respect to Cipango." Two days after the discovery, he feels he must go on to try and find Cipango; and when he reaches Cuba, he believes it, from the signs the Indians make, to be this very land. At the same time he is equally anxious to reach the mainland of China; he is determined to deliver the letters of the Catholic kings to the *Gran Can*, now so hopeless an anachronism. With the said *Gran Can*, he gathers from the na-

tives, a Cuban monarch was now at war; the *Can's* great ships, he understood, came to Cuba, ten days' journey from the Chinese mainland; the cotton of the West Indies would be sure of a good market in his cities; his Majesty was perhaps in the "grand city of Cathay." "It is certain," he writes, while still off the Cuban coast, "that I am in front of Zayto and Guinsay" — of Amoy Harbor and Hangchau.

And again, in the Cariba or Caniba, which was described to him as the "main land behind Española," — in our language, the north coast of South America, — Columbus believes he has at last located the name and kingdom of the *Can*.

The *Book* of Marco Polo is the fullest and most remarkable record of the great age of mediæval overland intercourse, of the earlier Asiatic expansion of Catholic Europe, which began with Carpini and with Rubrouck. But the Polo journeys do not exhaust this movement, mainly commercial and missionary, of Western Christendom upon the Mongol world. Under the Tartar emperors there is little hindrance from religious bigotry or mercantile exclusiveness, and the extent of the Tartar dominion, unchallenged by any serious rival to the north of the Himalayas, the Hindu Kush, and the Arabian deserts, enables the Europeans favored by the Khans to explore, observe, traffic, and proselytize from the Black Sea and the Polish frontiers to the Pacific, the Indian Ocean, and the South Siberian plains. In many directions the knowledge won by the Polos is amplified; Catholic preachers and traders collect an abundance of fresh material, and thus, for instance, enable the men of the fourteenth century to form a clearer and fuller conception of Asia, in some respects, than the Milioni himself.

Monte Corvino, the Apostle of both China and the Deccan; Jordanus, the first Roman Bishop of Malabar, most delightful of companions, most praiseworthy of zoölogists, most simple-minded

of missionaries; the Franciscans and Dominicans who suffer near Bombay, near Lake Balkhash, near Trebizond, or near Astrakhan; Friar Odoric (perhaps the first European visitor to Lhasa), who travels so widely, and observes so well, in the Celestial Empire and in the Eastern Archipelago; John of Florence, who heads the last great embassy from Western Christendom to the Mongol court in Peking, and who testifies to the activity of Italian merchants and Christian missionaries in Chinese and Indian ports, as well as on the northern edge of the Gobi desert; the statesmen who weave a network of Roman bishoprics over fourteenth-century Asia; the men who fill those bishoprics, or serve in their territories; the merchants who explore so steadily, and exploit so brilliantly, the trade-routes from the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, or the Azov, to the Indian Ocean or the Pacific — all help to form that conception of the East which we find among the immediate precursors of Columbus.

The *Catalan Atlas*, executed in Catalonia or the Balearics for Charles V of France only some eighty years before Colon's birth, shows us the position, extent, chief divisions, towns, and rivers of China with an accuracy and completeness which can hardly be paralleled till long after the discovery of America. For the first time in human history, the Indian peninsula, ignored by so many geographers even of the sixteenth century, is exhibited correctly enough in general outline; and a knowledge is displayed of the interior of Asia, which in certain points is perhaps not surpassed until the nineteenth century. A work of Wycliffe's age, which portrays so many of the lakes, rivers, and towns, of regions which have become well known to Europeans only within the memory of men yet living, is indeed one which materially concerns the progress of our race. Whether Columbus saw it or no, whether he received information of its contents or not, we cannot say. But we know that here we have the

last word of his predecessors upon the remoter Orient which he set out to find.

Yet at the very time when this splendid *quarte de mer en tableaux* was compiled (1375), the experiment of winning foothold in Asia by Mongol friendship, of establishing regular communication — political, ecclesiastical, and above all commercial — between Western Europe and the heathen lands beyond the Islamic world, finally breaks down. The diplomacy, the trade, the religion of the Catholic nations are defeated in their *overland* penetration of the East.

Into an Orient so anarchic and so perilous as the Upper Asia of the fifteenth century it is futile to attempt entrance. Neither for commerce, nor for conversion, do the vast regions lately subject directly or indirectly to the *Gran Can* of whom Columbus dreams, now offer sufficient inducement for European enterprise. The last pretense of a universal power in Tartary or Turkistan, of a ruler able to ensure order and safe transit over any great part of the continent, has disappeared with the death of Timur (1405). And nearly a generation before that event the infusion of Muslim prejudice into the Turco-Tartar mind has been successfully accomplished in most of Western Asia.

In the Far East a revolution not less momentous is signified by the expulsion of the Mongol dynasty from China (1368-70). The Celestial Kingdom, free from the internationalism of the *Yuen*, is able once more to revolve securely in its own orbit, to keep at a safe distance all "profane and foreign novelties," to "restore the purity of the institutes of the Central Flowery Land." The imperial race of Chingiz and Kublai Khan, thrown back upon its own Mongolia, is condemned to permanent obscurity beyond the Pamir and the Thian Shan, just as in Persia, in Russia, and in Trans-Oxiana, its nobler qualities are ruined by fanatical spirit and civil strife, and its unity is broken into a hundred warring fragments, owning no suzerain but Allah, welcoming no culture but a theological, dreading

any breath of infidel life, and jealous even of the profit-bringing merchant of the West.

Thus, before the close of the fourteenth century, Latin Christendom has been finally defeated in its overland attacks (whether by trade, diplomacy, or missionary enterprise) upon the great centres of Asiatic civilization, wealth, and military power; but in failure lay the elements of success. Accurate knowledge of the goal aimed at; a realization of the value of unrestricted access to the distant sources of Oriental wealth; some understanding of the weakness of that Orient; a better conception of the all-encircling and connecting ocean, and of its function as an aid of human intercourse; an exaggerated but stimulating vision of the Christian communities lying beyond the Islamic

zone — in the Indies, in East Africa, and in the heart of Asia; and a policy of founding, with the aid of these allies, new and greater Christian empires than had perished in the Levant, — these are among the results of that ubiquitous and sustained energy which had explored the Asiatic world from the days of Carpini. And yet one more thing had been gained. A beginning had been made in the right direction. For, at the very time of the most zealous prosecution of overland expansion, the first attempts are made toward the realization of the maritime alternative. The earliest definite movements of the Catholic nations along those waterways which brought them as conquerors to the Indies of the East and West precede the final return of the Polos from the court of Kublai Khan.

THE DESTROYER OF HOMES

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

INTO the velvet blackness of the night I heard a voice call, —

“ ‘Manuel! ‘Manuel!’ ”

It was a rich, throaty voice, a fat voice. It could have come only from a comfortable round throat. Then we heard it say in a lower key to some one near by, —

“ ‘You seen you’ broth, Ma’gratta?’ ”

A voice came in answer, that, for all its American pronunciation of the individual words, chimed like a bell: —

“ ‘Manuel’s out in Silva’s boat, I guess.’ ”

Then again called the fat voice: —

“ ‘Manuel! ‘Manuel! You come off da watta now. You hear me, ‘Manuel?’ ”

Far off a little boy squeaked obedient, “ ‘Yes, Ma.’ ”

Then no further sound. The night was so still that the incoming tide made no

lapping on the beach. Silence. Then the girl chimed again: —

“ ‘You, ‘Manuel, come right in this minute when you’re called.’ ”

In answer to this came the far-off sound of oars dipping hastily into the water, with the rhythmic accompaniment of oars thumping against thole-pins.

Next us on the “ bulkhead ” sat a little gray shadow whom I knew to be my fellow lodger, with whom I had already exchanged greetings. She turned to me and said, —

“ ‘It needs faith to call out into blackness like that.’ ”

And so it did. There was such an impenetrable quality to the darkness of the night, it seemed so immeasurable in its blackness, that it did need faith to lift up one’s puny, human voice and call out aloud into this mystery. I know exactly

how my unknown companion felt, though I would not have had the courage to "voice my thought," as she would have said. From near the side of me came a deep, booming, —

"Guess when you've been here a time you'll find more faith 'n work in the Portogees."

This I knew to come from Captain Sanderson. It was in his house that my fellow lodger, the gray shadow, and I were staying. It was on his "bulkhead" we were sitting. I fancied by the sound that my companion turned towards Captain Sanderson as she said, —

"Don't you like the Portuguese?"

"I don't mind 'em," he boomed. "Kind o' lighten things up, they do — the girls I mean, though they get fat. Kind o' give us somethin' to talk about."

He lapsed into silence, and I could see the red dottle brighten and pale as he puffed at his pipe leisurely.

In the darkness instinctively we two women moved closer. Our shadowy outlines became faintly visible to each other. The night closed round about us and gave us three strangers a curious sense of intimacy, as though the impenetrable blackness had in some way cut us off from the rest of humankind.

My companion made the most of this moment. I guessed then, and afterwards learned I was right, that she had a quivering interest in everything connected with the little fishing village in which we found ourselves. She confessed that it was the first time she had ever had a chance to become "acquainted with the sea." She came, it seemed, from the Middle West, and she was astonishingly well up on sea literature. Stevenson she had read, of course, and Dana and Clark Russell; and, further, the moderns, like Conrad. She had followed every writer who had made his characters go down to the sea in ships, and it had been the dream of her life to be in just such a place as she now was in, and talking to just such an individual as she was talking to.

I do not mean that I found out about her all at once, but I gathered how much it meant to her to be in Long Haven, and how wonderful it seemed to listen to Captain Sanderson's stories of his life. As a lad he had been a whaler. He had been on one or two trips with thesealers. That, he said, was too bloody work for him. He had been a banker in the great days of salt-fishing, and then, as refrigerating plants came in order, he had become a "fresh fisherman." And now, in his old age, he owned a couple of traps and occasionally got up to go mackereling, and for the rest sat around and told his picturesque experiences with great simplicity.

He was a great powerful beef of a man, such as the sea breeds. He had fists like hams, and a beard like Father Neptune's, and twinkling blue eyes — quite the ideal old sea captain, as I remarked the next day to my fellow lodger, who let me see, more by her stillness and a certain little excited quality that I noticed in her, how much an ideal old sea captain she thought him.

I had seen ideal old sea captains before. I had listened to tales of shipwreck and hardship, and great catches and narrow escapes, in my time, and so, while I liked our host, as any one must needs have liked such a fine, upstanding old fellow, he was no novelty to me. My fellow lodger captivated me much more.

She was a still, unobtrusive woman, already middle-aged, but distinguished from the crowd by a quality that I can describe by no other term than *luminous*. It was as if a light shone through her pale features. I do not know if she was always like this, and if other people in other places felt this dim, shining quality as I did. It may be that it was there only because I saw her at her great moment, as she was finding the ideal of her lifetime fulfilled. It was a humble little yearning enough, this yearning of hers to become "intimate with the sea," as she called it, and to know the people who had sailed on it, and grown old amid the clamor of it, and

gained their livings from it, and almost died on it. But it was what she had wanted, and I happened to be there when this desire of her lifetime was fulfilled.

This was why Captain Sanderson, who to my everyday eyes was in no way different from a dozen other fine old fellows I had known, and who told the same yarns in the same language that they all used, seemed to her the incarnation of high romance.

To me his sister Liza was a more interesting character. She was a spare, angular woman, of quite as fine heroic build as her brother. She had a keener wit and more caustic tongue, while he rattled on in an even flow of dry humor all day long.

I thought Captain Sanderson talked too much. I am frank to confess that even before "the book" he sometimes bored me — just as he bored Liza. I liked everything about Liza: her looks, and her talk, and her pleasant relations with Captain Sanderson's pretty little daughter-in-law, who, with young Bill Sanderson, Captain Sanderson's son, formed the rest of the household. He was a handsome young fellow, of the same heroic mould as his father, and he and his aunt and the Captain all joined in spoiling his gay, pretty little wife, who nevertheless refused resolutely to be spoiled. She insisted on helping Liza with the work, with a gay graciousness that was charming to see. Altogether, it was a happy household to be in, and an interesting one, too.

But for Sophie Warner, which was my fellow lodger's name, the interest all centred in the old man. She had almost what amounted to scorn for young Sanderson, who made a good deal of money summers by taking out fishing parties instead of being about the real business of the sea.

Liza from the first had no patience with Miss Warner's point of view.

"One 'ud think," said she dryly, "to hear her talk, that she *wanted* men to resk their lives; and ef she'd seen as many

lives resked — an' lost too — as me, she would n't talk so much. But there," Liza continued, with the large tolerance that made her relations so pleasant with her niece-in-law, "I s'pose writer folks always talks a lot."

For a writer was what Miss Warner was. I had known her stories before I met her, and had always liked them. They were plain, unpretentious tales of the life she knew, and she told them with a certain ringing enthusiasm that idealized the plain people whom she portrayed with touching accuracy.

"I s'pose it's the poetry in writer people that makes 'em so fond of the sea and storms and such; though what poetry they can see in a whale is more than I know. Listen to her goin' on now! She's talkin' with Henry 'bout his whalin' days. Now, what do you s'pose she finds interestin' in Henry's whalin' days? But there, she ain't had to set next to Henry at supper nights fer twenty years, an' hear him tell, 'There she blows!' an' 'There she beaches!' an' about how generous the whale cut up. It may be ungrateful in me, for my folks got their livin' from fishes ever sence I was born and before, but I never could abear the sight of a fish, small or big; an' a fish bigger 'n a cow, like a whale, always seemed repellant to me. But Mis' Warner, she's special cracked on whales. She'd look at an old fishin' net like 't was a lan'scape!"

It was, you see, as though Liza had scented trouble, from the first, in Miss Warner's intimacy with her brother, although she saw no harm in the book — for Miss Warner confessed early in the summer that she intended, if she might, to make a book out of Captain Sanderson's sea stories.

"Though," said Liza to me, "what she sees in 'em to write about, I don't see!" And she refused to supply any details of the Captain's early life. "He ain't changed much from what he was when he was young," she would tell Miss Warner. "He was about like what he

is now. He always could talk for two. Poor Mary never had a chance in her lifetime to get a word in edgewise; but she liked listenin' to Henry same as you do. She was awful nervous when he was off on the banks, Mary was. Her folks came up from down Sandwich way, and she wa n't used to see the men go off fishin' like we."

Miss Warner's kind eyes clouded with tears. She confided to me afterwards that Liza's few words gave her a swift vision of the life-tragedy of this silent New England woman, who could n't bear to see her handsome husband go into danger, but who yet bore it so heroically.

"I suppose," said Miss Warner, "that is why he has always been faithful to her memory. I think constancy in a man is a wonderful thing."

She spoke with her usual simplicity, quite without gush.

"You see, Captain Sanderson has everything that would make him enviable here, — good looks, and a competence, — and yet all these years he has remained faithful to the memory of his poor wife!" And the kind creature went to her room, I have no doubt, to write another chapter of her book. It may be that it was that afternoon that she wrote the touching words about Captain Sanderson's constancy, which later brought tears to so many eyes.

I am sure you will remember that book. It was one of those spectacular successes from the point of view of being a "best seller," and yet it was such a humble little book, and a book, too, of so few pages, that no one could possibly have foretold its popularity; and after you had read it you were at a loss to account for its place. It was as unpretentious as its little writer, but it had in it certain heart-compelling human qualities: a little humor, some quite real pathos, and above all it was a-quiver with the enthusiasm of its author. It was not, properly speaking, a book with a plot; it was just Captain Sanderson, one of those one-character books. The humor was the Captain's dry humor

of the sea; the wise saws that people found so quotable were the Captain's, — edited, to be sure, and sharpened up by Captain Sanderson's biographer. One could hardly recognize in this apotheosis of an old seaman the mellow, garrulous old fellow that one loved; and yet, for all her idealization, wonderfully enough, Sophie Warner had not dehumanized her hero. In the book he became one of those unconscious heroes who perform great deeds without knowing it; in the book he was conspicuously faithful to his dear wife's memory, although no prolonged grief had been allowed to darken the lives of those dear to him. He had borne his solitude with a smile, as he had shown his heroism on the sea, — without ostentation.

It was another one of those books demonstrating how the world loves a lovable person, and that any one who can draw such a one from the heart can throw out of the window all the rest of the basket of tricks, including consecutive plot. Miss Warner's sincerity carried the thing. She wrote about the Captain as she had seen him, unconscious to what a degree she had magnified him; and others saw him as she did. There was nothing in the book of the show-man who presents a new-found curiosity. There were those critics who called the whole thing twaddle, people sophisticated enough to realize what very strong magnifying glasses the author was asking her public to wear; but the sentimental caught the contagion of the writer's enthusiasm.

For myself, I don't pretend to judge the book. Not even the harshest critic denied it a kindly spirit; and how kind this was, and how sincere, I, who had been present at the book's making, knew. All through the winter, while the book was going from one edition to another, I was filled with curiosity to know how my Long Haven friends had taken it.

I wrote early to Liza, engaging my room, and in her reply I caught an inkling of the state of things. I had spoken of the book in my letter, to which Liza

had answered tartly that "a man was never too old to be made a fool of."

When I arrived Liza greeted me with more effusion than I had ever suspected her of:—

"Well, ef I ain't glad to see ye," she cried, looking down on me. "I tell you, I most had to turn the hose on 'em to keep 'em off. Why, if I was the Bayshore House I could have filled all my rooms! But I tell *you*, none of 'em ain't goin' to live here. I says to Henry, 'Let 'em bring hammocks and put 'em up on the bulkheads if they want to,' says I. 'They might 's well, seein 's they 're here the fust thing in the mornin' and the last thing at night; but there ain't no one of 'em goin' to clap a foot over my door-sill, Henry Sanderson, while I'm keepin' house fer ye!' Jest take a peek out of the winder and see what ye see!"

I "peeked" out of the little window. There on the bulkhead, resplendent in new clothes, sat my Captain. Around him, encamped in various attitudes of adoration, were ten or a dozen admiring females. That was all there were, for I counted; but on the little bulkhead they gave the impression of an invading horde.

The Captain talked; they listened, exchanged looks, from time to time, of admiration; hung on his words. You could almost hear them saying, "Is n't he exactly like the book!"

Liza faced me, her mouth drawn to a grim line.

"Don't it beat all? Ain't they got him goin'?" she demanded, with suppressed fierceness. "There ain't no fool like an old fool, is they? an' when you think it 's only the beginnin' of the season! *She* let out that Henry was the original and sot to her for his picture, — picture!" snorted Liza. "Ef Henry 'd ben one half sech a no 'count idjit as the captain in that book was, I would n't a-kept house for him all these years, sister or no sister. Oh, Mis' Norton, you dunno what I ben through. First there was Henry pleased as Punch about the book. I did n't mind that. Later says I to him,

'Henry you jest better get a halo and wings right off to-morrow, and put 'em right on and wear 'em,' says I. He read that book and he read it, and pretty soon you could jest see he was gettin' to think himself about too good to live. Bill, he joked his pa about it. 'Say, Cap'n, she's got you carryin' about all the canvas you'll stand, ain't she?' he says. 'My land!' says Bill, 'hope it won't hurt your upper works none.' And Emily she says, 'Say, Pop, I never knew you was such a hero, — have you got all the life-savin' medals as that book says you deserve? I could have had 'em made into a belt for me.' So we jokes him about bein' a hero and about his halo, and he took it all smilin', and then I realized what he was up to. Says I, 'Bill, there's trouble brewin'. You watch your pa. He ain't actin' natural. You know 's well as I do your pa never was one to stand much chaffin' without gettin' a little hot under the collar, — you watch him, Bill. The matter with him is, and what he keeps his temper so good for is, he 's tryin' to act like that old chromo of a sea-captain in that book!'

"Well, Bill he laughed till I thought he 'd blow off his head.

"Aunt Liza, you're right," says he. Pritty soon, I begun gettin' letters askin' for rooms, and Henry begun gettin' letters. He went an' bought some new store clothes, and pritty soon them wimmen began to come. Before long, of course, the town near talked its tongue off, and it made me near about sick. So they 'd come and say, 'Well, Henry, did n't know ye was a hero! Well, Henry, they 've got your photograph pressed into the book, ain't they?' And to see Henry take it with a grin and not know they was makin' fun of him! 'Course we knew 't want no more like Henry than a smelt's like a sculpin! And if that was all! The worst was to see all them" — Liza jerked her thumb toward the bulkhead — "make a fool of him. 'T won't be long now,' said Bill, when they began soft-soapin' him, 'before he'll have the fool-

ishness knocked out of him,' but he swallowed it all down! When they come fust I was perlit to 'em, — thought I had to be. Em'ly kept up bein' perlit longer 'n me, but Em'ly's quit it too, and it's the Lord's own mussy that I had sense enough not to take none of 'em in the house."

This was Liza's account of the situation.

Supper that evening was not the merry meal that it had formerly been. The Captain was a curious mixture of himself and the glorified being whom Sophie Warner had depicted; or rather, not that person, but the person who was posing for him, for, alas! that was what my poor old friend Captain Sanderson was doing, — he was posing, posing for my benefit, and he did it pretty well, too. One can understand the rapt expressions of his adorers. But as he posed at me, I felt my backbone stiffen in sympathy with Liza's, and I had difficulty not to let my eyes seek my plate shame-stricken, as did Emily's. Trying to hold up my side of it, and the Captain's pose, and the growing self-consciousness of the two women, made the scene a trying one.

Hardly were we through supper when some one tapped at the door. Liza went to it; I heard her voice saying grimly, "Yes, he's home. Henry, there's ladies wants you!"

At this the Captain wiped his mouth, disappeared hurriedly, and led his guests out to the bulkhead.

Here Emily, who had a most un-New England trick of showing her emotions, sniffed, while tears flooded her pretty eyes.

"Oh, ain't it awful?" she wept; "he's gettin' worse every day, Mis' Norton."

"Where's Captain Bill?" I asked.

Emily lifted tearful eyes to mine. "Bill did n't come to supper; he's awful 'shamed. Bill said he knew jest how you'd take it, and he did n't want to see you. And when I think *She's* cumin'! We can't turn her away, 'cause 't ain't her fault, and She engaged her room last year; seems to me I can't stand it!"

Here a shadow sidled into the room.

"It's Bill," said Emily, and departed.

After our exchange of greetings, "You seen how 't is, ain't you?" the young man gloomed.

"Are n't you taking it a little too seriously?" said I; "he'll get over it, won't he, after a little?"

"Well, 't ain't much comfort to anybody who's got any of his folks sick with the smallpox to reflect that they may get over it, — they may, and they may not," replied Bill. "Here we are the laffin'-stock of the hull town. Here's our house bein' visited like 't was a Roman shrine. There's him, — there ain't nobody had a better father nor me, — there's *him*, settin' there listenin' to the palaver of all them fool women. How'm I goin' to get him away from 'em? How'm I goin' to stop folks in town from laffin' at 'm! He's jest lost to shame!"

"Think how he enjoys it," I comforted, tactlessly.

"I do." In the gloom of the little sitting-room Bill shifted before me, huge and wavering. "You bet I think!" There was a fund of bitterness in his words. "Well, good-night, there ain't nuthin' to do but let it run its course."

And as Fate had decreed that I should see every side of the little drama, I chanced to have a few words alone with the Captain that night.

"You read the book, ain't ye?" He beamed at me with simple geniality. His pleasure in it was touching.

Yes, I had read the book, I said.

"I never expected to be the hero of any book," he gave out. There was a little quaver of a question in his voice as touching as his pleasure. He was trying to see just how the land lay with me.

I gave the book cordial praise. He was radiant.

"I'm glad you feel that way," he went on. "You won't believe it, but Em'ly and Liza, they don't like the book; they won't hear anything about it; don't like folks should come and talk to me about it, —

sorter jealous, I guess they are, that's how I figger it; and Bill, he's with 'em." Then he broke out: "They don't understand me, you know; you can jest see from the book they ain't never understood me; and now some folks comes along that does, and they don't like it."

Vanity spoke in his tone, the querulous vanity of the matinée hero. It was hard to bear.

"You would n't believe how queer they be," he continued. "I can see they don't even like it when I go to speak about poor Mary, they're so jealous."

That plumbed the matter for me. The year before I had never heard him refer to poor Mary except in answer to Miss Warner's questions. So poor Mary had not escaped, even; she, together with the rest of the family, was being piled upon the altar to his vanity.

This was the beginning of the Captain's fame. The rest came just as the book's popularity had, with a landslide beginning with an illustrated account in a Sunday paper of the Captain and his homestead. Liza's comments upon the visitors, whose numbers grew daily, went as follows:—

"Land's sake, I did n't know there was so many women with nuthin' to do, in the world. Ain't they got no homes! What ails a woman to make her come traipsin' clear down to Long Haven to look at an old man? Some days, Mis' Norton, seems to me like I was livin' in the asylum, when I come out and see them women, and some of 'em young and pretty, hangin' on Henry's words. Talk about your theatres! I don't wonder the neighbors crane their necks out so that they've all got two inches longer ones than last year; I don't wonder they laff, as Bill says, till their lanyards most part. Who'd a-dreamed that Henry had it in him! 'T was her who begun it; she started him off last year. Listen to him talkin' about fishin' 's ef he was readin' the Gospel! My Lord, now listen to that! He 's tellin' about the whale agin; he'd oughter charge admission. Mis' Norton,

Henry Sanderson's told the story about how that whale chawed the dory up under him hundreds of times this summer ef he 's told it once; it 's ben in the newspapers. I 've give up walkin' on the streets with him,—I don't go to church no more."

Of course it sounds grotesque as I tell it, but there was nothing grotesque about it to poor Liza. It was deep and bitter humiliation, and one which Captain Bill and his wife felt even more than the older woman.

I happened to be down in the kitchen talking with Liza when the crisis came. It was one of those quiet affairs without fireworks, such as occur in decent New England families. Bill and Emily came in together. Feeling something in the air, I started to leave.

"Don't go," said Bill, gently. "Don't get up, Mis' Norton; you've got to know about it some time." I think it was a relief for him to have me there.

"I jest come to tell you, Aunt Liza, Em'ly and me we made up our minds to have a little vacation—a—little—vacation."

His aunt looked from one to the other. "I don't blame you," she said slowly. "Why don't you come out with the truth, Bill? What makes you talk about vacations to me!"

"We—we ain't goin' for good," Bill answered.

"No," echoed Emily tearfully, throwing her arms around Liza's neck, "we ain't goin' for good, Aunt Liza, though when it comes to him tellin' me that he wanted me to make over some of Bill's mother's old clothes so I could remind him of his blessed Mary settin' around, and I knew how he'd told all them wimmen outside there what I was goin' to do, it was more'n I could stand! Oh, do you suppose he's right in his head? Think of his askin' me to make over Bill's mother's old clothes!"

Liza patted her niece gently. "There, there, don't take on like that," she comforted. "You two can't do no good here.

Some days I wish he was plumb crazy and I'd clap him up somewheres where they could n't get at him; and there's other days when I wish some'n'd shet me up."

From outside the bulkhead came a chorus: "Good-by, Captain, it's been a great treat to meet you." "Good-by, Captain —" "Can I have *just* one little rose, one *little* rose from this rambler?" "To-morrow, Captain, — you won't forget!" And the Captain boomed out a bass accompaniment to their shrill soprano chorus.

As they went away I could hear them saying, —

"No, his own people don't understand him one bit. You know how these New England women are!"

He joined us in the kitchen, aglow with enthusiasm, still acting his part.

"Well, Bill! — Well, Emily!" he exclaimed jovially. Then seeing something was amiss, "What's up?" he asked.

Bill shuffled uneasily; Liza turned her back on her brother. It was left for Emily to say, —

"Bill and me we're going to take a little vacation."

"It'll be a long one, I can tell you," came from Liza.

Captain Sanderson sat down heavily in a chair. He looked at them dazed.

"You ain't goin' away," he muttered. "What in land's sake fur?" He blinked unsteadily at first one and then another of them.

"What fur!" echoed Liza, in bitterness.

But Bill took up the word hastily: —

"Jest fur a little while, Pa, 'cause seems to me Em'ly's lookin' peaked."

"Ain't you goin' to wait to see *Her*?" he faltered. "She's comin' day after to-morrer."

Bill did not meet his father's eye.

"No, I thought I'd take Em'ly right off before she got reel run down."

The Captain got up and walked around the room, his shoulders bowed. He simply could n't grasp it that his children

were going to leave him. But that is what it amounted to, for he could see through the "little vacation" bluff as well as any one, even if he did n't see what they were leaving for.

As can be imagined, I had been uncomfortable enough during this scene, and now made my escape. As I went out I heard Liza's voice saying, with a certain grim tenderness, —

"Never mind, Henry, I won't leave you, no matter what happens!" Which, being interpreted, meant, "No matter what kind of a fool you make of yourself."

The next day arrived the Destroyer of Homes. Her little subdued radiance burned brighter. Success had been good for her, she had grown young under it. That she did not understand why it should have come to her, and was the same unassuming little creature that she had always been, I was glad to see.

"It was he who did everything for me, — all of them, — altogether, that is," she told me eagerly. "I wish there was some way that I could give them half of it."

"You shared your success," I remarked significantly.

She followed my eyes out of the window. She had arrived a little earlier than she had expected, so they had not met her at the station.

On the bulkhead sat Captain Sanderson with his cortège, but all Miss Warner saw was the Captain himself. She fluttered out to him, and that was how it happened that they met publicly, with the admiring chorus around, and that was how it happened that a young journalist wrote the little article on "Hero and Author Meet." Some one snapped a kodak on them.

I watched to see the situation dawn on her, — it never had occurred to me that it would not, for Miss Warner had a good fund of shrewdness under her enthusiasm. I had been glad to have her come: quite logically I wanted her to see the havoc she had wrought. Of course it

was not Sophie Warner's fault, but when one sees a home broken up the way she had broken up Captain Sanderson's, one likes to blame some one; it seemed to me only fair that she should be made uncomfortable too, since Bill and Emily had been driven out, and Liza's life was a misery. And now, behold the blindness of the creator! Miss Warner saw absolutely nothing but the Captain. She had made him, or rather I should say she had made him up — and she saw him only through the lens of her poetic vision. He was not to her a nice, elderly man whose head has been turned by seeing himself in a book and by the silly talk of a parcel of silly women, any more than last year he had been Captain Sanderson, a genial old man, a pleasant example of an ordinary type. Then, as now, he was the embodiment of the romance and heroism of the sea, with a fine touch of personal romance that his much-praised constancy had added. So now, both at home and abroad, the poor Captain was soaked in the enervating atmosphere of admiration. His visitor's presence softened for him the loss of his son and daughter. Liza watched them narrowly, and the result of her watching she gave to me.

"I'll be buttered," said she, "if Henry ain't makin' up to Miss Warner."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"What I say!" responded Liza; "he's makin' up to her!"

"Where 's his constancy?" I asked.

Liza chuckled.

"That 's what I 've been askin' myself. But she won't have him, — he need n't worry! Land sakes, I wish she would, sometimes, then I could go out and leave 'em to their foolishness. I ain't got a word against her; she did n't mean nuthin'."

Which, considering all things, showed rather a wide tolerance on Liza's part.

But now see what a pose can do for a person when carried to its logical conclusion.

To Liza and myself came in one day Miss Warner. In her hand she held a

newspaper. Distress was written over her gentle little face.

"Oh, see what has happened!" she cried. "Oh, I do hope the Captain won't see the paper to-day. They have hinted, actually dared to hint, that we — he and I —" she could not bring it out.

Liza's New England training stood her in good stead.

"He 'd be awful distressed," she said seriously.

"Oh, poor man! I should never have told — never have let any one know who he was. When I think how awfully kind he has been to all those women that come around him, how patient! and now to have his sacred memories trifled with!"

"Don't take it too hard, Miss Warner," Liza remarked. "Henry's awful generous about things!"

I saw the Captain on the beach; in his hand he also held a paper.

"Oh, he's got it," cried Miss Warner; "I must go to him!"

They stood silhouetted against the water, each holding a newspaper. I could see the little woman explaining in her still eager way. I saw the Captain take a noble attitude; he was living up to his part: he was being noble, noble as anything, — noble just in time. Liza was right. For had Miss Warner's attitude toward the linking of their names together not shown him what was expected of him, he would have played another and less graceful part.

After a few moments Miss Warner fluttered back to us, leaving the Captain alone on the bulkhead, sunk in reverie. Liza and I looked at each other. We knew he was mourning the blessed memory of his dear Mary, as per schedule!

"I am going right back," she told us. "Of course I won't stay here a moment after that meddling notice, — I should be a constant affront to him. I hate to go before the summer's over, but I shall always have your dear brother, Miss Liza, just the same, even though I shall not see him again!" Which was entirely true. Miss Warner would have him, the thing

she had made out of him, at least; but poor Liza would not have him, nor would Bill nor Emily.

So you see Sophie Warner went away, having innocently wrecked the home of the innocent people who had befriended her; went away without a fly having been cast in her pot of ointment; went away with the last poetic memory of the Captain's kindness, under what she deemed extreme provocation. Say what you please, the guilty do not suffer in this world as they ought to.

She, the cause of all this mischief, was the only one who escaped scot-free. Captain Sanderson paid in more ways

than in having his household broken up. His fate followed the fortunes of that of the book, which, like all the "best sellers," ceased after a time to sell, and he therefore ceased to be a public personage. But when a person has tasted that sort of adulation late in life, and taken it in such good faith and such simplicity, it is hard to go without it. If you go to Long Haven Captain Sanderson will probably stop you, as a newcomer; he will tell you how his dory was chawed out under him, and let you know that he is the hero of Miss Warner's book, for, as Liza says bitterly, "They got tired of him, but he ain't got tired of them."

THE EDGE OF NIGHT

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

BEYOND the meadow, nearly half a mile away, yet in sight from my window, stands an apple tree, the last of an ancient line that once marked the boundary between the upper and lower pastures. For an apple tree it is unspeakably woe-ful, bent, and hoary, and grizzled with suckers from feet to crown. Unkempt and unesteemed, it attracts only the cattle for its shade, and gives to them alone its gnarly, bitter fruit.

But that old tree is hollow, trunk and limb; and if its apples are of Sodom, there is still no tree in the Garden of the Hesperides, none even in my own private Eden, carefully kept as they are, that is half as interesting — I had almost said, as useful. Among the trees of the Lord, an apple tree that bears good Baldwins or greenings or rambos comes first for usefulness; but when one has thirty-five of such trees, which the town has compelled him to trim and scrape and plaster-up and petticoat against the grewsome gypsy moth, then those thirty-five are

dull indeed, compared to the untrimmed, unscraped, unplastered, undressed old tramp yonder on the knoll whose heart is still wide open to birds and beasts and to every small traveler passing by who needs, perforce, a hiding or a harbor.

When I was a small boy everybody used to put up overnight at grandfather's — for grandmother's wit and buckwheat cakes, I think, which were known away down into Cape May County. It was so, too, with grandfather's wisdom and brooms. The old house sat in behind a grove of pin-oak and pine, a sheltered, sheltering spot, with a peddler's stall in the barn, a peddler's place at the table, a peddler's bed in the herby garret, a boundless, fathomless feather-bed, of a piece with the house and the hospitality. There were larger houses and newer, in the neighborhood; but no other house in all the region, not even the tavern, two miles farther down the Pike, was half as central, or as homelike, or as full of good sweet gossip.

The old apple tree yonder between the woods and the meadow is as central, as hospitable, and, if animals communicate with one another, just as full of neighborhood news as was grandfather's roof-tree. Did I say none but the cattle seek its shade? Go over and watch. That old tree is no decrepit, deserted shack of a house. There is no door-plate, there is no christened letter-box outside the front gate, because the birds and beasts do not advertise their houses that way. But go over, say, toward the evening, and sit quietly down outside. You will not wait long, for the doors will open that you may enter — enter a home of the fields, and, a little way at least, into a life of the fields, for this old tree has a small dweller of some sort the year round.

If it is February or March you will be admitted by my owls. They take possession late in winter and occupy the tree, with some curious fellow tenants, until early summer. I can count upon these small screech-owls by February, — the forlorn month, the seasonless, hopeless, lifeless stretch of the year, but for its owls, its thaws, its lengthening days, its cackling pullets, its possibility of swallows, and its being the year's end. At least the ancients called February the year's end, maintaining, with fine poetic sense, that the world was begun in March; and they were nearer the beginnings of things than we are. But the owls come in February, and if they are not swallows with the spring, they, nevertheless, help winter with most seemly haste into an early grave. Yet across the faded February meadow the old apple tree stands empty and drear enough — until the shadows of the night begin to fall.

As the dusk comes down, I go to my window and watch. I cannot see him, the grim-beaked baron with his hooked talons, his ghostly wings, his staring eyes; but I know that he has come to his window in the turret yonder on the darkening sky, and that he watches with me. I cannot see him swoop downward over the ditches, nor see him quarter the

meadow, beating, dangling, dropping between the flattened tussocks; nor hear him, back on the silent shadows, slant upward again to his turret. Mine are human eyes, human ears. Even the quick-eared meadow-mouse did not hear.

But I have been belated and forced to cross this wild night-land of his; and I have *felt* him pass — so near at times that he has stirred my hair, by the wind, dare I say, of his mysterious wings? At other times I have heard him. Often on the edge of night I have listened to his quavering, querulous cry from the elm-tops below me by the meadow. But oftener I have watched at the casement here in my castle wall: away yonder on the borders of night, dim and gloomy, looms his ancient keep. I wait. Soon on the deepened dusk spread his soft wings, out over the meadow he sails, up over my wooded height, over my moat, to my turret tall, as silent and unseen as the soul of a shadow, except he drift across the face of the full round moon, or with his weird cry cause the dreaming quiet to stir in its sleep and moan.

Yes, yes, but one must be pretty much of a child, with most of his childish things not yet put away, to get any such romance out of a rotten apple tree, plus a bunch of feathers no bigger than one's two fists. One must be pretty far removed from the real world, the live world that swings, no longer through the heavens, but at the distributing end of a news wire. And so one is, indeed, — sixteen miles removed by space, one whole day by post, one whole hour by engine and horse, one whole half-minute by the telephone in the back hall. Lost! cut off completely! hopelessly marooned!

I fear so. Perhaps I must admit that watching owls is for babes and sucklings, not for men with great work to do, that is, with money to make, news to get, office to hold, and clubs to address. It may be for those with a soul to save, yet I hasten to avow that watching owls is not religion; for I entirely agree with our Sheldburne essayist that, "in all this worship

of nature," — by Traherne, Rousseau, Wordsworth, Thoreau, and those who seek the transfigured world of the woods, — "there is a strain of illusion which melts away at the touch of the greater realities . . . and there are evils against which its seduction is of no avail."

Let the illusion melt. Other worships have shown a strain of illusion at times, and against certain evils been of small avail. And let it be admitted that calling regularly at an old apple tree is far short of a full man's work in the world, even when such calling falls outside of his shop or office-hours. For there are no such hours. The business of life allows no spare time any more. One cannot get rich nowadays in office-hours, nor become great, nor keep telegraphically informed, nor do his share of talking and listening. Everybody but the plumber and paper-hanger works overtime. How the earth keeps up a necessary amount of whirling in the old twenty-four-hour limit is more than we can understand. But she can't keep up the pace much longer. She must have an extra hour. And how to snatch it from the tail-end of eternity is the burning cosmological question.

And this is the burning question with regard to our individual whirling — How to add time, or, what amounts to exactly the same, How to increase the whirling.

There have been many hopeful answers; the whirl has been vastly accelerated; the fly-wheel of the old horse treadmill is now geared to an electric dynamo. But it is not enough; it is not the answer. And I despair of the answer — of the perfect whirl, the perpetual, invisible, untimable.

Hence the apple tree, the owls, the illusions, the lost hours — the neglect of fortune and of soul! But then you may worship nature and still find your way to church; you may be intensely interested in the life of an old apple tree and still cultivate your next-door neighbor, still earn all the fresh air and bread and books that your children need. The knoll yon-

der may be a kind of High Place, and its old apple tree a kind of altar, for you when you had better not go to church, when your neighbor needs to be let alone, when your children are in danger of too much bread and too many books — for the time when you are in need of that something which comes only out of the quiet of the fields at the close of day. "But what is it?" you ask. "Give me its formula." I cannot. Yet you need it and will get it — something that cannot be had of the day, something that Matthew Arnold comes very near suggesting in his lines: —

The evening comes, the fields are still.
The tinkle of the thirsty rill,
Unheard all day, ascends again;
Deserted is the half-mown plain,
Silent the swaths! the ringing wain,
The mower's cry, the dog's alarms
All housed within the sleeping farms!
The business of the day is done,
The last-left haymaker is gone.
And from the thyme upon the height
And from the elder-blossom white
And pale dog-roses in the hedge,
And from the mint-plant in the sedge,
In puffs of balm the night-air blows
The perfume which the day forgoes.

I would call it poetry, if it were poetry. And it is poetry, yet it is a great deal more. Poetry and owls and sour apples are not all that is to be had from this old tree; for in this particular tree dwells also a toad.

It is curious enough, as the summer dusk comes on, to see the round face of the owl in one hole, and out of another in the broken limb above, the flat weazened face of the tree-toad. Philosophic countenances they are, masked with wisdom, both of them; shrewd and penetrating in the slit-eyed owl, contemplative and soaring in the serene composure of the transcendental toad. Both creatures love the dusk; both have come forth to their open doors in order to watch the darkening; both will make off under the cover — one for mice and frogs over the meadow, the other for slugs and insects over the crooked, tangled limbs of the tree.

It is strange enough to see them together, but it is stranger still to think of them together, for it is just such prey as this little toad that the owl has gone over the meadow to catch.

Why does he not take the supper ready here on the shelf? There may be reasons that we, who do not eat tree-toad, know nothing of; but I am inclined to believe that the owl has never seen his fellow lodger in the doorway above, though he must often have heard him piping his gentle melancholy in the gloaming, when his skin cries for rain!

Small wonder if they have never met! for this gray, squat, disc-toad little monster in the hole, or flattened on the bark of the tree like a patch of lichen, may well be one of those things which are hidden from the sharp-eyed owl. Whatever purpose you attribute to his peculiar shape and color, — protective, obliterative, mimicking, — it is always a source of fresh amazement, the way this largest of our hylas, on the moss-marked rind of an old tree, can utterly blot himself out before your staring eyes.

The common toads and all the frogs have enemies enough, and it would seem from the comparative scarcity of the tree-toads that they must have enemies, too, but I do not know who they are. This scarcity of the tree-toads is something of a puzzle, and all the more to me, that, to my certain knowledge, this toad has lived in the old Baldwin tree, now, for five years. Perhaps he has been several, and not one; for who can tell one tree-toad from another? Nobody; and for that reason we made, some time ago, a simple experiment, in order to see how long a tree-toad might live, unprotected, in his own natural environment. Upon moving into this house, about seven years ago, we found a tree-toad living in the big hickory by the porch. For the next three springs he reappeared, and all summer long we would find him, now on the tree, now on the porch, often on the railing and backed tight up against a post. Was he one or many? we asked. Then we

VOL. 104—NO. 4

marked him; and for the next four years we knew that he was himself alone. How many more years he might have lived in the hickory for us all to pet, I should like to know; but last summer, to our great sorrow, the gypsy-moth killers, poking in the hole, did our little friend to death.

He was worth many worms.

It is interesting, it is very wonderful to me, the instinct for home — the love for home I should like to call it — that this humble little creature shows. A toad is an amphibian to the zoölogist, an ugly gnome with a jeweled eye to the poet; but to the naturalist, the lover of life for its own sake, who lives next door to his toad, who feeds him a fly or a fat grub now and then, who tickles him to sleep with a rose leaf, who waits as thirstily as the hilltop for him to call the summer rain, who knows his going to sleep for the winter, his waking up for the spring — to such an one the jeweled eye and the amphibious habits are but the forewords of a long, marvelous life-history. This small tree-toad has a home, has it in his soul, precisely where John Howard Payne had it, and where many another of us has it. He has it in a tree, too, — in a hickory tree, this one that dwelt by my house; in an apple tree, that one yonder across the meadow.

"East, west,
Home's best,"

croaks the tree-toad in a tremulous, plaintive minor that wakens memories in the vague twilight of more old, forgotten, far-off things than any other voice I know.

These tree-toads could not be induced to trade houses, the hickory for the apple, because a house to a toad means home, and a home is never in the market. There are many more houses in the land than homes. Most of us are only real-estate dealers. Many of us have never had a home; and none of us has ever had more than one. There can be but one — mine — and that has always been, must always be, as imperishable as memory,

and as far beyond all barter as the gates of the sunset are beyond my horizon's picket fence of pines.

The toad seems to feel it all, but feels it whole, not analyzed and itemized as a memory. Here in the hickory for four years (for seven, I am quite sure) he lived, single and alone. He would go down to the meadow when the females gathered there to lay their eggs, but back he would come, without wife or companion, to his tree. Stronger than love of kind, than love of mate, constant and dominant in his slow cold heart is his instinct for home.

If I go down to the orchard and bring up from his apple tree another toad to dwell in the hole of the hickory, I shall fail. He might remain for the day, but not throughout the night, for with the gathering twilight there steals upon him an irresistible longing, the *Heimweh* that he shares with me; and guided by it, as the bee and the pigeon and the dog are guided, he makes his sure way back to the orchard home.

Would he go back beyond the orchard, over the road, over the wide meadow, over to the Baldwin tree, half a mile away, if I brought him from there? We shall see. During the coming summer I shall mark him in some manner, and bringing him here to the hickory, I shall then watch the old apple tree yonder. It will be a hard perilous journey. But his longing will not let him rest; and guided by his mysterious sense of direction — for this *one* place — he will arrive, I am sure, or he will die on the way.

Yet I could wish there were another tree here, besides the apple, and another toad. Suppose he never gets back? Only one toad less? A great deal more than that. Here in the old Baldwin he has made his home for I don't know how long, hunting over its world of branches in the summer, sleeping down in its deep holes during the winter — down under the chips and punk and castings, beneath the nest of the owls, it may be; for my toad in the hickory always buried himself so, down in the *débris* at the bottom of

the hole, where, in a kind of cold storage, he preserved himself until thawed out by the spring. I never pass the old apple in the summer but that I stop to pay my respects to the toad; nor in the winter that I do not pause and think of him asleep in there. He is no mere toad any more. He has passed into a *genius loci*, the Guardian Spirit of the tree, warring in the green leaf against worm and grub and slug, and in the dry leaf hiding himself, a heart of life, within the thin ribs, as if to save the old shell to another summer.

A toad is a toad, and if he never got back to the tree there would be one toad less, nothing more. If anything more, then it is on paper, and it is cant, not toad at all. And so, I suppose, stones are stones, trees trees, brooks brooks — not books and tongues and sermons at all — except on paper and as cant. Surely there are many things in writing that never had any other, any real existence; especially in writing that deals with the out-of-doors. One should write carefully about one's toad; fearfully, indeed, when that toad becomes one's teacher; for teacher my toad in the old Baldwin has many a time been.

Often in the summer dusk I have gone over to sit at his feet and learn some of the things my college professors could not teach me. I have not yet taken my higher degrees. I was graduated A. B. from college. It is A. B. C. that I am working toward here at the old apple tree with the toad.

Seating myself comfortably at the foot of the tree, I wait; the toad comes forth to the edge of his hole above me, settles himself comfortably, and waits. And the lesson begins. The quiet of the summer evening steals out with the woodshadows and softly covers the fields. We do not stir. An hour passes. We do not stir. Not to stir is the lesson — one of the majors in this graduate course with the toad.

The dusk thickens. The grasshoppers begin to strum; the owl slips out and drifts away; a whippoorwill drops on the

bare knoll near me, clucks and shouts and shouts again, his rapid repetition a thousand times repeated by the voices that call to one another down the long empty aisles of the swamp; a big moth whirs about my head and is gone; a bat flits squeaking past; a fire-fly blazes, but is blotted out by the darkness, only to blaze again, and again be blotted, and so passes, his tiny lantern flashing into a night that seems the darker for the quick, unsteady glow.

We do not stir. It is a hard lesson. By all my other teachers I had been taught every manner of stirring, and this unwonted exercise of being still takes me where my body is weakest, and it puts me painfully out of breath in my soul. "Wisdom is the principal thing," my other teachers would repeat, "therefore get wisdom, but keep exceedingly busy all the time. Step lively. Life is short. There are *only* twenty-four hours to the day. The Devil finds mischief for idle hands to do. Let us then be up and doing" — all of this at random from one of their lectures on "The Simple Life, or the Pace that Kills."

Of course there is more or less of truth in this teaching of theirs. A little leisure has no doubt become a dangerous thing — unless one spend it talking or golfing or automobiling, or aëroplaning or elephant-killing, or in some other diverting manner; otherwise one's nerves, like pulled candy, might set and cease to quiver; or one might even have time to think.

"Keep going," — I quote from another of their lectures, — "keep going; it is the only certainty you have against knowing whither you are going." I learned that lesson well. See me go — with half a breakfast and the whole morning paper; with less of lunch and the 4.30 edition. But I balance my books, snatch the evening edition, catch my car, get into my clothes, rush out to dinner, and spend the evening lecturing or being lectured to. I do everything but think.

But suppose I did think? It could only disturb me — my politics, or ethics, or religion. I had better let the editors and professors and preachers think for me. The editorial office is such a quiet thought-inducing place; as quiet as a boiler factory; and the thinkers there, from editor-in-chief to the printer's devil, are so thoughtful for the size of the circulation! And the college professors, they have the time and the cloistered quiet needed. But they have pitiful salaries, and enormous needs, and their social status to worry over, and themes to correct, and a fragmentary year to contend with, and Europe to see every summer, and — Is it right to ask them, with all this, to think? We will ask the preachers instead. They are set apart among the divine and eternal things; they are dedicated to thought; they have covenanted with their creeds to think; it is their business to study, but, "to study to be careful and harmless."

It may be, after all, that my politics and ethics and religion need disturbing, as the soil about my fruit trees needs it. Is it the tree? or is it the soil that I am trying to grow? Is it I, or my politics, my ethics, my religion? I will go over to the toad, no matter the cost. I will sit at his feet, where time is nothing, and the worry of work even less. He has all time and no task; he is not obliged to labor for a living, much less to think. My other teachers all are; they are all professional thinkers; their living thoughts are words: editorials, lectures, sermons, — livings. I read them or listen to them. The toad sits out the hour silent, thinking, but I know not what, nor need to know. To think God's thoughts after Him is not so high as to think my own after myself. Why then ask his of the toad, and so interrupt these of mine? Instead we will sit in silence and watch Altair burn along the shore of the sky, and overhead Arcturus, and the rival fire-flies flickering through the leaves of the apple tree.

The darkness has come. The toad is scarcely a blur between me and the stars.

It is a long look from him, ten feet above me, on past the fire-flies to Arcturus and the regal splendors of the Northern Crown — as deep and as far a look as the night can give, and as only the night can give. Against the distant stars, these ten feet between me and the toad shrink quite away; and against the light far off yonder near the pole, the fire-fly's little lamp becomes a brave but a very lesser beacon.

There are only twenty-four hours to the day — to the day and the night! And how few are left to that quiet time between the light and the dark! Ours is a hurried twilight. We quit work to sleep; we wake up to work again. We measure the day by a clock; we measure the night by an alarm clock. Life is all ticked off. We are murdered by the second. What we need is a day and a night with wider margins — a dawn that comes more

slowly, and a longer lingering twilight. Life has too little selvage; it is too often raw and raveled. Room and quiet and verge are what we want, not more dials for time, nor more figures for the dials. We have things enough, too, more than enough; it is space for the things, perspective, and the right measure for the things that we lack — a measure not one foot short of the distance between us and the stars.

If we get anything out of the fields worth while, it will be this measure, this largeness, and quiet. It may be only an owl or a tree-toad that we go forth to see, but how much more we find in things we cannot hear by day, things long, long forgotten, things we never thought or dreamed before.

The day is none too short, the night none too long; but all too narrow is the edge between.

SEVEN SANDWICHMEN ON BROADWAY

BY JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

SHUFFLING and shambling, woebegone, they pass,
Seven in single file, and seven as one, —
As if a spectrum of all woe the sun
Here cast through some bewitched prismatic glass.
From their stooped shoulders, back and fore, hang crass
High-colored chromos of a stage *mignonne*
In tights, astride a grinning simpleton
Squat on all fours, and long-eared like an ass.

"*Success!*" "*Success!*" we read — yea, *thy* success
We read, O wanton among cities: vice
Saddled on folly, woe beneath sevenfold:
Woe of the lust of life, and the shameful price
Of life, — woe of the want, the weariness, —
Of fear, of hate, — of the thrice false weights of gold!

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES¹

IX

THE END OF THE WAR

Thursday, September 22, 1864.

BLAIR tells me that he [Seward] is manœuvring for a change of Cabinet, and Morgan so writes me. He has for that reason, B[lair] says, set his curs and hounds barking at my heels, and is trying to prejudice the President against me. Not unlikely; but I can go into no counter-intrigues. If the President were to surrender himself into such hands, which I do not believe, he would be unworthy of his position.

Friday, September 23, 1864.

No business of importance brought before the Cabinet to-day. Some newspaper rumors of peace, and of letters from Jeff Davis and others, all wholly groundless. Seward and Fessenden left early. Mr. Bates and myself came out of the Executive Mansion together, and were holding a moment's conversation when Blair joined us, remarking as he did so, "I suppose you are both aware that my head is decapitated—that I am no longer a member of the Cabinet." It was necessary that he should repeat before I could comprehend what I had heard.

[Blair's withdrawal from the Cabinet was the result of a political agreement made by Lincoln, whereby Frémont, radical candidate for the Presidency, was to withdraw, while Blair, the Cabinet member most antipathetic to radicals, was to resign. Blair accepted the situation with patriotism and good sense.]

Blair has just left me. I was writing and just closing the preceding page as he

called. He says he has written his resignation and sent it in or rather handed it to the President. The letter from the President which he received this morning was to him entirely unexpected. But though a surprise, he thinks it right and will eventuate well. That Seward has advised it he does not doubt, though the President does not intimate it. But the President tells him that Washburne¹ recommended it. Strange if the President is influenced by so untruthful, unreliable and mean a man as Washburne. But Washburne thinks it will help the President among the Germans. The President thinks it is necessary to conciliate Weed (he might have said Chase also), who, with his friends, defeated Wadsworth for Governor two years ago. Such are Blair's conclusions and, I may add, my own.

[In the election held on November 8, Lincoln and Johnson received 212 electoral votes against 21 for their opponents, backed by a popular majority of close upon half a million.]

Friday, November 25, 1864.

For some weeks I have been unable to note down occurrences daily. On the evening of the election, the 8th, I went to the War Department about nine o'clock by invitation of the President, — took Fox with me, who was a little reluctant to go lest he should meet Stanton, who had for some days been ill. The Department was locked, but we were guided to the

¹ E. B. Washburne, a member of Congress from Illinois.

south door. The President was already there, and some returns from different quarters had been received. He detailed particulars of each telegram which had been received. Hay soon joined us, and after a little time General Eaton. Mr. Eckert, the operator, had a fine supper prepared, of which we partook soon after ten. It was evident shortly after that the election had gone pretty much one way. Some doubts about New Jersey and Delaware.¹ We remained until past one in the morning and left. All was well.

LINCOLN'S LAST MESSAGE

The President on two or three occasions in Cabinet meeting alluded to his message. It seemed to dwell heavy on his mind, more than I have witnessed on any former occasion. On Friday, the 25th, he read to us what he had prepared. There was nothing very striking, and he evidently labors in getting it up. The subject of reconstruction and how it should be effected is the most important theme. He says he cannot treat with Jeff Davis and the Jeff Davis government, which is all very well, but whom will he treat with, or how commence the work? All expressed themselves very much gratified with the document and his views.

Saturday, December 3, 1864.

The President read his message at a special Cabinet meeting to-day, and general criticism took place. His own portion has been much improved. The briefs submitted by the several members were incorporated pretty much in their own words. One paragraph proposing an amendment to the Constitution, recognizing the Deity in that instrument, met with no favorable response from any one member of the Cabinet. The President before reading it expressed his own doubts in regard to it, but [said] it had been urged by certain religionists.

I should have been glad, and so stated, had there been a more earnest appeal to

¹ New Jersey, Delaware, and Kentucky were the only states carried by the Democrats.

the Southern people, and to the states respectively, to return to duty. I would have said to the people that their states are part of the Union, that they were not to be considered, not to be treated, as outlaws; that by returning to their allegiance, their persons and property should be respected, and I would have invited state action.

[On December 6, Lincoln with complete magnanimity sent in the nomination of Chase to succeed to the office left vacant by the death of Chief Justice Taney.]

Thursday, December 15, 1864.

Sumner declares to me that Chase will retire from the field of politics and not be a candidate for the Presidency. I questioned it, but S[umner] said with emphasis it was so. He had assured the President that Chase would retire from party politics. I have no doubt Sumner believes it. What foundation he has for the belief I know not, though he speaks positively, and as if he had assurance. My own convictions are that, if he lives, Chase will be a candidate, and his restless and ambitious mind is already at work. It is his nature.

In his interview with me to-day, it being the first time we have met since he reached Washington, Sumner commenced by praising my report, which he complimented as a model paper, the best report he had read from a department, etc. As he is a scholar and critic, a statesman and politician capable of forming an opinion, has culture, discrimination and good judgment, I could not but feel gratified with his praise. He says he read every word of it. Very many members have given me similar complimentary assurances, but no one has gratified me so much as Sumner.

Saturday, December 24, 1864.

Called on the President to commute the punishment of a person condemned to be hung. He at once assented. Is always disposed to mitigate punishment,

and to grant favors. Sometimes this is a weakness. As a matter of duty and friendship I mentioned to him the case of Laura Jones, a young lady who was residing in Richmond, and there engaged to be married, but [who] came up three years ago to attend her sick mother, and had been unable to pass through the lines and return.

I briefly stated her case and handed a letter from her to Mrs. Welles that he might read. It was a touching appeal from the poor girl, who says truly the years of her youth are passing away. I knew if the President read the letter, Laura would get the pass. I therefore only mentioned some of the general facts. He at once said he would give her a pass. I told him her sympathies were with the secessionists, and it would be better he should read her own statement. But he declined and said he would let her go, the war had depopulated the country and prevented marriages enough, and if he could do a kindness of this sort he was disposed to, unless I advised otherwise. He wrote a pass and handed it to me.

The numerous frauds at the Philadelphia Navy Yard are surprising. But it is well to have an exposure, hit where and whom it may.

Sunday, January 1, 1865.

The date admonishes me of passing time and accumulating years. Our country is still in the great struggle for national unity and national life; but progress has been made during the year that has just terminated, and it seems to me the rebellion is not far from its close. The years that I have been here have been oppressive, wearisome, and exhaustive, but I have labored willingly if sometimes sadly in the cause of my country, and of mankind.

[The fall of Fort Fisher closed Wilmington, the last open door of the Confederacy.]

Tuesday, January 17, 1865.

The glorious news of the capture of Fort Fisher came this morning. We had

two or three telegrams from Porter and officers of the navy, and General Terry and Comstock of the army. Fort Fisher was taken Sunday evening by assault, after five hours' hard fighting. The sailors and marines participated in the assault. We lose Preston and Porter, two of the very best young officers of our navy. Have not yet particulars. This will be severe for Butler, who insisted that the place could not be taken but by a siege, since his powder boat failed.

Wrote Admiral Porter a hasty private note, while the messenger was waiting, congratulating him. It is a great triumph for Porter, greater since the first failure and the difference with Butler.

At the Cabinet meeting there was a very pleasant feeling. Seward thought there was little now for the navy to do. Dennison thought he would like a few fast steamers for mail service. The President was happy. Says he is amused with the manners and views of some who address him, who tell him that he is now re-elected and can do just as he has a mind to, which means that he can do some unworthy thing that the person who addresses him has a mind to. There is very much of this.

Monday, February 6, 1865.

There was a Cabinet meeting last evening. The President had matured a scheme which he hoped would be successful in promoting peace. It was a proposition for paying the expenses of the war for two hundred days, or four hundred millions, to the rebel states to be for the extinguishment of slavery, or for such purpose as the states were disposed. This, in few words, was the scheme. It did not meet with favor, but was dropped. The earnest desire of the President to conciliate and effect peace was manifest, but there may be such a thing as so overdoing as to cause a distrust or adverse feeling. In the present temper of Congress the proposed measure, if a wise one, could not be carried through successfully.

I do not think the scheme could accomplish any good results. The rebels would misconstrue it if the offer was made. If attempted and defeated, it would do harm.

Tuesday, February 7, 1865.

Very little before the Cabinet. The President, when I entered the room, was reading with much enjoyment certain portions of *Petroleum V. Nasby* to Denison and Speed. The book is a broad burlesque on modern Democratic party men. Fessenden, who came in just after me, evidently thought it hardly a proper subject for the occasion, and the President hastily dropped it.

Tuesday, February 21, 1865.

We have made great progress in the rebel war within a brief period. Charleston and Columbia have come into our possession without any hard fighting. The brag and bluster, the threats and defiance, which have been for thirty years the mental aliment of South Carolina, prove impotent and ridiculous. They have displayed a talking courage, a manufactured bravery, but no more, and I think not so much inherent heroism as others. Their fulminations that their cities would be Saragossas were mere gasconade, — their Pinckneys, and McGrawths, and others, were blatant political partisans.

General Sherman is proving himself a great general, and his movements from Chattanooga to the present demonstrate his ability as an officer. He has undoubtedly greater resources — a more prolific mind — than Grant, and perhaps as much tenacity, if less cunning and selfishness.

In Congress there is a wild radical element in regard to the rebellious states and people. They are to be treated by a radical Congress as no longer states, but territories without rights, and must have a new birth or creation by permission of Congress. These are the mistaken theories and schemes of Chase, perhaps in conjunction with others.

I found the President and Attorney-General Speed in consultation over an apprehended decision of Chief Justice Chase whenever he could reach the question of the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus. Some intimation comes through Stanton that his honor the Chief Justice intends to make himself felt by the administration when he can reach them. I shall not be surprised, for he is ambitious and able.

A few days since the President sent into the Senate the nomination of Senator E. D. Morgan¹ for the Treasury. It was without consultation with M[organ], who immediately called on the President and declined the position.

Seward, whom I saw on that evening, stated facts to me which gave me some uneasiness. He called, he says, on the President at twelve to read to him a despatch, and a gentleman was present, whom he would not name, — but S[eward] told the gentleman if he would wait a few moments he would be brief, but the despatch must be got off for Europe. The gentleman declined waiting, but as he left the President said, "I will not send the paper in to-day but will hold on until tomorrow." Seward says he has no doubt the conversation related to M[organ]'s nomination, but that the paper being made out, his private secretary took it up with the other nominations, and the President when aware of the fact sent an express to recall it, in order to keep faith with the gentleman mentioned. This gentleman was no doubt Fessenden.

I called on Governor Morgan on Sunday evening and had over an hour's conversation with him, expressing my wish and earnest desire that he should accept the place, more on the country's account than his own. He gave me no favorable response. Said that Thurlow Weed had spent several hours with him that morning to the same effect as myself trying to persuade him to change his mind, but that he would give Weed no assurance;

¹ Former Governor of New York, and then U. S. Senator.

on the contrary had persisted in his refusal. He (Morgan) was frank and communicative, as he has generally been with me on important questions, and reviewed the ground, state-wise and national-wise. What, he inquired, is Seward's object? He never in such matters acts without a motive, and Weed would not have been called here except to gain an end. Seward, he says, wants to be President. What does he intend to do? Will he remain in the Cabinet, or will he leave it? Will he go abroad, remain at home? These, and a multitude of questions which he put me, showed that Morgan had given the subject much thought, and especially as it affected himself and Seward. Morgan has his own aspirations, and is not prepared to be used by Weed or Seward in their own.

My own impressions are that Morgan has committed a great mistake as regards himself. Seward may be jealous of him as M[organ] is suspicious he is, but I doubt if that was the controlling motive with S[eward]. I think he preferred Morgan, as I do, for the Treasury, to any tool of Chase.

[Sherman's successful advance and his occupation of Columbia, S. C., obliged the Confederates to evacuate Charleston on February 18.]

February 22, 1865.

The late news combines with the anniversary to make this an interesting day. While the heavy salutes at Meridian were firing, young Cushing came in with the intelligence of the capture of Fort Anderson. I went with him to the President, — while there General Joe Hooker came in; and Seward, for whom the President had sent, brought a despatch from Bigelow at Paris of a favorable character. General H[ooker] thinks it the brightest day in five years.

The President was cheerful and laughed heartily over Cushing's account of the dumb monitor which he sent past Fort Anderson, causing the rebels to

evacuate without stopping even to spike their guns.

The belief seems general that McCulloch will receive the appointment of Secretary of the Treasury. If I do not mistake, the rival opponents of the President desire this and have been active in getting up an opinion for the case. So far as I know, the President has not consulted the Cabinet. Some of them, I know, are as unenlightened as myself.

THE GENERAL DISTRUST OF CHASE

Governor Morgan called upon me and expresses a pretty decided conviction that McCulloch is not the candidate of Chase, and [that] Fessenden does not endorse Chase's schemes and will put himself on the true basis. This gives me some confidence.

Met [Attorney-General] Speed at the President's a day or two since. He is apprehensive Chase will fail the administration on the question of habeas corpus and state arrests. The President expresses and feels astonishment. Calls up the committals of Chase on these measures. Yet I think an adroit intriguer can, if he chooses, escape these committals. I remember that on one occasion when I was with him, Chase made a fling which he meant should hit Seward on these matters, and as Seward is, he imagines, a rival for high position, the ambition of Chase will not permit the opportunity to pass, when it occurs, of striking his competitor. There is no man with more fine aspirations than Chase, and the bench will be used to promote his personal ends.

Speed and myself called on Seward on Monday, after the foregoing interview with the President. Seward thinks Chase, if badly disposed, cannot carry the court; but this is a mere random conjecture. He has, so far as I can ascertain, no facts.

In the course of his remarks, Seward, who was very much disturbed, broke out strongly against Chase, who had, he said, been a disturber from the beginning and ought never to have gone into the Cabinet. [He said] that he had objected to it,

and that but from a conviction that he (Seward) could better serve the country than any other man in the State Department, he would not have taken office with Chase for an associate, [and] that the Cabinet, with the single exception of Chase, had been harmonious and united. He spoke of the early trouble of the blockade, which, he said, Chase opposed, and then tried to make difficulty [for]. It is not the first time when I have detected an infirmity of [his] memory and of statement on this point. I at once corrected Seward and told him I was the man who made the strong stand against him on the question of blockade, and that Chase failed to sustain me. I have no doubt that Seward in those early days imputed my course on that question to Chase's influence, whereas nothing was farther from the truth. I had not even the assistance I expected and was promised from Chase. Mr. Blair and Mr. Bates stood by me, — Chase promised to, but did not.

Thursday, March 2, 1865.

Had a house full of visitors to witness the inauguration. Speaker Colfax is grouchy because Mrs. Welles has not called on his mother — a piece of etiquette which Seward says is proper. I doubt it, but Seward jumps to strange conclusions.

Saturday, March 4, 1865.

Was at the Capitol last night until twelve. All the Cabinet were present with the President. As usual, the time passed very pleasantly. Chief Justice Chase came in and spent half an hour. Later in the night I saw him in the Senate.

Speed says Chase leaves the court daily to visit the Senate, and is full of aspirations. I rode from the Capitol home at midnight with Seward. He expressed himself more unreservedly and warmly against Chase than I have ever heard him before.

The inauguration took place to-day. There was great want of arrangement and completeness in the ceremonies. All was confusion, and without order. A jumble.

THE STRANGE BEHAVIOR OF JOHNSON

The Vice-President-elect made a rambling and strange harangue, which was listened to with pain and mortification by all his friends. My impressions were that he was under the influence of stimulants, yet I know not that he drinks. He has been sick and is feeble, perhaps he may have taken medicine, or stimulants, or his brain from sickness may have been over-active in these new responsibilities. Whatever the cause, it was all in bad taste.

The delivery of the inaugural address, the administering of the oath, and the whole deportment of the President were well done, and the retiring Vice-President appeared to advantage, when contrasted with his successor who has humiliated his friends. Speed, who sat at my left, whispered me that "all this is in wretched bad taste;" and very soon he said, "The man is certainly deranged." I said to Stanton, who was on my right, "Johnson is either drunk or crazy." Stanton replied, "There is evidently something wrong." Seward says it was emotional on returning and revisiting the Senate — that he can appreciate Johnson's feelings, who was much overcome. I hope Seward is right, but don't entirely concur with him. There is, as Stanton says, something wrong. I hope it is sickness.

Tuesday, March 7, 1865.

The meeting at the Cabinet was interesting — the topics miscellaneous. Vice-President Johnson's infirmity was mentioned. Seward's tone and opinions were much changed since Saturday. He seems to have given up Johnson now, but no one appears to have been aware of his failing. I trust and am inclined to believe it a temporary ailment, which may, if rightly treated, be overcome.

Monday, March 13, 1865.

Rear-Admiral Porter spent the evening at my house. Among other things he

detailed what he saw and knew of Jeff Davis and others in the early days of the rebellion. He was, he admits, and as I was aware, on intimate terms with Davis and Mrs. Davis, and had been so for some years. On the evening after reception of the news that South Carolina passed the secession ordinance, he called at Davis's house. A number of secession leaders, he says, were there. It was a rainy, disagreeable evening, but Mrs. Davis came down stairs bonneted and prepared to go out. She caught him and congratulated him on the glorious news. South Carolina had declared herself out of the Union, which was to be broken up. She was going to see President Buchanan and congratulate him. Wanted to be the first to communicate the intelligence to him.

Porter told her the weather and roads were such she could not walk, and one of the members of Congress having come in a hack, he, Porter, took it and accompanied her. On the way he inquired why she should feel so much elated. She said she wanted to get rid of the old government, that they would have a monarchy [in the] South, and gentlemen to fill official positions. This he found was the most earnest sentiment, not only of herself but others. Returning in the carriage to Davis's house, he found that the crowd of gentlemen was just preparing to follow Mrs. D[avis] to call on the President and interchange congratulations. They all spoke of Buchanan, he says, as being with them in sentiment; and Porter believes him to have been one of the most guilty in that nefarious business, — that he encouraged the active conspirators in his intercourse with them, if he did not openly approve them before the world.

Tuesday, March 14, 1865.

The President was indisposed and in bed, but not seriously ill. The members met in his bedroom. Seward had a paper for excluding blockade-runners and persons in complicity with the rebels, from the country.

John P. Hale's¹ appointment to Spain was brought up. Seward tried to gloss it over. Wanted Hale to call and see me, and make friends with Fox. Hale promised he would, and Seward thought he might get a passage out in a government vessel.

Tuesday, March 28, 1865.

The President being absent on a visit to the army near Richmond, there was to-day no Cabinet meeting.

Wednesday, March 29, 1865.

The President still remains with the army. Seward yesterday left to join him. It was after I saw him, for he was then expecting the President would return last evening or this morning. Stanton, who was present, remarked that it was quite as pleasant to have the President away, that he (Stanton) was much less annoyed. Neither Seward nor myself responded. As Seward left within less than three hours after this interview, I think the President must have telegraphed for him, and if so I come to the conclusion that efforts are again being made for peace.

I am by no means certain that this irregular proceeding and importunity by the Executive is the wisest course. Yet the President has much shrewdness and sagacity. He has been apprehensive that the military men are not very solicitous to close hostilities, fears our generals will exact severe terms.

Saturday, April 1, 1865.

The President yet remains with the army, and the indications are that a great and perhaps final battle is near. Tom² writes me, dating his letter "Headquarters Army of the James, near Hatches's Run," — saying he had scarcely slept for forty-eight hours, the army having commenced moving on the evening of the 27th, and his letter was dated the evening of the 29th. General Ord must therefore

¹ Formerly Chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, and very unfriendly to the Navy Department.

² Thomas S. Welles, son of the Secretary.

have moved his army from before Richmond across the James, and got below Petersburg. I infer, therefore, that the demonstration will be on that plan, and I trust [will result in] defeat and capture of Lee and his army.

Greeley's letter of last summer to the President urging peace for our "bleeding, bankrupt, ruined country" has been published in England. This was the letter which led to the Niagara conference. I advised its publication and the whole correspondence at the time, but the President was unwilling just then, unless Greeley would consent to omit the passage concerning our ruined country, but to this Greeley would not consent, and in that exhibited weakness, for it was the most offensive and objectionable part of his letter.

How it comes now to be published in England I do not understand. I should have preferred its appearance at home in the first instance. Poor Greeley is nearly played out. He has a morbid appetite for notoriety. Four years ago [he] was zealous or willing to let the states secede if they wished, six months later [he] was vociferating, "On to Richmond." Has been scolding and urging forward hostile operations. Suddenly is for peace, and ready to pay the rebels four hundred millions or more to get it, he being allowed to figure in it. He craves public attention. Does not exhibit a high regard for principle. I doubt his honesty about as much as his consistency. It is put on for effect. He is a greedy office-hunter.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Sunday, April 2, 1865.

A telegram from the President to the War Department this morning states that a furious fight is going on. Sheridan has got west of Petersburg on the South Side Railroad creeping from the west, at the same time Grant has ordered an advance of our lines. Wright and Parke are said to have broken through the rebel lines. General Ord is fighting, but the results

are unknown. General Halleck states that Lee has undoubtedly sent out his force to protect the railroad and preserve his communications, that this has left Richmond weak, and Ord is pressing on the city. I enquired if Ord was not below Petersburg at Hatches's Run. He said no, that was newspaper talk. Told him I had supposed otherwise.

On going to the War Department a few hours later to make further inquiries, I carried with me Tom's letter. Stanton, however, maintained the same ground until I read Tom's letter, when he yielded.

Monday, April 3, 1865.

Intelligence of the evacuation of Petersburg and the capture of Richmond was received this A. M., and the city has been in an uproar through the day. Most of the clerks and others left the Departments, and there were immense gatherings in the streets. Joy and gladness lightened every countenance. Secessionists and their sympathizers must have retired, and yet it seemed as if the entire population, the male portion of it, was abroad in the streets. Flags were flying from every house and store that had them. Many of the stores were closed, and Washington appeared patriotic beyond anything ever before witnessed. The absence of the Assistant, Chief Clerk and Solicitor compelled my attendance until after 3 P. M. close of mail.

Attorney-General Speed and myself met by agreement at Stanton's room last night at nine, to learn the condition of affairs with the armies. We had previously been two or three times there during the day. It was about eleven before a despatch was received and deciphered. The conversation between us three was free, and turning on events connected with the rebellion, our thoughts and talk naturally travelled back to the early days of the insurrection and the incipient treason in Buchanan's Cabinet. Stanton became quite communicative. He was invited, as I have previously understood,

through the influence of Black.¹ He says Buchanan was a miserable coward, so alarmed and enfeebled by the gathering storm as to be mentally and physically prostrated; and [that] he [himself] was apprehensive the President would not survive until the 4th of March. The discussion in regard to the course to be pursued towards Anderson and the little garrison at Sumter became excited and violent in December, 1860. On the 27th or 29th of that month there were three sessions of the Cabinet in council. Sitting late at night, wrapped in an old dressing gown, or cloak, Buchanan crouched in a corner near the fire, trembling like an aspen leaf. He asked what he should do. Declared that Stanton said he ought to be hung, and that others of the Cabinet concurred with him. This, Stanton said, grew out of his remarks that if they yielded up Sumter to the conspirators it was treason, and no more to be defended than Arnold's. In the discussion, Holt was very emphatic and decided in his loyalty; Toucey² the most abject of all. When called upon by the President for his opinion, Toucey said he was for ordering Anderson to return immediately to Fort Moultrie. He was asked if he was aware that Moultrie was dismantled, and replied that would make no difference — Anderson had gone to Sumter without orders and against orders of Floyd, and he would order him back forthwith. Stanton says he inquired of Toucey if he expected to go back to Connecticut after taking that position, and Toucey said he did, but asked Stanton why he put the question. Stanton replied that he had inquired in good faith that he might know the character of the people in Connecticut or Toucey's estimate of them, for were he, S[anton], to take that

¹ Jeremiah S. Black, Attorney-General, and subsequently Secretary of State in Buchanan's Cabinet.

² Isaac Toucey of Connecticut was Secretary of the Navy in Buchanan's Cabinet. John B. Floyd was Secretary of War, but resigned, and subsequently became a general in the Confederate service.

position, and it were known to the people of Pennsylvania, he should expect they would stone him the moment he set foot in the state, stone him through the state, and tie a stone around his neck and throw him in the river when he reached Pittsburg. Stanton gives Toucey the most despicable character in the Buchanan Cabinet, not excepting Floyd or Thompson.

Tuesday, April 4, 1865.

Very little intelligence received from the armies to-day. The President still at City Point.

Wednesday, April 5, 1865.

Mr. Seward read to Mr. McCulloch and myself a proclamation which he had prepared for the President to sign, closing the ports to foreign powers in the rebel states.

Within half an hour of our parting from Mr. Seward, his horses ran away with the carriage in which he was taking a ride. He jumped from the vehicle, was taken up badly injured, with his arm and jaw broken, and his head and face badly bruised.

THE CHIVALRY OF CAROLINA

Friday, April 7, 1865.

We have word that Sheridan has had a battle with a part of Lee's army, has captured six rebel generals and several thousand prisoners. His despatch intimates the almost certain capture of Lee.

This rebellion, which has convulsed the nation for four years, threatened the Union, and caused such sacrifice of blood and treasure, may be traced in a great degree to the diseased imagination of certain South Carolina gentlemen, who some thirty or forty years since studied Scott's novels, and fancied themselves cavaliers, imbued with chivalry, a superior class, not born to labor but to command, brave beyond mankind generally, more intellectual, more generous, more hospitable, more liberal than others. Such of their countrymen as did not own slaves, and who labored with their own hands, who depended on their exertions

for a livelihood, who were mechanics, traders, and tillers of the soil, were, in their estimate, inferiors, who would not fight, were religious and would not gamble, moral and would not countenance dueling — were serious, and minded their own business, economical and thrifty, which was denounced as mean and miserly. Hence the chivalrous Carolinian affected to, and actually did finally hold the Yankee in contempt. The women caught the infection. They were to be patriotic, revolutionary matrons and maidens. They admired the bold, dashing, swaggering, licentious, boasting, chivalrous slave-master, who told them he wanted to fight the Yankee but could not kick and insult him into a quarrel. And they disdained and despised the pious, peddling, plodding, persevering Yankee who would not drink, and swear, and fight duels.

The speeches and letters of James Hamilton¹ and his associates from 1825 forward will be found impregnated with the romance and poetry of Scott, and they came ultimately to believe themselves a superior and better race, knights of blood and spirit.

Only a war could wipe out this arrogance and folly, which had by party and sectional instrumentalities been disseminated through a large portion of the South. Face to face in battle and in field with these slandered Yankees, they learned their own weakness and [their] misconception of the Yankee character. Without self-assumption of superiority, the Yankee was proved to be as brave, as generous, as humane, as chivalric, as the vaunting and supercilious Carolinians, to say the least. Their ideal, however, in Scott's pages of *Marmion*, *Ivanhoe*, etc., no more belonged to the sunny South, than to other sections less arrogant and presuming, but more industrious and frugal.

On the other hand, the Yankees and

¹ A South Carolina politician, ardently Southern in his sympathies, who did much to promote the secession of his state.

the North generally underestimated the energy and enduring qualities of the Southern people who were slave-owners. It was believed they were effeminate idlers, living on the toil and labors of others, who themselves could endure no hardships such as [are] indispensable to soldiers in the field. It was also believed that a civil war would, inevitably, lead to servile insurrection, and that the slave-owners would have their hands full to keep the slaves in subjection after hostilities commenced. Experience has corrected these misconceptions in each section.

THE CAPTURE OF LEE

Monday, April 10, 1865.

At day dawn a salute of several guns was fired. The first discharge proclaimed, as well as words could have done, the capture of Lee and his army. The morning papers detailed the particulars. The event took place yesterday, and the circumstances will be narrated in full elsewhere.

The tidings were spread over the country during the night, and the nation seems delirious with joy. Guns are firing — bells ringing — flags flying — men laughing — children cheering — all, all are jubilant. This surrender of the great rebel captain and the most formidable and reliable army of the secessionists virtually terminates the rebellion.

Called on the President, who returned last evening looking well and feeling well. Signed the proclamation closing the Southern ports. Seemed gratified that Seward and myself were united in the measure, remembering, I think, without mentioning, the old differences.

Wednesday, April 12, 1865.

The President asked me what views I took of Weitzel's calling the Virginia legislature together. Said Stanton and others were dissatisfied. Told him I doubted the policy of convening a rebel legislature. It was a recognition of

them, and once convened they would, with their hostile feelings, be inclined perhaps to conspire against us. He said he had no fear of that. They were too badly beaten, too much exhausted. His idea was that the members of the legislature comprising the prominent and influential men of their respective counties, had better come together and undo their own work. He felt assured they would do this, and the movement he believed a good one. Civil government must be re-established, he said, as soon as possible; there must be courts, and law, and order, or society would be broken up, and the disbanded armies would turn into robber bands and guerrillas, which we must

strive to prevent. These were the reasons why he wished prominent Virginians who had the confidence of the people to come together and turn themselves and neighbors into good Union men. But as we all had taken a different view [he said] he had perhaps made a mistake, and was ready to correct it if he had.

I remarked in the course of conversation that if the so-called legislature came together they would be likely to propose terms which might seem reasonable but which we could not accept, that I had not great faith in negotiations with large bodies of men — each would encourage the other in asking and doing what no one of them would do alone.

(To be continued.)

SINCERITY IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY ANNA ROBESON BURR

THE attitude of the critic toward the autobiography has been at all times curiously contradictory. While he constantly urges us to the reading of these documents, — while Emerson, for instance, names them as “among the best books,” and J. A. Symonds’s feeling for them “amounts to a passion,” — yet this interest is frequently coupled with open doubt as to their sincerity. In the case of the English *littérateur* this doubt has become axiomatic. Mr. Lang speaks with contempt of “anecdotes which people tell about their own subjective experiences;” and Mr. Birrell shows the same cautious attitude, where he says that “Rousseau’s *Confessions* ought never to have been written; but written they were, and read they will always be.”

To some minds the fact that a book will always be read constitutes a proof of its value; and there are those of us more

inclined to respond to the accent of conviction in which M. Anatole France mentions the survival of the *Confessions*. “On n’ouvre plus guère *Emile*,” he says, “on lira toujours les *Confessions*.” And later he declares that the love of memoirs persists because they escape all literary fashions; “on ne doit rien à la mode — on ne cherche que la vérité humaine.” *La vérité humaine*. It does not need M. Alfred Fouillée, and other psychologists, to point out that the French critics have always taken more seriously the conscious aspect of “la vérité humaine” than the English have seemed able to do. There are reasons for this, historical and psychological, with which we may not deal here. Truth about people — if one may so translate M. France — has appeared to them of the first importance, and it is for this truth one seeks in any document purporting to be a self-portrayal.

A reasonable instinct causes the reader to feel that truth about people may best be learned from the people themselves. At the same time, this instinct is met by that in which he seeks to compare these self-delineators with himself; to measure their degree of sincerity by what he may honestly feel to be his own degree of sincerity. The moment he does this, he is conscious of resentment at the autobiographer's clearer insight and higher courage; and here the reader's state of mind rouses him to protest his self-distrust.

Thus we come to find the great self-student perpetually shrouded in veils of comment and contradiction, and followed by a crowd of acquaintances, correspondents, and distant relatives, clamoring to give him the lie. Rousseau is a notable case in point. It has taken one hundred years to discover that the pink-and-silver ribbon he stole from a fellow servant was not a diamond, or a silver dish, but just a ribbon of pink and silver. Pages have been written about the error he made in the date of his christening, which error has been forced to serve as a text to show his general unreliability. Any chance witness of genius in one of its passing moods is sure to take such a mood for a permanent characteristic, and, triumphant, to point out that it has not been fully displayed in the autobiography. "Not to be relied upon!" the book is waved aside; "A man's estimate of himself, you know!" and so on.

To the serious student of the personal narrative, it would seem that there lay an injustice in this point of view. What, on the whole, do we require from the autobiographer as an excuse for his existence? That he should give us the facts others might give, or that he should flash on the canvas some aspect of the figure which he only knows? Accuracy in date is needful in writing anybody's life, but more needful still is a vital picture of the creature as he lived. Contemplating human nature in an introspective mood, one must be prepared to find in the self-study

a certain looseness as to exterior matters. The eye cannot look both in and out at the same time. St. Augustine is by no means clear as to the passage of time, but the value of his self-revelation is not thereby lessened. The corrective of supplementary study is readily applied to amend the autobiographer in his — one might almost say essential — errors of memory, to balance and counteract his emphasis on certain stages of his intellectual and emotional development. These mistakes become unimportant only in proportion as the main work is important. The object of the autobiographer must be to concentrate on that which he alone knows — the real man. If Jean-Jacques in the *Confessions* be Jean-Jacques as he lived, what matters the date of his christening?

Should the attitude toward the self-study be governed by the prevalent attitude of science toward literature, then it may be of interest to note how this literary material stands the scientific method. The facts about people which autobiography claims to contain are as susceptible of classification and scientific treatment as any other facts. Systematic study of these records will display, not only the comment made by this literary material upon some particular branches of science, but the scientific method as applied to literature, which is one of the functions of the new criticism.

Obviously, a classification of this heterogeneous mass of documents should be the first step: it may only be suggested here. All literary records are of unequal value, and while being sifted they must also be judged. Here, certain questions may be asked, certain motives compared, questions and motives which alike have an interest for those who seek "la vérité humaine."

What causes a man to write a study of himself which shall truly reveal him? When we ask this question we plunge at once into obscure depths. Rousseau imagined that, "Je forme une entreprise qui n'eut jamais d'exemple, et dont l'exécution n'aura point d'imitateur." Both

statements we now know to be rhetorical rather than true, for Rousseau had notable examples and has had notable imitators. Two hundred years earlier, Cardan, the Italian scientist, began his book with the following sentence: "Since among all things which mankind has been given to follow, there is nothing more worthy or pleasing than a knowledge of the truth — we have been led to write this book of our own life."

Benvenuto Cellini, a notable example of the same date, expresses his conviction that "All men, of whatsoever quality they be, who have done anything of excellence, ought, if they are persons of truth and honesty, to describe their life with their own hands."

Here are two reasons as cogent as Rousseau's "Si je ne vaud pas mieux, au moins je suis *autre*," which has usurped attention on this subject; and they must be emphasized because Rousseau has stood for so long as the one type of the subjective autobiographer that he positively hinders us from taking a broad view. His *Confessions* were written during a period of great individualism and self-affirmation, and they gave a crystallizing touch to the many tentative ideas of an age of theory. They were, moreover, permeated with emotion, an emotion expressed with the voice and accent of genius; and so entirely did they fill the skies at the time, that men forgot that the idea was by no means original, — a revived literary mood, rather than a fresh literary impulse. The whole subjective idea has thus, because of Rousseau, been connected in our minds with the eighteenth century, and received consideration as an expression of eighteenth-century moods and tendencies. The first step in any right understanding of the subjective trend must be to carry the reader back of Rousseau, so that the *Confessions* may be accorded their proper relative position toward other great self-studies.

There are quoted above certain given reasons for writing, by three marked and definite characters. Such quotations be-

come exceedingly suggestive, when we believe the impulse toward autobiography to spring from any recognizable psychological condition. The whole subject of self-observation is exceedingly obscure, and has been studied only in its abnormal manifestations. In a recent German treatise,¹ there is the following paragraph:

"It will now be seen (if neither vanity, desire for gossip, nor imitation drives them to it) that only the better men write down recollections of their lives; and how I perceive in this a strong evidence of the connection between memory and giftedness. It is not as if every man of genius wished to write an autobiography: the incitement to autobiography comes from special, very deep-seated psychological conditions."

Examination of the reasons for writing, then, would seem to furnish a means of understanding these conditions. They are seen to form part of Fichte's recommendation to the student, in his Introduction to *The Science of Knowledge*: "Attend to thyself; turn thy glances away from all that surrounds thee, and upon thine own innermost self. Such is the first demand which philosophy makes of its disciples."

Since this is philosophy's first demand of its disciples, we comprehend more clearly why an autobiography is so apt both to *precede* the mental changes in an intellect of the first order, and to *follow* them. The whole philosophical trend of such a mind moves in the direction of better self-understanding; the "attend to thyself" becomes an imperious command, acting upon a new and sensitive humility. A man says to himself something like this: "Behold, I understand nothing, not even myself. With what shall I begin now that my desire for study is aroused? With myself." And thus the conditions governing the incitement to autobiography are formed: serious conditions, as Fichte perceived, and indicative of the position of the self-student's mind toward philosophy at that time.

¹ Otto Weiniger: *Sex and Character*.

The reader, moreover, by acknowledging and defining a special, deep-seated, psychological condition, is thus enabled to separate the record written by "the desire for gossip or imitation" from that which is the outcome of a governed impulse, which we have ventured to call the *autobiographical intention*. The weight and value of a case will be found to be in direct proportion to the exactness and seriousness of its autobiographical intention. Vanity as an element in nullifying the value of a record is by no means established. Crudely vain cases will remain unimportant, but to dis sever the obscure vanity of the genuine self-student from his austere autobiographical intention is well-nigh impossible. The whole problem of subjectivity, with its mingled threads of egotism, vanity, and humility, remains a tangled skein for us. In its effect on the sincerity of a case, vanity cannot be accurately determined, for there are exceedingly vain autobiographers, like James Hogg, like Robert Burns, who have been minutely, exquisitely sincere.

At the moment it were well to define the limits of the autobiographical intention, since conformation to them is so largely our standard of value. The best definition is to be found in a case otherwise unimportant, the *Journal d'une jeune Artiste*, of Marie Bashkirtsev. Contrary to general opinion, it is not necessarily the neurotic person who becomes the noteworthy self-student; and the curious thing about Marie Bashkirtsev was her perception of the value of self-study, which gives dignity to the sentences of her preface. "If I should not live long enough to become famous," she writes, "this journal will be interesting to psychologists. The record of a woman's life, written down day by day, without any attempt at concealment, *as if no one in the world were to read it, yet with the purpose of being read*, is always interesting. If this book is not the exact, the absolute, the strict truth, it has no *raison d'être*." These emphasized sentences give

a definition of the autobiographical intention, which should be remembered in making an estimate of every such document. Its two parts become the first and second canons for the classic self-student. Written "as if no one in the world were to read it," *i. e.*, with the utmost candor, is the first requisite; but it would apply to the diary as well, if it were not for the second canon, "yet with the purpose of being read." This purpose adds to the impulse dignity and measure, and tends to establish and confirm its sincerity. This "purpose of being read" raises a merely evanescent mood of introspection to the point where it may generate power. The greater pieces of self-study not only wholly fulfill these canons, but are raised above the mediocre efforts of the same kind because they do so. We find St. Augustine, Cellini, Cardan, Rousseau, Mill, Franklin, Alfieri, Fox, St. Teresa, Harriet Martineau, Herbert Spencer, writing "as if no one in the world were to read it, yet with the purpose of being read."

Since this is the intention lying back of the self-study, it is surely not too much to insist at the outset upon its seriousness. And when an examination is made of the early causes and their influence, the very existence of that influence has point for us. Imitation plays its part; one man writes of himself because another writes; personal impressions are repeated in a practically unbroken chain. Few, if any, important autobiographies have been lost; and this is, in itself, an illuminating circumstance. With the exception of Sulla's *Commentaries* (whose effect upon Cæsar was noted by his contemporaries), the capital autobiography has survived, and preserved its fresh effect on later minds, more than any other type of literary work. To what vital quality do we owe this tenacious survival? We reply: sincerity.

Sincerity, indeed, is promised by the large number of autobiographies seriously conceived, and executed in the interest of self-study and scientific truth; and it

may not be amiss to note how deep an impression the need for candor has made upon the mind of the writer. His style here, his tone and accent, the weight of the initial motive with him, are all of value; and the comparative study of reasons for writing is one of the most suggestive in literature.

"Truth, naked, unblushing Truth," says Gibbon, "the first virtue of serious history, must be the sole recommendation of this personal narrative."

"To speak, and therefore even more to write, of one's self, springs doubtless from self-love," declares Alfieri, "and the scope of a work like this is the study of mankind. Of what man can he better or more wisely speak than himself, — what other has he studied so well?"

"Private history," in the estimate of Sir Egerton Brydges, "enables us to ascertain our author's sincerity; and that is essential to the authority of his opinions, I labor therefore to estimate with rigid and stern enquiry what faculties of the mind ought most to prevail."

The lively Bussy-Rabutin owns a reason for sincerity which is that of a man of the world: "Je ne serai ni assez vain ni assez ridicule pour me louer sans raison; mais aussi n'aurai-je pas une assez sottise honte pour ne pas dire de moi des choses avantageuses, quand ce seront des vérités." And this remark has point when we find how very few "choses avantageuses" to himself he finds to tell!

Charles Darwin, who writes because "I have thought the attempt might amuse me or might possibly interest my children," goes on to say, "I have attempted to write the following account of myself as if I were a dead man in another world, looking back at my own life." Haydon, the painter, has left one of the most interesting autobiographies that was ever placed side by side with the journals which furnished its material. It were well to cite one sentence, in its original typographical form: "— a biography derives its sole interest and utility from its *Exact Truth*."

"Pour certains esprits," says George Sand, "se connaître est une étude fastidieuse et toujours incomplète." The *Histoire de ma Vie*, she declared further to be "une étude sincère de ma propre nature, et un examen attentif de ma propre existence."

These are examples gathered at random, and one might cite many more if space permitted. They show, at least, that the psychologist who takes the memoir seriously has warrant for so doing. Surely, if a purpose and an ideal of sincerity are found in self-delineations of character and temperament so unlike as these, one may infer that it forms a part of the autobiographical intention, when that is strong and definite.

But here we are interrupted by our cynical *littérateur*. "Ah," he cries, "what avails protest? Mere assertion that one wishes to tell the truth is nothing at all!"

"According to your own lights, *cher monsieur*," we may fitly reply, "lights shed from scattered and often trivial reading, you have cause to think so. Single cases of such protest would have little significance, and less value. The assertion from John Stuart Mill, for instance, that he intends to be truthful, would simply add to your own feeling of self-distrust. Would you tell how you cheated at school, and won the prize? Certainly not; you would die first! *Ergo*, neither would Mill. But then, *cher monsieur*, you have not the autobiographical intention. You are not, be it said with all due respect, an important person. You are neither Alfieri, Darwin, Franklin, nor Rousseau. The imperious lash of Truth upon the neck of the great, that fretful urging to candor, is one of the many differences between them and ourselves. And when we observe it acting as an influence, not upon one able person, but (to mention a single group) upon sixty-four able persons, we may believe that it forms a component part of some quality to which we are forced, as the mediocre, regretfully to renounce all claim,

but which we must, nevertheless, recognize in action and respect in result."

It is time that we acknowledged the different standards of greater men. Their superior sincerity, their more penetrative candor, is a token of their greatness and a reason for their survival. Yet the reader must not here jump to the conclusion that we do not differentiate between accuracy in detail and accuracy in portraiture. It is not for an instant asserted that Rousseau gave the correct date of his christening; that George Sand felt for Chopin only "une passion maternelle, très vive, très vraie," as the *Histoire de ma Vie* asserts; that Guibert de Nogent's mother struggled all night with a demon who upset the furniture; or that Jerome Cardan learned Greek in a dream. But it is claimed, and would seem capable of proof, that the personalities of those autobiographers whose work is inspired by a serious intention, and executed by an able hand, are, in their main aspects, truthfully portrayed; that they are more accurate, more complete, than the same figures drawn by an outside pencil. And is not this logical? What makes Boswell so great a biographer but the ability to let his hero reveal himself in every event and mood?

Ere leaving this aspect of the subject, it is needful to note whether biography, on the whole, supports or contradicts the autobiographer. Let us then ask the *cher monsieur*, so skeptical about the whole business, to name a life of Rousseau in which his personality differs, as a personality, from that drawn in the *Confessions*. Standard lives of St. Augustine, Goldoni, St. Teresa, Made-moiselle de Montpensier, — great autobiographers all, — rely completely and naïvely for any intimate view of the subject on their own works. Watson's life of Fox avowedly draws its matter from the *Journal*. Morrison's life of Gibbon does the same. M. Courteault's recent volume on Monluc depicts no stranger to the reader of *Les Commentaires*. Cardan's bitter enemies refer to the *De Vita*

propria liber as an exact picture of his extraordinary personality. Even in the case of George Sand's *Histoire*, — a book wherein we know the central figure is drawn only in parts, — there has recently been the conclusive testimony of her biographer Wladimir Karénine.

The reader can augment this testimony to almost any extent that he wishes, or that his library allows. And while he does so, he will come upon another approach to an estimate of the conscious self-revelation, and one which must not be forgotten. George Sand herself will remind him that "l'étude du cœur humain est de telle nature, que plus on s'y absorbe moins on y voit clair." Self-distrust, appreciation of the dangers and deceits of self-contemplation, has inspired certain generalizations, which pass about easily from lip to lip until mere repetition seems about to make truths of them. It is in the letter and the diary, rather than in the deliberate autobiography, that we are told to look for the valuable self-revelation. Every one has heard the phrases into which this idea has been cast: "Not written for the public eye, but in the privacy of the closet — a man lets himself go," and the like.

It seems almost inconsiderate to deprive conversation of its conveniences by introducing the element of thought. The stupid and the banal are cut off from their part in it when the question is asked, "Is this true?" But one has entered here a field where the dull and the trite have rioted for years without contradiction. Should any one doubt this, let him drop a remark about the use of self-study in any mixed assemblage, not too young. He is sure to hear the words just quoted, to catch the name of Rousseau, — fondly believed to be the parent of this iniquity, — and to see much head-wagging over the deceitfulness of the human heart. It were perhaps cruel to remind these respectable persons that their own self-analysis might have less sincerity and less value than that of St. Augustine or Herbert Spencer; or that the desire to see one's

self clearly is part of an intellectual initiative from which they are free. The factor which gives value to personal evidence is the relative importance of the subject; and it is the sense of his own inadequacy, without taking this factor into consideration, which has caused "l'homme sensuel moyen," to cry out so loudly against the whole business. "L'homme sensuel moyen," in a word, having no reason to suppose that posterity has any concern with him, can imagine himself jotting his introspections upon a diary, in a corner of the billiard-room, over a glass of brandy-and-soda, when the idea of self-study in writing his life would seem factitious. Does this same attitude prevail with those individuals whose gifts make the judgment of posterity inevitable? We are here to decide.

The partisan of the diary and the letter claim that their very ephemeral character causes them to be the more trustworthy media of the writer's individuality. Yet examination in sequence of a series of important journals does not, by any means, corroborate this view. Had Saint-Simon published only those journals which he later revised and bound into a coherent narrative, how much personality might not have been lost! Such diaries as Evelyn's and Greville's aimed chiefly to present the daily historical and political events of their time. Neither contains self-revelation of any real importance. As for the inimitable Pepys, whom a grateful reader would not undervalue, his glance goes not beyond the day. The man is shown us in pieces, fragments thrown into the occurrences which he describes; his eye is on the event; and although we delight in the picture, we know that much has been lost. The first volume of Fanny Burney's *Journal* conveys most of its total effect, and is weighted with distinct autobiographical intention, which is not, however, sustained. And in proportion as this idea was abandoned, and the mere daily jottings kept, the work lost in vigor and in vividness. The constructive touch is needed here, as in other

literary work, to carry conviction. Scott's *Journal* contains the noble record of his adversity, but it was taken up too late in life to serve us as a picture of his character, had we not been able to supplement it by the unfinished *Autobiography*, as well as the pages of Lockhart. In Moore's *Journal*, our view is perpetually troubled by the trifles which cloud between us and the figure of the kindly little man. And so we come to feel that the main difference between diary and autobiography lies in the increased sense of proportion in the latter, whose first object is to clear away everything which may come between you and the subject.

When we examine correspondence, we find no cause to change this impression, which accounts, indeed, for the usual attitude of the more scrupulous commentator. Readers of the great letter-writers — of Goethe, of Petrarch, of Voltaire, of Cicero, of Madame de Sévigné, and Madame du Deffand — do not need to be reminded of the warnings they have received not to allow themselves to be hurried away too quickly by their sympathy with the writer. Words are an effervescence of mood thrown hastily upon paper, often the result of a desire to experiment with one's self, to create a non-existent feeling, to rouse a dormant emotion, or to prick some mere vexation into active anger. Here is matter for exaggeration, and with no corrective. For in the page of the diary or the letter a man may indulge himself — may, in the ordinary phrase, "let himself go." And if the reader is tempted to think that the truth is more apt to come to the surface when a man lets himself go, we can only beg him to apply the same standard to himself in a similar case. The predominance of mood, the lack of self-restraint, which mean the letting one's self go, form, in themselves, a onesidedness, an abnormality, which is a kind of insincerity. Lavater's *Journal*, which he called *The Secret History of a Self-observer*, is a pertinent example of such disproportion. When his servant-maid is sullen on being sum-

moned, and his comment is, "Her answer did not provoke me, and it made me quite proud I was not angry," the reader is convinced neither that the introspection is true, nor that it is valuable; nor even that Lavater was not provoked, or proud that he was not.

But when the letter-writer or journalist sits down to explain himself to the audience of posterity, or to plead his cause before the jury of the coming generations, has he not a powerful incentive to ask, "Is this true? Was this vexation wholly real; was the true inwardness of my wounded feeling made plain to me when I wrote under its sting?" In other words, is not the autobiographical intention a weighty corrective to bring hasty moods into measure?

The whole question of imagination in the letter-writer, and the exaggeration through it of the fleeting mood, is discussed with fullness and finish by M. Gaston Boissier, in his fascinating volume on *Cicero et ses Amis*. He shows successfully how these fugitive thoughts are "only flashes . . . Fixed and accentuated by writing, they acquire a clearness, a relief and importance which they had not in reality." If this be true of all written self-revelation, then, surely, the existence of a powerful motive to act as corrective comes to have deeper significance.

However, the citation of single examples of diarist or letter-writer can hardly be conclusive. The best method of estimating comparative sincerity would be to take those cases in which we have both the autobiography and the journal from which its material was drawn, so that we may contrast our impressions. No one can forget the quarrel between Rousseau and Madame d'Épinay, nor could anything be more suggestive as an illustration of this point than a comparison of the *Confessions*, the *Mémoires de Madame d'Épinay*, and their letters on the subject. The entire correspondence has been preserved, and letters passed between the two insulted dignities with the fullness and frequency to which an-

noyance spurs the literary habit. In these letters we find Jean-Jacques breathing outraged sensibility and wounded affection. To hear him, one would believe that the difference arose from the righteous wrath of a finally roused patience, and had its root in complicated spiritual misunderstandings, such as cloud the pages of Mr. Henry James.

In both the correspondents, those large words, sensitiveness, friendship, loyalty, obligation, appear in every other paragraph. Hear the *châtelaine de l'Ermitage* in her own defense, prefacing that her memoirs, written under the form of fiction, have no serious intention, but are a mere setting for her own idea of her romantic situation. She does not fail to suggest, however, that Rousseau's lack of business sense made any satisfactory arrangement with him impossible; and she speaks as a patroness whose good-humor has been taken for granted once too often. There is not a hint of sentiment. Knowing Jean-Jacques, we expect the *Confessions* to give fully his own side of the quarrel. Surely, he will not abate the majestic attitude! On the contrary, he describes the dispute exactly as it was: the contest of two greedy vanities, having its origin in a discussion as to which should pay the gardener's wages! Is it necessary to say that the gardener, *in se*, is practically suppressed in the letters? He has become symbolized — he is servitude, he is obligation. By the pen of Madame, whose intention is not serious, the vague, general reference to a financial origin of their difference is yet made, notwithstanding that it detracts from her romantic position. And in the *Confessions*, result of a powerful autobiographical intention, powerfully executed, the whole truth is written out, no matter what light it casts upon the large terms in the letters. To those of us who know Jean-Jacques, which aspect of the quarrel is the more convincing?

One example more. The autobiography of B. R. Haydon is bound with the *Journals* which were its source. Now,

with Haydon mood is everything: his intensity of thought wraps him in it, and his lack of measure is an inherent quality. He is a man with a grievance; he lived in terrible financial straits; he ended in delusions, in madness, in suicide. His case will either make or break us, for he has little self-control. While he was finishing a cartoon, he speaks, in the *Autobiography*, of his "gasping anxiety" at the time, and writes: "My mind wanted the discipline of early training." As the work grows, he prays: "Never have I had such irresistible and perpetual urgings of future greatness; while I was painting, writing, or thinking, beaming flashes of energy followed and impressed me. O God, grant they may be the fiery anticipations of a great soul born to realize them!"

This is painfully intense, in truth, yet compare it with the *Journal* of the same period. "How delightfully time flies when one paints!" he jots on one page. The succeeding entry is: "Painted in delicious and exquisite misery." Then, "Thank God with all my soul the very name of high art — the very thought of a picture — gives my children a hideous and disgusting taste in the mouth." And, the next day, "Huzza! huzza! huzza! my cartoon is up!"

If self-control counts as an element in a writer's sincerity, if there is any value in the study of our past moods and feelings, it is not lightly indicated in this comparison. The horrible alternations of poor Haydon's mood, intensified and exaggerated by the self-indulgence of his diary, are brought into some degree of measure and understanding when he comes to put them before the public eye. The mere fact of an audience causes him to examine them more nearly, to remember and bring forward that lack of discipline from early training which accounted for the lack of balance. The desire of candor and of completeness has laid hold of him. So we have found the autobiographer revealing weaknesses and errors which he had sedulously concealed in his

intercourse with friends, in his diary or letters, and which need never have been known at all but for the prick of this influence. Sometimes these are frank sins, sometimes merely such ungraciousnesses as do a man no credit for avowing. Why was Gibbon at such pains to tell us, on the occasion of his father's death, "The tears of a son are seldom lasting. Few, perhaps, are the children who, after the expiration of many months, would sincerely rejoice in the restoration of their parents," except that he believed it to be the truth?

In her *Mémoire*, Catherine II, of Russia, plainly states that the father of her son and heir, Peter, was Soltykov, a fact about which there was much discussion, and which had great political importance. Yet she commits it to paper, although it is the last thing one can imagine her admitting. The Cardinal de Retz says, "Je pris, après six jours de reflexion, le parti de faire le mal par dessein — ce qui est sans comparaison le plus criminel devant Dieu, mais sans doute le plus sage devant le monde." The mention by Franklin of certain offenses which he calls *errata*, is not only perfectly gratuitous, but distinctly calculated to lower that public esteem for which he had striven. Acts like Cellini's stab of a man in the back, the gambling of Cardan, and minor meannesses of Rousseau, would never have been known at all had their authors wished to keep silence. Nor does morbidity, or lack of sense of humor, account for their record. One could hardly call Franklin, Cellini, or Catherine II, morbid; and if Gibbon lacked humor, it is abundantly present in Cellini, Cardan, and de Retz.

No: the endeavor to stand for what we are springs from a deeper source, a more serious initiative, psychologically, than the *littérateur* has been willing to allow. Stevenson, for instance, writing on Pepys, comments on his subject's frankness with amazement. He cannot understand why Pepys recorded actions awowedly best left unrecorded; and speaks of him as an isolated phenomenon. This is only

another case to prove how much the critic has need of the psychologist. Otherwise, he would take note of an influence present as a motive-power in natures ethically deficient, such as de Retz, Cellini, or Psalmanazar, the impostor. It acts as corrective to the religious fanatic who wishes to show a miserable sinner transformed into a saint, yet who feels obliged to tell you, like Fox, that even before his conversion he was loved for his "innocency and honesty." Such "majestic expressions of the universal conscience" as Emerson mentions, owe their power to this courageous sincerity. Trembling, as she believes, upon the brink of hell, St. Teresa yet gives us the brilliant portrait of her girlish self, "whom every one always saw with pleasure."

This power, in the naïve memoirs of Mary Robinson ("Perdita"), causes her to break off at the moment of her capitulation to George IV, although she has gone on swimmingly up to that point. One sees her inability to lie, and her failure to find an excuse, in every broken line.

Perdita's case, just cited, brings to our attention the partially sincere examples. Until now, we have quoted only those master-minds over whom the autobiographical intention has had full sway, and whom it has influenced to a full sincerity. But there are, of course, many would-be self-students in whom this influence is defective, weakened, or counteracted. There are intellectual causes and emotional causes working against the autobiographical intention: there is the objective cast of mind, and there is the sentimental point of view. The first will make a writer very careful about dates, events, and other persons, while he himself remains mistaken and obscure. He may write a useful work

for history which is useless for psychology, although it must not be supposed that this is, necessarily, the case. The sentimental attitude affects almost all of the Teutonic examples of personal narrative, injuring the evidence contained even in the great Autobiography of Goethe. The *Dichtung und Wahrheit* holds pages of such magnificent and penetrating criticism as to make us regret the more its confusion of sentiment with fact. It is hard to pardon George Sand for telling us that she felt for Chopin "une passion maternelle, très vive, très vraie;" and how can one receive seriously Goethe's statement that "the first propensities to love in uncorrupted youth take altogether a spiritual direction"? At least George Sand atones by a minute and thorough study of her intellectual and imaginative development.

The exception in the case of *Dichtung und Wahrheit* — the fact that it is practically the only psychologically-valueless autobiography left by a great man — serves to make salient, by contrast, the value of other similar documents. Examination and comparison of even a few intentions and reasons for writing define the presence of an underlying motive in all serious records of this kind. And what is simply interesting in two or three instances becomes highly significant, we repeat, when found in a group of instances. Thus it seems undeniable that the majority of capital autobiographies have been undertaken in the weighty interests of truth, and are the outcome of a deep-seated, psychological impulse, which, as a whole, makes for the truth. The figures which are drawn under these conditions, therefore, we believe to be, in the main, the figures of the persons as they lived.

OUT OF THE CHRYSALIS

BY ELVA LEE

"MIRY BELL will hev' considerable, wun't she?"

"I should say so! Silas Hitchcock must hev' hed ten thousand dollars — or more!"

The speakers formed one of the little groups of men waiting before the low old farmhouse. A dry stubble crackled under their feet; over-ripe timothy and scattered Canterbury bells fringed the open space. The great maples at the gate swayed languorously in the soft wind. The hush of midsummer — of the fullness of life — lay on the fields, and in the house was the hush of death.

In the darkened parlor the assembled relatives were seating themselves, carefully leaving vacant the central chair. Just as they were beginning to ask one another, in subdued whispers, where Mirabella could be, she came in, alone, the ruffled silk of her gown rustling with her movement. She held her head high and bit her lip, and her veil did not conceal the feverish red of her cheeks and the brightness of her eyes. She seated herself in the Morris chair that she had bought after teaching one winter in a district school. The whole room spoke of the hampered striving of her tastes. She had painted the floor and woodwork, and sewed the rags for the rug; she had made the white curtains. The walnut whatnot still held a few ornaments dear from her childhood — a shell-covered box, a china vase, her mother's sandal-wood fan. On the wall hung some crayon sketches that she had done in school.

Flowers were piled on the melodeon, the table, and the long casket: asters and dahlias, sweet-williams and late white lilies. Mirabella smiled faintly at their profusion. She knew the look of satirical

amusement her father would have given them, the look that had always accompanied comment on the few flowers she had tried to raise, on all her attempts to have things "nice." The simple ceremony went on, but it was only now and then that she heard the minister's words, and her mind made startled efforts to catch their bearing. She seemed to have no real sense of the moment. She was absorbed in an intense wordless contest with the cynical, grimly-humorous, dominant spirit that she had known as her father's. The sound of the hymn touched her as the sight of the flowers had done, with an impulse to laughter. To her vivid consciousness of what her father's mocking indifference would have been, this honoring of his memory with conventional observances seemed incongruous and trivial.

When the undertaker touched her she rose hastily and stood by the head of the casket; but she did not look down. Why should she look at the changed semblance of a face that she had not been able to shut out of her vision for three days — a large, clean-shaven, impassive face that signified to her the thwarting of all that she had ever wanted to do! In the conflict that her spirit was carrying on, that opposing face was still keen and confident of dominance. She felt that she would be giving herself an unfair advantage were she to look down upon the real face as it lay, broken in its defiance, conquered at last. A few hot tears forced themselves from under her lashes. Then her uncle came and led her out to the carriage.

By her own wish she came back alone from the long drive. She went at once to her room and took off the ruffled silk, the long gloves and veil. She was conscious

of the physical relief in putting off all this warm enshrouding black, yet it was as if she had laid aside her armor. This was the first silk dress she had ever had, except some old ones of her mother's. At length she went down to the kitchen where a neighbor had been getting supper, and stood in the doorway looking up into the orchard that covered the hill behind the house. The hired men were crossing the yard with pails of foaming milk. She caught herself thinking that she would never have to wash those pails again. Then she repeated the thought defiantly, with a little catch in her breath. Presently she went in and seated herself at the table. The neighbor, Susan Potwine, poured some tea for her, and she tried to sip a little of it. Suddenly she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Mercy!" cried Susan, "I did n't suppose you felt as bad as that."

"Oh, Susan," she moaned, "I'm crying because I don't feel bad."

She rose and made a movement toward clearing the table. She had suddenly felt restless for her usual work, but she stopped as abruptly as she had begun; this yielding to a desire for work was a concession to her opponent in the strange struggle going on within her soul. She went out of doors and round to the front of the house. Far below lay the green valley — a smooth lake islanded by orchards and woodlands, and the village hidden in trees. Rising vapor traced the course of the unseen river, and the mountains were dark against the sunset sky. She looked wearily at it all, thinking how her mother had liked to sit out here to watch the sunset, and how seldom she had been able to finish the evening's work before dark.

Her mother had been a village girl, unaccustomed to the work of a farm; she had spent her life in a passionate service of cleanliness, the one form of æsthetic gratification possible to her. Hard work and privations (not of the body so much as of the spirit) had had their share in her early death, and the realization of this

had awakened a bitter resentment in her daughter. The girl herself had had to work often beyond her strength; and she had had almost none of the simple pleasures that her cousins in the village enjoyed. She had had two or three terms in the Elm Valley Academy, and had earned a little money by teaching; but these opportunities had been granted so reluctantly, with such ironical mockery of her ambitions, that she could feel no gratitude. Her father had never been positively unkind, but he had worked hard himself and he expected his wife and daughter to work as his mother had done. From his point of view his house and way of living were needlessly finer than the log house and pioneer ways of his youth. He felt contempt for the femininity that preferred fresh paint, new carpets, and flowers, to a growing balance in the bank or a new meadow.

In his last illness he had fought grimly, and his daughter had fought with him, revealing an inheritance of his stubborn spirit, though it had always been thought that she was wholly like her mother, timid and yielding. For a few hours after his death she lay in a stupor of physical exhaustion and baffled effort, of pity that seemed grief. Then slowly repressed nature asserted itself, and with increasing firmness, before that clear image of her father's face, sarcastic and derisive, refusing assent to her dawning intention, refusing even belief that she knew what she wanted.

It is indeed true that she did not know in any wide or deep sense. Her sharpest need was to be herself; but this she felt only in terms of her thwarted desires. The full definition of the good toward which her spirit blindly yearned has taxed philosophical systems and the vocabularies of poets. She wanted the ideal; she wanted beauty in her life. But, with all, the reaching out toward this vision must satisfy itself with symbols, and Mirabella knew precisely the symbols that would satisfy her aspirations. She wanted to live in the village, in a neat house with a

wide porch, sheer frilled curtains at the windows, a smooth lawn and scarlet geraniums in front. She would like to belong to a woman's club, to paint china, to entertain her friends, seating them at little tables spread with fine linen that she would embroider on winter evenings by a pink-shaded lamp. She believed that her father could have given her some of these things, but she was not sure now that he had left his property to her. Perhaps he had been unwilling to trust her with the farm. But she would be free; she could at least earn her own living. It was to this point in her meditations that she had come when she rose in the vibrant darkness of the August night and went into the house.

In her first consultation with Squire Thurston, her father's lawyer, she learned that she would have all of her father's property, which comprised the farm, money in the bank, a few mortgages, and some outlying pieces of land. The total seemed to her fabulous and unlimited; but she was bewildered, and her thought could not go beyond her long-cherished wishes. She was looking for a house in the village when her cousin Nettie French made a startling suggestion. Nettie taught school in Hartsville, the nearest large town. She was secretary of the Hartsville Travel Club; she had a portfolio of photogravures of the world's twelve greatest paintings, and on her walls were framed prints of the Angelus, Beatrice Cenci, and some modern German madonnas. One day in the fall she proposed to Mirabella that they should take a trip abroad the next summer. Mirabella looked at her in astonishment. No one in Elm Valley had ever gone to Europe, and she was not even sure that she would like to go. Gradually, however, her imagination kindled. What if she should go! Life seemed to be opening out so rapidly that she caught her breath; courage almost failed her. But as she grew accustomed to the idea, her hesitation passed into eager anticipation. She decided not to buy a house for the present,

and came into the village to stay at her uncle's.

The winter passed quickly in preparations. She and Nettie studied diligently directions for foreign travel in newspapers and women's journals. They made long lists, and planned to do their shopping in New York. Then came evenings over circulars from steamship companies. Mirabella selected lines and boats with what seemed to Nettie a reckless disregard of expense.

"We ought to go right," Mirabella protested. The furthest possible departure from her father's habits of expenditure alone seemed to satisfy her. And then there was always her wish to do as people did who lived "nicely." "I'll tell you," she cried: "I will pay part of your expenses."

"Well, you will not," Nettie answered promptly.

"Yes, I will." And she prevailed.

She drew some money from the bank, sold a piece of land, and in April they set forth. They spent a week in Jersey City with a former Elm Valley girl. Every morning they crossed the river, and Mirabella would stand by the rail looking down the sparkling path of waves into the sunlit mists of the bay, exhilarated by the salt air and the sight of the moving craft. Once or twice she saw an ocean liner moving slowly out: in a week, a day, she too would be gliding out to sea toward the unknown wonders of a new world.

One morning they went to the park, then in its first green. Through Mirabella's admiration of the great lawns, the lakes and swans, there flashed a recollection of the valley and the mountains before her own door. There the meadows and the nearer hills were turning green, and the new-ploughed fields would have lilac lights in their deep-brown furrows. At night white fogs crept up from the river till the valley was a shining lake in the moonlight; by day the woods wore the changing colors of flower tassels and opening leaves, and the

old orchard was flecked with gray-green. Her memory was tenacious of these details, but she felt no beauty in them, and the sameness of the recurring season wearied her even in thought. Yet she had a curious feeling of knowing herself only as a part of that scene, — of not being at home in these places that she liked better.

Their hostess led them first to Fifth Avenue, expecting, however, that the actual purchases would be made on the parallel avenues. But Mirabella willed otherwise. She had always had to take the poorer things; now, whatever she bought should be of the best. Once Nettie protested against some purchase of ivory brushes or pig-skin cases.

"We must have things that are suitable," Mirabella answered.

"But we can go without such expensive things."

Mirabella could only be firm without reply. Her motive lay too deep for explanation. Her action was a sort of justification of herself against all that had seemed mean and coarse in her environment. There was another feeling than mere pride of life in the subtle delight with which she touched the delicate well-made articles of her equipment; but deeper still lay the sense that only by completeness of revolt could she make her protest effectual. That vivid image of her father's opposing, mocking face seldom came to her now, but she still felt that at the slightest yielding on her part she would slip back into the old submission.

They sailed the last of April, left the boat at Boulogne, and went directly to Paris, for Nettie's great desire was to put in practice a few French lessons she had taken. They arrived in Paris after dark, and went with some of their fellow travelers to a small hotel near the Madeleine.

The next morning, in the soft May sunshine, they came out upon the rue de Rivoli, opposite the Tuileries and the great spaces of the Place de la Concorde. The fountains were playing, and clumps of

rhododendrons glowed in the cool depths of the Champs-Élysées. The dome of the Invalides and the Eiffel Tower rose out of the distant mist. The young women swayed towards each other, clinging together, two slim black figures. They both had natural good taste in dress, but a too diligent study of fashion-plates, a too hurried survey of New York shops and women, had misled them, and slight exaggerations of the prevailing modes betrayed their provinciality. Their hats were a little too wide, their veils too floating, their skirts too long, and all was too new. With it all, a little stiffness of neatness and precision prevailed.

Carriages and automobiles rolled noiselessly by, checking each start they made to cross the street. "How shall we ever get there!" despaired Mirabella.

"Well, this lady is an American, I know, and I am going to ask her."

Nettie advanced resolutely toward a middle-aged woman, well dressed in gray.

"Will you please tell us how to get to the Bon Marché?" she asked breathlessly.

The lady stopped and smiled. She had a square fresh face and keen dark eyes.

"You must cross by the Pont Royal and go up by the rue du Bac — do you know where the rue du Bac is?"

"We don't know where anything is!"

"Ah, you are frank!" this with just the right degree of friendly intonation. "Have n't you your Baedekers?"

The cousins looked at each other blankly. Baedeker was scarcely even a name to them.

Mrs. Upton Rawles was quick both in observation and inference. "You must have a cab," she said decisively. She hesitated; then, "I am going to the Bon Marché." This was one of the ways of presenting a truth that Mrs. Rawles permitted herself. Her intention was a birth of the moment. "If you are not afraid to trust yourselves to me we can go together," she continued.

They were not afraid, they instantly and sincerely affirmed. There was in-

deed everything in her appearance to inspire confidence, even to the caution of their inexperience; and even far more discerning eyes than theirs would have recognized in her a lady.

Mrs. Rawles called a fiacre and told the driver to go to the Place du Carrousel and descend the quay to the Pont St. Michel. "Their first hour in Paris, so to speak, and they were going straight to the Bon Marché!" was her inward comment. She could not scrutinize them openly, — they were at least as conscious of her as of the objects to which she was calling their attention, — but her swift glances confirmed her first impression. They were so fresh and dainty, so stiffly overdressed! They must be of New England stock, but not from New England; presumably from some small town nearer the Middle West. The taller one had a certain prettiness of form in spite of her angularity, and a distinction in the lines of neck and shoulders. Nettie French, talking primly of Notre Dame and the Boulevard St. Michel, interested her less. Both seemed to be at once eager and disappointed, and the taller girl was evidently too sincere to deceive herself into an admiration she did not feel. Good-nature prompted her to help them find something of what they had come to see.

To Mirabella, Nettie's understanding of these strange names and places indicated an unsuspected fund of knowledge. She herself was pleased with the arcades of the rue de Rivoli and the Tuileries gardens; but she could not admire, as their new acquaintance seemed to think they should, the low dull walls of the Louvre or the façade of Notre Dame, and she thought the streets across the river dirty and uninteresting.

The cousins had selected the Bon Marché for their morning's expedition chiefly because it was the place of which they had the least vague idea. But once within the great bazaar, Mirabella again found delight in unstinted buying. She bought generously for her cousin, and

could hardly keep her gratitude from overflowing into gifts for Mrs. Rawles. For herself she chose without regard to utility. She knew that she might never wear these pieces of rose point, but she felt that she would be a different woman in them — that the narrow ways she had hated could never wholly claim her if she could see, even if she never wore, these webs fine as the stuff of dreams. She lingered long over the laces; her soul expanded over them as the soul of another over poetry or music. It was the poetry that appealed to her habit of mind, and her emotion was genuine and pure. She won the approval of Mrs. Rawles by her choice, and perhaps misled that lady a little by her disregard of prices. The morning past, their kindly guide put them into a fiacre and promised to look them up very soon.

First and last they did most of their Paris sight-seeing under her guidance. If she was not with them, they followed her directions. Her kindness was a perpetual point of comment with them.

"It must be just kindness," said Nettie. "I can't see that she makes anything out of us; she's awfully particular about paying her part of expenses."

"She is n't the kind of a woman who would want to make anything out of us," Mirabella indignantly replied.

"Well, she probably likes to manage," decided Nettie.

It was indeed true of Mrs. Rawles that her executive ability, denied exercise in a large field, sought satisfaction in the protection of her friends. She lived abroad because she liked it, and it was — or had been — cheaper. She liked Paris best, but she was beginning to fear that she could no longer afford to live there. Since meeting Mirabella Hitchcock she had sometimes wondered if they could not be useful to each other. The cousins' confidence in her was not misplaced; she was a woman to whom you could safely trust your purse, your honor, your open letters even. She had no intention of exploiting Mirabella. She would, she

thought, give more than she would receive.

Always afterwards it was a satisfaction to Mirabella to remember that she, and not Mrs. Rawles, had proposed the trip to Touraine. She never realized how delicately the attractiveness of this tour was brought out in comparison with others suggested by Nettie. Mrs. Rawles had never been in Touraine, — a fact so unemphasized that it escaped the notice of her protégées — but her preparation in the literature of the region was more than adequate. And just when the younger women were yielding to the charm of her descriptions of the châteaux, she sent them off alone on a melancholy two-days' expedition to Rouen. The lingering impression of that journey gave Mirabella the courage to express her regret that their friend was not going with them to Tours.

"Oh, my dear," was the reply, "I can't afford it."

Mirabella never knew how she brought herself to propose to pay Mrs. Rawles's expenses. It came about, however, naturally enough. Mrs. Rawles received the offer, or rather request, with evident pleasure; but she must think it over, she said, adding, "Of course, I want to go." The next day she said that she would go for a month or six weeks. Perhaps they could venture as far as Carcassonne. "I hope we shall meet my cousin Philip," was her next remark. "He is in the south of France or in Spain, painting impossible pictures. He would be an ideal guide."

Mirabella, for her part, hoped that chance would keep Mr. Philip Armitage out of their path; she was having quite enough to do to assimilate a little of the information she was now receiving. She was alarmed even by the thought of meeting so learned and fastidious a person as this Mr. Armitage would seem to be.

In the retrospect of any experience all impressions will radiate from the lumin-

ous point of the one most vivid. In Mirabella's memory the valley of the Loire wore the aspect of a lovely formal garden, touched with a faint silvery light of romance, mystery, and splendor — her interpretation of the historical references she constantly heard from her companions, all concretely associated for her with the charming name of a certain beautiful lady, Diane de Poitiers, at whose word the graceful arches of Chenonceaux had sprung so lightly across the clear-flowing Cher. Nettie learned a great deal of history, filled her trunk with postcard pictures of royal personages, and enlarged her stock of French phrases.

At the end of a month Mirabella cabled to Squire Thurston to sell a certain valuable piece of woodland and send her the money. When the order came, she timidly discussed her new plan — that they should all go to Italy at her expense. She overruled Nettie's objections. "Miss Brown can teach in your place another month. Write to her," she said, with the imperious directness of one who has learned the commanding power of money.

It was at Lake Como that the question of Mirabella's staying over for the winter was first seriously discussed. It seemed to her that she could not go back now: she was just beginning to understand, — to know how to see. But she could not propose herself to Mrs. Rawles as a companion for so long a time. The suggestion came finally from the latter. "But," she added regretfully, "you could not live in my handbox of an apartment." The rooms so designated had seemed luxurious to Mirabella, but she merely thought that Mrs. Rawles considered them too small for two; it did not occur to her that there was a false impression to be corrected.

The next morning Mrs. Rawles was at breakfast on the terrace when the two young women joined her. "Some friends of mine," she said, referring to an open letter beside her plate, "are going to Egypt and want to rent their apartment. That would be an oppor-

tunity for you, Mirabella, if you could induce Miss Nettie to stay."

"I can't stay; that's settled," Nettie laughed. "I can't lose my place."

"I admire your independence," said Mrs. Rawles.

Nettie stared, but Mrs. Rawles's attention was fixed on Mirabella, who seemed both eager to speak and hesitating.

"If you could only stay with me, Mrs. Rawles," she said at last, hastily.

"You ought to take an apartment if you stay," was the reply; "you would like it much better than a hotel or a *pension*. But I must finish some letters for the morning post." And she rose and went in.

Mirabella returned to the subject later; and when she found that her friend was willing to be her guest for the winter, she urged her to telegraph to the Rittenhams to secure the apartment. Mrs. Rawles suggested that it would be well to wait — Mirabella might find something that she would like better. But before night they had telegraphed for the rooms.

October found them established in Paris, near the Arc de l'Étoile. At last it seemed to Mirabella that her vague vision had defined itself — scarcely yet had it become reality. As in a dream she moved over shining floors and soft-hued rugs, through lofty rooms where everything seemed beautiful to her — always waited upon by low-voiced attentive servants. At times her natural activity disliked this constant service; but the physical weariness of years yielded to the luxury of rest.

Every morning she wakened to lie warm under the crimson satin *duvet*, looking at the tinted clouds and flowers on the ceiling, till the maid brought in her chocolate in a Sèvres cup on a silver tray. While Célie lighted the wood fire and poured out the water for the bath, Mirabella would think of winter mornings at home — when she could see her breath, and her fingers were blue as she dressed, and her father and the hired man would come in to breakfast with

muddy boots and coats smelling of the barn. The usual result of recalling these past discomforts was concern for the servants in their cold rooms, and she astonished and perplexed them by presents of warm bathrobes and American oil-stoves.

Mrs. Rawles arranged for Mirabella's attendance at several courses of lectures, and engaged a French teacher. They visited the museums faithfully, and went often to the theatre. The hospitality of Mrs. Rawles (few seemed to remember the slender diffident woman somewhat in the background) became one of the winter's attractions for many of their compatriots. Mirabella usually poured the tea; she liked this combined activity and partial effacement. She watched the people from the shelter of the samovar, and pondered over scraps of conversation that floated to her.

One day her attention was particularly held by a man talking to some one near her table. He had gray hair, parted in the middle and falling over his ears, a gray moustache and pointed beard. He wore a baggy coat and wide trousers of corduroy, and a big black tie with floating ends. She heard him say, "The atmosphere of France did not make Corot. It is the artists — *nous autres artistes* — that make the country people see and love." Then they drifted away, but presently she started in dismay. Mrs. Rawles was bringing the man back toward the tea-table, to present him to her, she knew. She was afraid he would talk to her and she would not know how to reply. She felt reassured when he gave her a kindly clasp of the hand and she found herself looking up into a pair of honest boyish blue eyes.

She was quite unprepared for the name Mrs. Rawles gave. This, then, was Philip Armitage. He asked what kind of tea she used, and if she thought the cup she was filling was old Meissen.

"Please don't destroy her faith in everything in the room," interposed Mrs. Rawles. "He is my cousin, you know,"

to Mirabella. "You have n't seen him before because he will not visit such a barbarian as I more than once a year."

He waved her away, and seating himself asked Mirabella if she did not find the Bois beautiful.

"Now, in winter!" she exclaimed.

"In winter, if ever."

She wondered what sort of man this was who went south in the heat of summer and liked the leafless trees and fogs of winter. "I'll take you over to Long-champs some white frosty morning and you will see what it is," he said. He stayed a few minutes longer, making droll comments on the people and things in the room. Suddenly he rose, put his heels together and made a low bow. "I am delighted to have met you, mademoiselle," and he was gone.

His cousin talked of him at dinner. He had just come back from Algiers, it seemed. "He is always painting, though he never sells any pictures."

"Won't he sell them?"

"Oh, he would sell, but no one will buy. Poor fellow, I suppose he will become famous after he dies."

"Are his pictures good, then?"

Mrs. Rawles hesitated: but her hesitation was not prolonged enough to affect the frankness of her reply. "No," she said, "I am afraid they are rather bad."

"Oh, I'm sorry," was the response, and Mrs. Rawles felt that she had said the right thing.

"He loves his art," she went on, "but I am afraid that his technique is n't equal to his imagination and appreciation. He is a landscape painter, and he is always hunting for unusual effects of light and color. Perhaps it is because his effects are so unusual that he does n't sell his pictures. He is very faithful to his convictions." After a moment she added, "He poses, but at heart he is just a single-minded, honest American gentleman."

The next week Armitage came to dinner, and after that often — dropping in unexpectedly for lunch or a cup of tea.

He made Mirabella walk in the Bois with him, and fulfilled his promise of making her see a beauty in mists and gray skies, soft tones and feathering tree-tops. She began also to look more tolerantly on his costume. In answer to questions that he asked, at first in kindness, she found herself describing her home to him — the old orchard, the river winding through the meadows, the wooded mountain. It became a picture for her.

One morning in March they walked to the *grande cascade*. There had been rain, and the air was soft and moist. Vapor floated like incense among the straight-stemmed pines, over the fresh green lawns, and gathered onyx-toned in the distant sunlight. On her return Mirabella went directly to her room, her eyes shining, a heightened pink in her cheeks. Mrs. Rawles saw her and turned away to hide a little smile.

There was a letter lying on Mirabella's dressing-table. She opened it, read it through once with increasing haste, then again slowly as if she had not understood it. Suddenly, crumpling the letter in her hand, she hurried to find Mrs. Rawles, who sat at her desk in the salon.

Mirabella stood beside her, stiff and straight. "Mrs. Rawles," she said, "I must go home."

The older woman put down her pen and half rose. "My dear! what is wrong? Have you had bad news?"

"Yes — no." Mirabella's mind was working rapidly to strange conclusions. "Only — my money is all gone."

"Only!" Mrs. Rawles was surprised into a bewilderment most unusual for her. "What has happened? A failure; depreciated securities? One does n't lose everything in an hour, like that, at once! Surely something must be left."

"Oh, yes," the answer was given with painstaking exactness, "the house, the twenty-acre meadow, and one hundred and fifty dollars a year interest money."

"What do you mean? What has become of your property?"

"I have spent it all." The color crept

high in Mirabella's cheeks; her eyes began to look worried.

"You have spent all of what?" Mrs. Rawles asked sternly.

The troubled look in Mirabella's eyes intensified. "I have spent all that I had," she said firmly. "I suppose that it does not seem very much to you. I had not realized that it would go so soon. It seemed a great deal to me. But I'm not sorry that I spent it. I'm glad."

Mrs. Rawles gave her a strange upward glance and repressed an exclamation. At that moment she did not know whether to accuse the girl of unfathomable craft or of incredible simplicity. Later she acknowledged that either judgment would have been unjust, but she never divined what Mirabella had meant by saying that she was glad. Nor could Mirabella have explained why she was glad that the money had been poured out unstintingly. She would not have spent it just as she had if she had known more. She seemed to herself to have learned a great deal — certainly her sense of values had changed greatly; but though she might wish that its uses had been other, she could never regret that the money was gone.

She never entirely forgot her feeling of this moment, — that Mrs. Rawles was angry with her — that she had always been nice to her only because of her money. This suspicion had crossed her mind before, but at every point, when she had been tempted to think her friend selfish, she had been overwhelmed by the remembrance of some delicate attention, some little act of thoughtfulness, that put her own clumsy generosity to shame. And now at this critical moment Mrs. Rawles rose, took the younger woman's hands in hers and held them firmly.

"It is only on your account that I am sorry," said Mirabella, her eyes dimming. Instantly she felt that this was a mistake, and bit her lip, but the warm clasp of the other's hands did not relax.

"You must not think of me," was the answer given gently; "now tell me about
VOL. 104 — NO. 4

it, and we can decide what is best to do."

Mrs. Rawles's determination to maintain the philosophic mind was so far successful that she was even ready to laugh at herself the next morning, in her talk with her cousin, whom she had sent for. She had given Mirabella a commission in town.

"Of course you see," she said, "that she has — to be very vulgar — taken me in completely. I knew she was country-bred, that she had absolutely no knowledge of the world, but I guilelessly supposed there was a large fortune. I think I attributed it to lumber. She did not talk of her affairs. I never," she spread out her hands, deprecating surprise, "I never saw any one spend money with such an ease, such a delicate detachment. I thought she had been accustomed at least to the idea of having plenty of money all her life. But I do assure you that she never dreamed of deceiving me."

"I did n't suppose that she had," Armitage replied dryly. He had been walking about the room while his cousin was talking. Now he paused before her, and looked down at her with a quizzical gleam in his eyes. She turned her head away for an instant. His way of looking at her sometimes disconcerted her; but she turned back and faced him with a smile. She vindicated herself by frankly implicating him in the design he tacitly imputed to her.

"You have escaped," she said. "I thought yesterday when she came in that you had spoken."

He had taken up a piece of carved ivory and was examining it closely. "What is she going to do?" he asked.

"She wants to go home at once. I am to stay here till the Rittenhams come. You know I intend to go home this summer."

"You are not going to let her go home alone?"

"Why not? I seem to have no voice in the matter."

He exchanged the ivory for a bit of

jade. "Can't you induce her to wait and go with you?"

"Why should I?" wonderingly.

"For one reason, to give me a chance to ask her to marry me."

"Philip, are you mad! I have always called you quixotic, but this is going too far. She is nothing but an ignorant country girl. She is practically penniless, and you *are* penniless."

"Not quite." He put down the jade and faced her. "I think I could make shift to take care of her, at least a little better than it would seem her father did — that is, if she will have me."

"Have you!"

"Oh, it is by no means such a certainty," he insisted. "We need not discuss her. But you have recognized some of the qualities of her attractiveness —"

"Oh, thank you," his cousin murmured.

"She is much younger than I, and I look older than I am. Moreover, I think she does not like my clothes."

Mrs. Rawles dismissed this impatiently. "Tell me, pray," she questioned, "where will you live? You could not afford to live in Paris, and you would be desperately unhappy anywhere else."

"I think you said she still had the farmhouse and the orchard? I imagine the view goes with the front windows. You see I seem to have learned more about her life than you. I think I should like to paint her in the orchard when it is in bloom. And I should like to paint the elms that look like palms rising out of the fog in the green meadows. Oh, yes, I should like it."

For a moment there was silence, Mrs. Rawles looking at him thoughtfully and somewhat wonderingly. Then she said slowly, in a tone of deepening conviction, "Yes, I really believe you would like it; I believe you would."

"And now" — he rose — "when are you going to let me see her?"

"What nonsense! You can see her when you like, as you always have."

He came back the next morning. At

first he tried to urge Mirabella to stay and go home with Mrs. Rawles in June.

"I cannot," she said earnestly, "my return ticket expires in April; and there is just enough money here to — to carry on the house for Mrs. Rawles. I did n't realize what I was doing, and I'm afraid I was thoughtless, too. I have put her in a difficult position, and she has been so kind. I could n't have stood it if she had n't consented to let things go on just as they are. But I can't stay; it *would* be shamming, now."

He looked at her intently. "When do you sail?" he asked. "Sunday — from Boulogne? I should like to see Picardy now. I may as well go on and see you on the boat."

As he was leaving he turned back. "Oh, you know I am going over to America this summer? Will you show me the orchard and the river if I come out to Elm Valley?"

He left her looking at him in startled wonder. He did not speak of this intention again until he was saying good-by to her on the lighter. "And I am coming to Elm Valley, you know. May I?" he insisted.

The crowd pushed them apart, but she had a glimpse of his laughing, kindly eyes. She did not know what he meant, but at least she had not told him not to come.

It was bleak and cold in Elm Valley. Mirabella went valiantly to work, not caring to ask herself why she wanted the house put in such good order. Neighbors far and near, seeing her return to the old house, noting her big trunks and hearing many strange reports of her travels, commented freely upon the swift scattering of Silas Hitchcock's savings. Often, as she worked, the memory of her father's face came to her, but it came as a memory only, not as a distinct vision. She knew how grimly he would smile, how he would say that the pass to which she had brought herself was only what might have been expected. But she had nothing of the old sense of contest. She knew that

she had conquered and that she could not have bought her freedom at a smaller price. And whatever might happen to her in the future, some answer had been given to her old insistent, unanalyzed wonder whether life had any other meaning than dreariness. Of her future she would not think. She had persuaded herself that Armitage had meant nothing, but it was a pleasure to her to think of his kindness and her faith in his sincerity. And her store of recollections of people, places, pictures, seemed to her an exhaustless resource against any possible monotony.

In May, while the hill behind the house was still swept with the light and color and fragrance of the great flowering apple trees, Armitage came. When he appeared it took a few seconds for Mirabella to assure herself of his identity, so

great was the change effected by well-fitting serge and a ruthless sacrifice of hair and beard. He stayed for a month, and came back later in the summer. In September he and Mirabella were married.

When his boxes came, he turned the whole house into a studio, spreading faded rugs and tapestries, old brasses and armor, in every room. Mirabella does her own work, with occasional help from Susan Potwine, and is very contented. Her happiest hours are when her husband, once more in corduroys and an old blue *béret*, smoking a briar-wood pipe, carries his easel out of doors, and she can sit near him and embroider while he paints.

Once every year they go out into the world, and now and then he carries with him a picture that finds a purchaser.

THE COLLEGE AND THE FRESHMAN

BY WILLIAM R. CASTLE, JR.

WE read often in novels that this crisis or that, some sudden responsibility, a chance word or glance, transformed the hero in a moment from boy to man. In real life there is seldom this magic "pres-to, change." The transformation consists in gradual development, covering months or even years, the plastic traits of boyhood solidifying insensibly into the rigid lines of manly character. There may well be, however, a particular moment when this process of change accelerates, when significant influences are brought to bear in rapid succession, each leaving its indelible mark.

In the case of thousands of American youth this critical period comes when the boy leaves school and enters college. It is of extreme importance, therefore, that during the Freshman year

the youth should be given every opportunity to develop along ennobling lines. Until then, he has lived at home under the continuous supervision of his parents; in school he has trudged, more or less industriously, through the prescribed curriculum. At boarding-school, if he has had a few years of this life, conditions under which he has developed have been similar. The responsibility of parents has been transferred to masters, the refining influence of the mother, with its obvious advantages, exchanged for the spirit of self-reliance and power of self-adjustment resulting from closer contact with other boys. Seldom, in either case, has the boy been expected to exercise any power of initiative. Broadly speaking, this preliminary training is as it should be. I say nothing of the failure of

certain parents, and of certain schools, to make the best of their opportunities, because I am depicting conditions as they exist, and the boy who may be expected to result. This at least is granted by all: that, until he is seventeen, the boy must be ruled, must follow the course laid down by his elders; that he is not competent to make important decisions for himself, and that his character should be moulded in such a way as to make him best able to meet intelligently the problems which maturer years must bring.

The average age of admission to college is nineteen. For several reasons, it should not be over seventeen. Obviously, it would be better for a professional man to begin his work at twenty-four than at twenty-six. Looking in the other direction, the average boy should be able, without undue effort, to finish his preparatory-school work at seventeen. This, indeed, is often the case, and the year or two given by so many parents avowedly to "character development," really because a boy who enters college so young is supposed to be socially handicapped, is usually a year wasted; in many instances worse than wasted, because a year or more of comparative idleness does away with the habit of vigorous application so necessary in college. During his final school year the boy studies hard because success in his college entrance examinations is a prize worth striving for. Unless he is in poor physical condition, a summer should give rest enough. A third reason for early matriculation, in many ways the most important and certainly that least generally appreciated, is two-fold. The younger boy is more amenable to discipline; he is correspondingly less liable to temptation. It is this phase of the situation which I propose to discuss: to inquire whether the college gives adequate protection to its first-year students; what measures may be taken to broaden and intensify the scope of this protection; and whether a younger Freshman class would be likely to make these measures more effective.

In speaking of the American college, I have in mind, not the very small college where the boarding-school system is continued and the course prescribed, but the university with a more or less complete elective system, with Freshman classes of two hundred or more, which, through their very numbers, preclude any close association between the members of the Faculty and the students. Illustrations I shall draw largely from Harvard, since conditions there are duplicated to greater or less extent in other institutions, and since, especially by graduates of other colleges, Harvard is considered a place where little is done in individual care of students. I shall take up, moreover, neither the abnormally good, nor the abnormally bad student, but the average straightforward youth, who is as typical of America as is the college itself.

On the opening day of his Freshman year, a boy is for the first time given a latch-key. His time is his own. Like a business man or a college professor, he must meet his engagements, but beyond this he is free. He may use the intervening hours properly or improperly, as he thinks fit. There are no specified hours when he must be in his room at work over his books, no law which sends him to bed at eleven o'clock. He is not compelled to sign a pledge that he will use no intoxicating liquors. He may choose his friends where and how he will. In all probability a city with its blatant allurements, or, still worse, a small country town with its vileness cleverly hidden from all but the inquisitive, is near at hand. It is characteristic of a Freshman to be inquisitive, and there are sure to be guides, more gentlemanly perhaps, but no less iniquitous, than the guides of Paris, who are ready to show him the sights. These guides may even be among the student body, for colleges seldom print in their catalogues what I once saw in that of a small Southern institution: "No ruffians, idle loafers, nor cigarette-smokers need apply." In spite of the splendid climax, most American colleges are filled with

cigarette-smokers, and contain — for a time, at least — many idle loafers and a few ruffians.

To some parents this freedom appears a frightful thing, because to them it means drunkenness, gambling, association with loose women. An anxious mother, not long since, asked me whether she should risk sending her boy, twenty-one years old, to college next year, or whether it would be wiser to keep him at home two or three years longer. She recognized the black side of the picture, but I could only answer that, unless the boy were strangely immature, he would become each year that she tucked him into bed less able to meet the inevitable temptations of manhood. She was wrong in associating temptations of this sort exclusively with the college. They are actually those which meet every man, in every walk of life, and are talked of as college vices only because the transition from school to college is usually coincident with the transition from boyhood to manhood. This very fact, however, may well make neglectful parents hesitate, those who have allowed their sons to grow up as best they might without moral tutelage, without insistence on the sacredness of the best in life. To those, on the other hand, who have trained their boys, who have given them high ideals, who have been frank, who know them, in short, the step appears an opportunity.

But granted this freedom, the value of this trying-out process, has the college itself no responsibilities? Shall it blink the dangers and, standing aside, allow these young men to weather the storms, or to break, as their previous training or chance may dictate? Most assuredly not. The college so doing is guilty of gross neglect toward the parents who have done their part, and toward the sons of parents who have not. Such a college fails to do its duty. Still more, it misses its opportunities. Let us see, then, what is done now, and what further might be accomplished.

The first problem that confronts the

Freshman is the selection of his courses. For the solution of this, each boy entering Harvard College is assigned to some member of the Faculty who acts officially as his adviser. He has already answered in writing various questions, among which is one as to his intended profession or occupation. In accordance with the answer to this inquiry, advisers are usually chosen. The advantages are obvious. The boy is enabled to map out a combination of courses which have practical bearing on his life-work; he believes in the selection because it is made on the advice of a man already eminent in the profession to which he aspires; he has, moreover, a scheme which will do away with meaningless scattering, which is introductory to a complete college course, and which really leads somewhere. Unfortunately, the disadvantages, to one who has studied the system in all its aspects, appear equally clear, though less obvious to the layman. For one thing, too much stress is laid on the practical aspect of college work, too little on the cultural, the result being a deplorable narrowing of intellectual activity; excellent training for the specific object, perhaps, but certainly not excellent education.

The adviser, by reason of praiseworthy absorption in his own profession, unconsciously adds to this mistaken attitude by suggesting courses not bearing directly on that profession as necessary merely to fill the schedule. From the outset the boy feels that his duty lies in grasping thoroughly those subjects — chemistry, if he is to be a doctor; mathematics, if an engineer — which will be of direct, practical service later; and quite loses sight of the fact that college should teach him to think intelligently on many subjects, as well as to know accurately one subject. What is more, the boy of eighteen seldom knows what his profession is to be, into what new and vital channels of thought his study may lead him. He has, to be sure, outgrown childish enthusiasms, no longer holds as high-

est ambition the wish to be a circus-rider or a chauffeur; but his decisions may yet be little indicative of the future. That he enjoys sketching is no sign that he will be an architect; that he is able to watch an operation without fainting does not prove that he will be a surgeon. Under the advice of an architect or a doctor, therefore, he may plan a college course which will be narrow, without even the advantage of narrowness along the lines of his career. Many boys, finally, admit frankly that they have no professions in view. Each of these is assigned to an adviser selected for quite different reasons, — because he is a friend, or because he seems by nature fitted to deal with that particular boy. But of the boy's early environment and antecedents little is known; of his character, as little. An adviser so chosen can thus only suggest courses which seem to him most suitable for the average boy, a theoretical individual of whose actual existence I am gravely in doubt.

The Freshman is very likely to neglect his work. When disaster comes, the irate father often visits the dean's office to complain that his son was wrongly advised, that he should not have taken mathematics because he "never could work with figures." Usually the diagnosis is wrong. In the instances where it is correct, where the boy is really incapable of certain mental work, the father should himself have discussed matters with his son, and should not have trusted to omniscience in a human and therefore fallible adviser. Generally, a boy can do his work if he will, but the play theory, originating in the kindergarten, appeals to the pleasure-loving boy emotionally, as, translated into the more dignified but still specious terms of "interest" and "special aptitude," it appeals intellectually to the father. It is extraordinary how many men there are, themselves successful through years of unremitting application to duty, who would shield their sons from the necessity of real mental effort, under the delusion that boys should

study only what it is a pleasure to study. They forget that the positive joy of success is greater than the negative pleasure of idleness, that success comes through power, and power through training of the mind. They fail to see, moreover, that the mind, like the body, can be brought to high efficiency only through hard work.

But even so, we hark back to the responsibility of the college. We cannot have school study-hours, but we can make the Freshman ashamed not to study. At present, when the boy has made out his schedule of courses, his relations with his adviser often cease abruptly: save for the acceptance of an occasional invitation to luncheon, which the adviser deems it irksome but necessary to send, and which is accepted in the same spirit, or a call to request permission to substitute for a course that has proved difficult another which has the reputation of being easy, the Freshman usually ignores the Faculty. In Princeton the preceptorial system makes this state of affairs impossible, since each student is under the continuous supervision of the preceptor responsible for him. So long as preceptorial duties are principally advisory, — so long, I mean, as the student looks upon his preceptor as a guide, not as a policeman, — this system would seem to be an ideal one. In immediate, practical application, difficulties arise in the securing, and still more in the keeping, of good men.

The qualifications of a good preceptor are many; and any one, no matter how highly developed, is inadequate without some admixture of others. A preceptor should be a good teacher, never allowing his zeal in the acquisition of knowledge to quench his zeal for imparting what he knows to others. He should be able to inspire others with his own enthusiasm, to guide that of his charges into proper channels. President Lowell said a short time ago, in another connection, that "the disease of enthusiasm is dangerous only when *not* contagious." The preceptor then should have contagious enthusiasm, not that useless kind that

rages in solitude and is exhausted in communication. He should be young, not necessarily in years, but in spirit: able to sympathize with the care-free exuberance of youth, able to understand that as a baby develops his lungs through crying, so the Freshman expands his soul through noisy demonstration.

Of prime importance is it also that the preceptor should be a gentleman, broad-minded, sensitive to potential good qualities in others, refined but not effeminate, tactful, a man able to accommodate himself to the standards of others, and at the same time raising higher standards of his own for them to emulate. Such men are not rare. Our colleges graduate them every year. But it is hard to make them realize, what the world does not yet admit, that the position of preceptor is an honorable one, not a rung in the ladder of success, but a station, dignified, full of opportunities; that it may be made the highest of all offices, that of moulder of men.

Another deterrent, and a proper one, is the present lack of adequate compensation. Until the position, as a permanent position, promises salary sufficient to support a family, it cannot, all other considerations aside, be keenly attractive to the right kind of man. From the college point of view, such salaries would mean an increase in the annual expense budget that would make the system, in its entirety, prohibitive until the public recognizes its value to the extent of tangible support.

I have dwelt at some length on this preceptorial system because it is already in existence in Princeton, where its value is recognized by leading schoolmasters of the country, and because in the English universities it has long been considered an essential part of college training. Before the system can be thoroughly tested in America, however, public opinion must be revolutionized, and a class of young men created, the equals, socially as well as intellectually, of those who deem it a privilege to serve as tutors in

Oxford and Cambridge. No great educational reform has ever been accomplished without such a revolution. The elective system was greeted with jeers and abuse. It fought its way to public approbation through its immense value to the individual; and its gradual development into recognition of communal as well as of individual needs is followed with respect. No such sudden imposition of the preceptorial system is advisable, even were it practicable. If we had the men to do it, we could ignore the belief held by so many that it is a police device, contrary to principles of individual freedom, a subversion of established educational theories that accord to each boy the right to make unrestricted choice in all matters — strange how quickly these theories become “established” — and prove its truth through its triumph. But we have not the men, and inferior substitutes would kill the movement at the start. Let the Freshman once discover that his preceptor is dull, or ill-mannered, or morally flabby, and his influence is gone; better indeed the old system and “the devil take the hindmost.” In this particular reform it is wiser to go gradually, establishing the correctness and positive value of each step taken, and thereby creating a public demand for which there will be individual response.

The danger, therefore, lies in inertia. Since the colleges have neither means nor men to introduce complete reform at once, they waver between various possible, but seemingly unimportant, innovations, or else dismiss the whole matter as not, for the moment, worth bothering about. They should, on the contrary, be explorers, seizing on whatever seem reasonable hypotheses, and thus blazing the trail that may lead, eventually, to an even more satisfactory system than the preceptorial. Some reforms, involving neither enormous sums of money nor radical changes in collegiate discipline and teaching, might well be made at once. A very short time would prove their worth, and place them beyond the realm of experiment.

Certain races have the custom of throwing very young children into water beyond their depth, allowing them to struggle until they are exhausted, and repeating the lesson daily until the children learn to swim. This was once quoted to me as the method which should be applied to Freshmen. So it is, but not in the sense in which the speaker understood it. He ignored the two vital aspects of the method — the realization on the part of parents that the water is beyond the child's depth, and the constant presence of an older person to rescue him when need arises. For some there is little danger. A child who has learned to swim in the bath-tub will swim in the ocean — unless he loses his head. So a youth who, at home, has been taught to recognize and conquer temptations will meet wisely the larger temptations of college — unless he, too, loses his head. The child, on the other hand, who has had sponge-baths, or no baths at all, will sink, as the Freshman who has lived through a blindly sheltered boyhood sometimes sinks under the present lack of shelter in college. The problem is how to let the youth take his plunge under guard, not alone.

Most of us remember well the sweetness of those surreptitious expeditions to secluded pools when we sported, happy in our naked freedom, doubly happy because no parental or tutorial eye watched jealously our tentative essays into water a little too deep, or currents a little too strong, for our tender years. Innocent those expeditions were, guileless attempts to reach into the unknown, of no consequence it seems, now, except as brighter hours to remember among the many bright hours of childhood. But some of us remember, perhaps, the sudden tragedy, the companion caught in an unexpected eddy, bruised cruelly on the rocks, or sinking forever from our sight. And then came the weary homeward march, the mother, broken-hearted, and the gradual readjustment of our lives.

Boys of ten and boys of eighteen —

their instincts are curiously alike. You cannot police the pools of a great city any more than you can those of a mountain stream. What is more, you should not want to, because the boy's instinct will lead him as surely to the one as to the other, and the presence of police will make him deceitful as well as over-venturesome. But there is another way. There was a master in your school who was all you aspired to be. He went with you on voyages of discovery, fished, hunted, swam with you, and all the time unconsciously taught you self-reliance, so that you might yourself recognize and avoid dangers. Such are the masters who can help the boy who has grown up: the boy who has never looked beyond the shutters of his mother's sitting-room and cannot swim at all; the boy who, with those he loved and respected, has learned somewhat of the world, a strong but cautious swimmer; him, who, alas, has got on as best he may, who thinks he knows all, but has really seen only one side, who thinks it brave, when in reality it is only foolhardy, to swim down the rapids.

It is the first class, and the last, of these boys, who cause the trouble in college: who go under themselves, and sometimes drag others with them. The parents of the first lay all blame on the college. Those of the last curse the boy for being a fool or a knave when, as a matter of fact, he has never really had a chance to be anything else. The dean hears the stories of both, and finds them equally bitter. It is not surprising, therefore, that he, more than other college officers, insists that something must be done to save these "hindmost" from the devil. His ideal, hopeless always of realization, has been to know personally and to help each member of the class. When one falls, he feels himself to blame. Seldom is this true, but a good dean considers that his office invests him with responsibility for the moral well-being of all the students; and the magnitude of the obligation, making its fulfillment physically impossible, but little mitigates his sense of failure.

It does make him, however, eager to share the responsibility with others.

The first step toward adequate care of the Freshman class must be to assemble the members, either as a whole or in separate but integral divisions. This includes, as Freshman problems are distinct, segregation from the upper classes. Sections of dormitories, certain buildings, or better a group of buildings if one large enough for the whole class is not available, should be reserved exclusively for Freshmen. This is already done to some extent at Yale, where, however, as the buildings reserved do not accommodate the entire class, it serves little purpose as a test. In many colleges the more popular buildings, for those who can afford comparatively luxurious quarters, are conducted as private enterprises. As the owners of these buildings, however, are always responsible to the college, it is to their advantage to keep on good terms with the college officers, and they would naturally subscribe to any new regulations.

When adequate accommodations had been provided, — rooms covering the widest possible range of price, — a rule would have to be made that no Freshman could room elsewhere than in the designated building or group of buildings. Some parents would probably at first feel aggrieved, wanting their sons to room with upper-class friends, or considering the quarters provided not sufficiently fashionable. Certain exceptions would of course have to be made in the case of boys who, for one reason or another, found it necessary to live at home. Aside from these, intelligent parents would admit that, since their boys are confided to the care of the college, the college has the right to make whatever reasonable provisions it sees fit for the proper safeguarding of its students. Should it prove necessary to place the Freshmen in separate divisions, possibly at some distance from each other, much of the value to be gained from this grouping would be lost, since there would not be the advantage of in-

tercourse between all the different kinds, — boys from private and public schools, from city and country, from East and West. I am convinced, however, that even so it would be an improvement on the present method of mixing at random members of the various classes.

This segregation would not in itself have any material influence in making the first year in college less dangerous. Indeed, offhand, it would appear to some to increase the dangers. The question would surely be asked, "What could be more pernicious than the herding together of a lot of irresponsible Freshmen?" It cannot be denied that Freshmen are irresponsible; they are also noisy, sometimes naughty, but seldom bad. The Freshman who goes wrong usually does so under the perverting influence of an older man. This grouping is not a cure. It is merely preparing the patient for the operation, or, to put it less lugubriously, is setting aside seats from which the children may watch the circus. The class is assembled, now "on with the play," which must not end, like the song in Pagliacci, in tears.

The next step is to procure suitable protectors. The elective system has brought with it popular lecture courses, largely resorted to by Freshmen. As instruction becomes more efficient, these courses are conducted more and more on the "laboratory method," as President Eliot calls it. One hour of each week is devoted to "section meetings," — divisions of the class presided over by younger instructors, who discuss with the students different phases of the lectures and the prescribed reading. As a result, every well-ordered college has on its teaching-staff a large number of young men, not necessarily members of the Faculty, who, in their section meetings, come to know fairly well the students under them. These, then, are the men, young enough not to be forbidding, yet old enough to be respected, who might well be drawn into service as general advisers. In certain courses, such for ex-

ample as Freshman English in Harvard, where the instructor meets his students, not only in the classroom, but in private conferences, he can, if he will, know intimately all the men under him. In courses where there are no individual conferences, this does not usually occur, unless the instructor creates opportunities to meet his students outside. In some way, therefore, this more intimate contact between instructor and students must be made the rule rather than the exception.

Fortunately the solution exists, even under established conditions. Most unmarried instructors serve also as proctors in college buildings: officers appointed to keep order, each in his own particular building or division of a building. It would thus be a simple matter to appoint as proctors in Freshman dormitories the instructors in Freshman courses. It would be equally simple in these courses to depart from the rigid, alphabetical assignment to sections, giving Jones, the instructor, not the men from E to K, but those who live in his own building. In addition, Jones should also hold official appointment, if possible with additional salary, as general adviser to these same men. It might also be wise to appoint in each case an adviser chosen from the Faculty, since it would bring the student into contact with another older man, and since he might feel more confidence in the wisdom of his choice of studies if that choice were made with the sanction of a professor. Jones, in the mean time, would meet his charges in three distinct ways, — as instructor, as proctor, and as adviser; so that, unless he were a surprisingly inhuman individual, he could hardly fail to know them well, and to gain their respect and confidence.

But just here, strangely enough, is where the chief difficulty arises, and where the most definite reform would have to be made. The young instructor to-day is too often not a human individual, in the sense that he must be to attract the Freshman. Too often he is se-

lected, not primarily, but exclusively, for his learning. A young man, after three or four years of devotion to his books, graduates from college *summa cum laude*. He knows few of his classmates because he has never had time to meet them. The book of "college life" he has never opened. After graduation he applies himself with even greater assiduity, deciphers obscure manuscripts, writes a thesis on "Boileau's Influence on Rousseau," — which the world had thought negative, if it thought about it at all, — or on some rare genus of prehistoric mosquito, and then suddenly finds himself blinking in the face of an applauding world, a Doctor of Philosophy.

He is conscientious and therefore gives his instruction with meticulous accuracy, but without enthusiasm. How can he be enthusiastic in the teaching of something which does not interest him, and before students whom he believes determined to gain as little as possible from his stores of wisdom? As proctor he does the work of a policeman, an irritating stickler for the letter of the rules and regulations; but even as a policeman often ineffective, because he does not see, and is not interested to probe, beneath the surface of undergraduate life. It would be useless to appoint him a general adviser, because his advice would never pass beyond books; because when conscience drove him to the rooms of a student it would destroy spontaneity; he could give no advice concerning life, because the Freshman would know more of life than he.

Will the college consent to give him up? It is bound to him through loyalty, the wish to reward years of faithful work. It believes, perhaps, that he will write distinguished books, and would like those books to issue from its doors. These reasons are excellent, but are not sufficient if the students are to suffer. The truism is often overlooked that a college exists for its students, not for its Faculty. The mistake made is in putting such men in charge of Freshman courses, where even

a suggestion of pedantry is disastrous, and where the ability to arouse enthusiasm for study is infinitely more important than the inculcation of fact.

I have no wish to ignore the value of the Ph. D. degree. The solid learning it represents is necessary to minute research, to the proper guidance of graduate students. What is deplorable is that its possession should be held to entitle a man to a position as instructor in elementary courses. The ideal certainly would be a scholar, but one fired with the enthusiasm to teach, to kindle enthusiasm for learning in dormant minds. There are many such, men as different as possible from the exaggerated type described above; but there are not enough to go round. The second choice should be from among the ranks of young, eager, intelligent graduates; men not as learned, perhaps, but often better able to teach; men whose ideals are high, whose enthusiasm is infectious; who would be glad of two or three years of experience, both in teaching and in leading younger men. Such men would imbue the Freshman with respect for his work in general, and interest in the particular subject; a result of incalculable value, not only intellectually, but morally as well, since there is no better moral safeguard than disinterested ambition to excel.

Intentionally, I have suggested that this supervision be dependent for its value more on the personality of the supervisor than on any stated regulations, because influence exerted through personality sinks more deeply into the mental and moral fibre than does habit gained through obedience to arbitrary laws. If rules are imposed, the modern young man demands their reason. If he does not understand them, he obeys only because disobedience means punishment; and the formative purpose of the rules is lost. Given advisers with whom he is in sympathy, the student will intelligently submit to regulations which experience has proved necessary for the mass, whereas he will rebel against the same regulations

when they appear personally irksome, if he has not been brought to appreciate their general utility.

Certain rules there must eventually be, as there are written laws of the state and unwritten laws of society. Exactly what they must be in detail, time will suggest. They must be flexible, not rigid; hortatory, not penal; standards devised to aid adviser as well as student. It would be unwise, for example, to insist that lights be out at eleven o'clock, or to make it a misdemeanor to come home after that hour. It might well be wise to insist that every Freshman entering his building after eleven o'clock should hand in his name to the doorkeeper. Frequent repetition would suggest to the adviser that the boy was frittering away his time, or was falling into bad habits, and he could act accordingly. It would probably be unwise to rule that all Freshmen should study in their rooms from eight to ten, or that cards should never be played in the building. The adviser would soon discover whether men were seriously neglecting their work, or were gambling. He would not be expected to report single instances of dereliction from duty to the dean; he would be obliged to report persistent neglect of his advice, and the students would know him to be under this obligation. Thus, gradually, a complete system of protection could be built up. It would not be irritating to the students, because it would be founded on mutual understanding. It would aid students who aimed to do right. It would aid the college more quickly, and with less danger of error, to get rid of the few students determined to do wrong.

In still another, and quite different way, much might be done toward guarding the Freshman from the dangers of his natural inquisitiveness. In every college there are numbers of good upper-classmen who are eager to coöperate with the Faculty in starting Freshmen along the right path, and it is amazing that thus far so little advantage has been taken of their services. Each of these upper-class-

men should be given a list of from five to ten Freshmen whom he would make it his duty to know. He would talk over with them their work and their play: their study, their amusements, their athletics. He would make sure that each, outside of his lessons, was given a sane interest, something to do for the college, whether participation in football, or in debating, or in writing for the college papers. He would see to it far more effectively than the Dean, or even than the advisers, that each was getting his fair chance socially. He would report cases where financial aid was needed, or admonition, or encouragement. As it is at present, many fellows are lonely; many, especially those from a distance, miss the recognition they deserve merely because they ignorantly roam outside the sphere of undergraduate life, or, knowing no one at first, fall in with uncongenial classmates, and, becoming discouraged, withdraw into themselves. To such lonely men the dangerous pleasures existing outside of college appeal as substitutes for what they have missed in college. These tragedies would be far less likely to occur if all members of the class were thrown together, and natural associations were facilitated through the provision of upper-classmen and advisers.

One of the chief difficulties in dealing with the student body to-day is lack of frankness on the part of some toward the dean. They regard him traditionally as a penal officer. If he questions them about themselves, they fear he is trying to implicate them in offenses against discipline. Under the new system this evil would at least be mitigated. Freshmen would talk more freely with their student and official advisers, because nearer to them, and because no traditional reticence would have to be overcome. This would finally also break down the barrier between them and the dean, because they would find, in the course of time, that their self-revelation, when reported to him, was so reported only that he might add his help and encouragement. Even at present, the most

useful constructive work a dean does is made possible by what other students tell him of their fellows — students who know that information thus given is never used in discipline cases, but simply to make advice and encouragement more pertinent. Discipline which depended in the slightest degree on what one student told of another would be as intolerable in college as in school. Under a more systematized plan of coöperation with students, the possibilities of extension in this work of strengthening and upbuilding loom large and inspiring.

Let us suppose, then, that the Freshmen are grouped together, that professors at the head of large courses have been made to see that instructors who imbue the students with a love of work are more valuable than those who discuss minutiae with soul-deadening accuracy; that these instructors serve as proctors and advisers to the men in their sections; that they have working with them a number of responsible upper-classmen. The position of the incoming Freshman is very different. He soon knows an instructor whom he can respect for his humanity as well as for his learning. This same instructor, moreover, friendly, accessible, will talk to him as man to man, about his work, his friends, the latest play. The upper-classman whom he runs into pretty regularly will introduce him to others of his own kind, will make him feel his responsibility to the college and the obligation of doing something for the college. He wants the respect of these men, and soon learns that he cannot have it if he is selfish, or a loafer, or a sport. To get drunk does not appear, after all, such a praiseworthy achievement. Even to be seen on the street-corner talking to a chorus-girl does not have quite the manly charm he supposed it would have. Instead, he feels a little ashamed and foolish. He discovers that vice is ungentelemanly and mean, to be hidden for shame, not because it is a secret gloriously bad. After all, he finds the college itself offering innumerable opportunities for amuse-

ment. Days of work faithfully done, athletics or debating that bring approbation from his fellows, occasional evenings at the theatre with pleasant companions, all those things, applauded or appreciated by his classmates and his older friends, all are more satisfying, more really fun, than are the hours of neglect of work that must be suffered for at examination time, the evil pleasures which cannot be lived over again in talk, no matter how confidential. He finds his ambition aroused, his interests broadening wisely, his love for the honor of his college expressing itself in a struggle for self-improvement.

From the point of view of the college, finally, all this could be more satisfactorily brought about if the average age of admission were lower. Boys of seventeen have, to be sure, less settled characters than boys of nineteen or twenty. It is character more open to both good and bad influences. Yet undeniably, by the time a boy is seventeen he has reached the age when he needs association with men to bring him out. Undeniably, also, he is more sensitive to the ugliness of vice in all its forms, is less likely to be tempted by it, than he would be a couple of years later. He has still shining about him the white light of his mother's purity, and in it he sees shudderingly, not covetously. Under present conditions the younger Freshman has, to counterbalance this instinct for moral cleanliness, the fancied obligation to be a man, and being a man often means to him following in the lead of the worst among his older mates, learning how to misbehave like a street-loafer. A tentative reaching out toward this "cursing" manhood was once amus-

ingly illustrated by a Freshman, who, eating in commons, blushing asked that some one would "please pass the damn milk." Among boys of his own age, however, this supposed obligation would no longer exist, and, through the protection of older friends, he would be developed from a boy, good by reason of his innocence, to a man, good by reason of his strength. Less susceptible to the attractions of dissolute living, more amenable to good advice — this would seem to be the situation as touching a younger Freshman class.

Under any system, in any college, there would always be a few to fall by the wayside, a few who would remain solitary and unapproachable. There would always be a few with inherited bad instincts, boys confirmed in vicious habits before admission; but these would be sent away before they had a chance to pollute others. There would always be some who repelled friendship, introspective youths wrapped up in the study of their own personalities. As undergraduates, they are to be pitied, but do no harm. They never expand until later, perhaps, love, revealing one other soul, reveals the world. But for the normal boy, the healthy-minded, noisy Freshman, to whom life presents few problems, few responsibilities, there would be comparative safety, the impulse to develop along uplifting, self-reliant lines. Parents might then surrender their sons to the college with a feeling of safety, sure that the college would make every effort to fulfill its duty, — not only the duty of education, but the supreme duty of creating good citizens.

ON THE PLANTING OF CABBAGES

BY HOLBROOK WHITE

Il faut cultiver notre jardin. — Candide.

DR. JOHNSON, once on a time, remarked, "I think one could say a great deal of cabbage." He did not go on to say it. As on another occasion reported by Boswell, when he was questioned by a friend concerning the nature of the spiritual body, "he left the subject in obscurity."

The planting of cabbages is "no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing." Perhaps the fields of Eden first brought sweetly forth plants of choice crispness. The patriarchs may have culled leaves for a noontime salad. Perchance they looked greenly in the paradise of Alcinous, and prospered magically in Circe's garden.

Their cultivation has not been unattended with rich recompense. A sultan of good old times — the story goes — noticed the peculiar skill which a gardener displayed in planting his cabbages, and thereupon promoted him to the position of Viceroy of the Isle of Cyprus, — a piece of business, by the way, that almost equals the feats of latterday "promoters." Whether or no the viceroy made also to flourish the cabbages' kindred, "distant in humanity," on his isle, we are not told.

In later days, the man who had the pleasure of introducing the vegetable into England was honored, by a grateful posterity, with a monument whereon the benefactor appears with a cabbage curled up at his feet.

Cabbage-planting is usually, however, its own exceeding great reward. There was a Roman emperor, you remember, who turned from the tumults and splendors of courts, and went away to a quiet spot by the Adriatic, built him a pleasant

dwelling, and thereafter devoted his days to the training of rose trees and the planting of cabbages. Happy man! it pleases me to fancy that soldier-emperor sauntering, with a heart at ease, in the cool of the day, among his gardens by the sea. Instead of the clamor of camps, a bird's song in the hedge; in the place of a crowded palace, where treason lurked in every whisper, the sweet serenity of fields; instead of the tossing hordes of Asia ready to fling themselves upon him, those ordered rows of cabbages, "looking tranquillity." If some of the predecessors of Diocletian had been likewise blessed with the solace of a lodge in a garden of cabbages, Roman history would be pleasanter reading.

No less than half-crazed rulers of Rome, do we who are living in days like these stand in grievous need of the lulling charities of the cabbage plantation. Our abiding-place, like the city of which the prophet complained, is "full of stirs." Motors, promoters, sky-scrapers, the "over-man," progressive whist, — all our commonly used words have to do with pushing ahead. The wired air over us hums with business, the tunneled earth beneath rumbles with traffic. Journeys are not journeys, but "motor-flights," and the guide-books have all to be made over to meet the requirements of auto-viewers, who take their landscape, not by townships, but by counties. Our telegraph poles march with the giraffes through African jungles. Our dynamos whirr an accompaniment to the "merry dancers" of the North Pole. The toys of a three-year-old must wind up to go, and his brother of seven is enamoured, like his elders, of "moving pictures." In truth, as the White Queen said to Alice,

"Here, it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place."

O shade of Galileo, wherever you stray and speculate, you were right! We *do* move! But the poet who spoke of "the soft journey which a planet goes" must be relegated to the ranks of nature-fablers. He wrote not with his ear to the object. We do not go softly. If ever our orb did join in the quiring of young-eyed cherubim, it has long since abandoned such primitive music. Now, we shriek like a Sinfonia Domestica rehearsed by an unruly band of five thousand amateur musicians. Rasping dissonances from murder and divorce trials; shrill outbursts from hydra-headed unionism, from socialists, and woman-suffragists; a deafening racket from stock-exchanges and political conclaves; commands and cheers from Captains and Rough Riders of Industry; vociferous harangues on "Peace;" deep-mouthed expression of horror provoked by countless calamities; all this, going up incessantly with the roar of a tremendous traffic, must, ere this, have reached the ears of those airy dwellers in Mars to whom we have given a local habitation.

There is always a "new movement" on foot, coming as an army with banners. Before the fife and drums of one column are out of hearing, we are assailed by the music of another column. One can never be sure which movement he is trying to keep step with, while, if he attempts to join in all of them, he is ever doubling on his track like a bewildered rabbit, and never gets anywhere in particular.

The dance of circumstance is kept up without a stay. One may be minded like Sancho Panza when he sighed, "How pleasant it is to go about in expectation of accidents;" but it is not amusing to be hunted down by a whole pack of accidents, — to be constantly "at home" to crowds of happenings, when "every minute is expectancy of more arrivance." To move in the still-vexed air of dizzy tarentelles is to invite disaster upon more substantial dwellings than Dolls' Houses.

Everybody is strained up to the highest point of possible activity, a-tiptoe to snatch not only the day, but the night, too. Mrs. B., a neighbor of mine, is apparently a woman of leisure, but she is engaged in the most arduous of occupations, — climbing, at a lavish outlay of spirit, mind, and guineas, an invisible ladder by which she mounts to social distinction. "Higher, still, and higher!" But one cannot, in all honesty, add

True to the kindred points of heaven and home. Some deflection in the poise of that ladder is possible. I met her, this morning, and "We are going to launch Rose into society this winter," she said. They talk as if Rose were some mighty Cunarder equipped to outride the tempests of the deep. What is a jaunty little pinnacle like her to do in a maelstrom?

I was a good deal bewildered, myself, in a recent conversation with a young woman of my acquaintance, who, after a year or two spent as one of a personally-conducted party traveling in the direction of Culture, is said to have reached that Mecca of the expedition.

We used to start out on that journey, pilgrimwise, on foot, with staff and scrip. Some of the up-hill roads were pretty steep, but the view from the mountaintops was inspiring. If the plain was, at times, sandy and unrewarding, how pleasantly the springs bubbled in the shade! Now, we travel in quite another fashion, — in a 60-horse-power touring car. The machine (an Assurance, preferably) mounts those hills like a chamois, it skims over the plains like a swallow. The milestones appear only to vanish; and, trailing clouds of inglorious gasoline, we "arrive."

Directly motor-balloons are perfected, we can survey mankind from China to Peru, as the philosopher would have us do, but in a manner that he wot not of, — in a morning, at one "ascension." The traveler of whom I was speaking, if she had evaded some of the discomforts of a pilgrimage, had missed not a few of its pleasures. Having no need to rest at the

top of the hills, she had not watched the landscape unfold new beauties in new lights. Of the sparkling water of some of the wells in the plain she had not tasted, because she had nothing to draw with, and the wells were deep. The "snapshots" that she took in her passage were blurred by the dust raised in the going. Some of the views appeared to be of the nature of "composites," owing to the speed of the car. The photographed groups of the fellow travelers, posed in various attitudes, however, came out clear and strong. I recall one in particular, taken when they stopped a moment to look at Maeterlinck's "Buried Temple." The temple, of course, was not to be seen in the picture, but "you felt that it was there," my friend said. They had not considered it worth their while to visit Milton or Wordsworth, but of Verlaine and Omar Khayyám she discoursed affably, and over the domain of Yeats, where —

Time and the world and all things dwindle out,

she waxed rhapsodical.

I soothed my momentary irritation by poking the log-fire, murmuring to myself, "Doubtless Milton and Wordsworth *are* poets, if Symbolists be ignorant of them, and Decadents acknowledge them not." Aloud, I only ventured to wish that some of our present-day versifiers would give over climbing trees in the Hesperides, and return to plough and plant undragonated home-pastures. The heraldic device recommended by the old essayist as ancient and honorable, "a plough in a field arable," always seemed to me a fitting coat-of-arms for a writer.

"Cabbages do not grow on Parnassus," my friend said. Not on the upper slopes. But if a man discover, or his friends discover for him, that he cannot breathe on the heights, he is not bound to stay there until he expire. The lower-lying fields know also the sun and the stars and the winds; "all sweet things, brother!"

Ever since a wise man said, in his

haste, "Hitch your wagon to a star," the stars have been cruelly overworked. Astronomers may yet see their calculations set at naught by some celestial rebellion that will result in the wreck of wagons, if not the crash of worlds. Meantime, the dazed eyes and stumbling feet of these ill-advised who are ever looking aloft, must cause us disquietude. The Interpreter, we believe, did not intend that the Pilgrim should be always gazing crown-ward. When he walks in a valley where the path is exceeding narrow, between the deep ditch on his right hand and the dangerous quagmire on his left, he must needs look well to his going. The engineer of a train that is rounding curves and crossing high trestles is not expected to study the constellations.

There are always some who choose to defy the elements, and make hazard of aerial voyages in boundless light and space. So there will ever be with us those who elect to dwell in windless, remote, twilighted retreats. Both classes, "lookers-down," and "lookers-out," are apt to regard with some disdain the multitude who walk the common paths, in the common sunshine. Present-day contributors to literature and art practice so much of this aloofness that we seem to be ministered unto by invisible attendants. Voices come to us from crypts or from "ivory towers," but we are sorely puzzled oftentimes to distinguish what the voices are saying.

To be obvious — in sight — is to be uninteresting. To be tangible is "*un crime de lèse-mystère*."

Our intellectual hunger is to be appeased by symbols, essences, overtones, gleams, phantoms, — about as satisfying a reflection as "a dream of the shadow of smoke." If Lamb's theory concerning grace before meat hold good, — that the slenderer the meal, the longer is likely to be the grace, since "what is least stimulative to appetite leaves the mind most free for foreign considerations," — then, in truth, we are called upon for a devotional prologue of awesome length.

These frequent, useless word-skirmishes on Realism, Romanticism, Symbolism, Impressionism, and the like, resemble the staircase-encounters in French romances. The dashing swordsmen of France seem to have been enamoured of fighting up and down stairways, — dark, narrow, stony passages where there was no room to give a good swing to a weapon, where friends as well as foes were apt to be slashed, where one made his way painfully up two steps, only to be pushed back three, and where, if one succeeded in getting safely to the upper chamber, the damsel whose rescue was intended was no longer “so beautifully there.” She had escaped down another stairway.

There is a comfortable character in one of Anatole France’s books, who, when the conversation has turned into a somewhat erudite discussion of imagination, its power and its limitations, stands up boldly with, “Je suis un homme qui ne sait que planter des choux.” He preferred to fight, like Ajax, in the light; not on the staircase.

The crowds at the gates of sanitariums, Christian Science churches, and other health resorts, would be lessened if women were willing to “sit still in the soft showers of Providence,” and spin the light and the air and the dews into whatever it is given them to become, — even into a cabbage, if so be that it is one’s nature to be a cabbage, and not an orchid, or a sycamore in the vale. The list of suicides and fugitives from justice would be shorter, if some men could be induced to give up the attempt to scale the Himalayas in a racing-car, and till a small garden in a corner of their minds, — where the owners could sun themselves, and vegetate in the goodly company of cabbages.

Perturbed spirits! for whom there is no voluntary resting! It may well be that the “balmy power” of a cabbage-plot
VOL 104 - NO. 4

would medicine your fever to a “lengthened drowsiness;” and the hitherto discredited tale of an old traveler, who said that he had seen a cabbage under whose leaves a regiment of soldiers were sheltered from a tempest, would be proved metaphorically true.

To “vegetate” has become a term of reproach, — quite unjustly, it seems to me. To grow robust, and resolute, and clean-hearted, like a cabbage, is far and away removed from gleaming balefully like the slime on a stagnant pool, shot though it be with “streaks of purple that are straight from Tyre.” Most of us still prefer the daisies that Burns turned over with his plough on his bleak, upland farm, to the “*Fleurs du Mal*” — “sweet-smelling, pale with poison, sanguine-hearted” — that Baudelaire gathered in Paris gardens. If electing to loiter by still waters, instead of dashing our oars in swifter than Alpine torrents, be vegetating, then we need to vegetate. Even that impetuous youth, Candide, acknowledged the felicity that attended the planting of vegetables. When, after a somewhat lengthy trial of tranquillity in this very occupation, he flung away into the world again only to fall into the usual disasters and dismay, “O Candide,” cries Dr. Pangloss, “why were you tired of cultivating your garden?” And his pupil wonders why.

In the deepening tumult of the carnival, a voice that pipes for serenity is but a wren in a cyclone. Yet in cool, sequestered spots, and homely, quiet places, it is possible to live in a gracious calm, storing up riches of contentment and charity.

“Let who will, talk high about happiness and sovereign good. I say that whoever planteth cabbages hath attained happiness.” And Panurge, who said so, could say it in thirteen languages.

THE PAYNE TARIFF LAW

BY SAMUEL W. McCALL

A GENERAL revision of our tariff laws long ago came to be the most expensive of the processes of legislation. Revenue is often a secondary consideration, and the regulation of foreign competition in our domestic market the first. So long as there is doubt as to the extent to which the law will intervene in the ordinary processes of trade, there will be hesitancy in enterprise, a hand-to-mouth production, and a slackening from normal business activity. The revision which has just been accomplished has undoubtedly checked business, but it has been attended with much less than the usual amount of disturbance. The agitation which preceded it was less prolonged, and was only slightly partisan.

Ever since the repeal of the Wilson Act, the attitude of the Democratic party upon the tariff has been very mildly academic. As a party, it has shown very little of its old-time passion concerning the issue on which it has waged so many aggressive campaigns. Groups of its members have continued to advocate free raw materials, and the raising of revenue at the custom houses upon such articles only as were not produced in this country; but they have not represented a united party, or, indeed, its general attitude. In the session which has just closed, free iron ore and free lumber found their strongest opponents among the Democrats, and many of them in both houses favored high revenue duties which should have the incidental effect of giving protection. Whether revenue or protection was the incident, the result was the same. To the general Republican policy of protection there was little genuine opposition in the opposite party.

The tariff to be revised was a Repub-

lican tariff, and Republican also were the agitation which led to the revision and the auspices under which it was accomplished. The revision of a tariff by a party which made it, and which professed in the revision the same principles which animated it in the original work, would naturally be accompanied by the minimum of disturbance. Was it also accompanied by the minimum of accomplishment? Was the revision a mere make-believe affair, which left the Dingley tariff substantially unchanged? Has there been revision enough to justify the agitation, and to pay what it has cost us? I do not mean to stir up the ancient inquiry into the effect of the tariff upon the prices which the "ultimate consumer" pays, but I mean only to ask whether we secured a substantial amount of what we thought was wanted and was promised. It would seem that it would not be difficult to decide whether the revision was up or down, but that very question has been foremost in public discussion during the month which has elapsed since the passage of the bill.

The obvious method of making a comparison is, of course, to compare: to take the corresponding Payne and Dingley duties opposite one another in parallel columns, and see just what duties have been increased, and what have been decreased. The difficulty with such an unambitious method is that it does away with the necessity of argument, and easily leads to a conclusion from which there is no escape. Hence we have had more abstract methods which, in proportion as they are fallacious, give a better foundation for denunciation, and for fine accusations of bad faith. The method commonly applied by the critics of the

Payne Act is to compare its average ad valorem with that of the Dingley Act; and since there is little difference between the two laws in this respect, it is argued that there has been no downward revision.

A reverend American gentleman now abroad, having seen a statement of relative ad valorem in the London *Times*, makes haste to declare that the American people have been tricked, and proceeds to charge President Taft and his party with bad faith. I am not taking this outbreak because it is exceptional, but rather because it is based upon a method of going through the form of reasoning quite commonly employed. But it requires only the most superficial knowledge of the subject to know that the average ad valorem furnishes no test at all for a comparison of the character of the tariff bills. It takes no account, in the first place, of goods put on the free list. The Payne Act might have put everything upon the free list except sheep-dip, — some other equally inconsequential article would serve as well, — and have put a duty upon that of one hundred per cent. We should then, of course, have had absolute free trade in everything except sheep-dip, but the average ad valorem of the act would be more than twice that of the Dingley Act. Mr. Payne might therefore have just as reasonably been charged by somebody, talking simply out of the fullness of language, with revising the tariff upward in the most wicked fashion, although he put practically everything on the free list.

Take, for instance, the sugar schedule, and you run into this funny little paradox. The sugar duties were unchanged, except that the Payne Act made two reductions; and yet, although it had made nothing but reductions, the average ad valorem of its sugar schedule is higher than that of the previous law. One who is at all curious to know the reason for this will find it in the duties on Philippine sugars. These were formerly admit-

ted at a reduced rate, and they, therefore, brought down the average duties somewhat below the general rate; but the Payne Act put them absolutely on the free list, and they ceased to be a factor in fixing the average duty upon dutiable sugar. If any advocate of revision downward still imagines that the average ad valorem of the Payne Act indicates that it increases, rather than diminishes, the amount of protection, he has only to look at the free-trade tariff of Great Britain, which has an average ad valorem very much higher.

Perhaps the most comprehensive test that can be applied to the character of the revision is seen in the nature of the articles upon which it has made decreases in duties, compared with those where increases are found. Mr. Payne applied his schedules to our domestic consumption, as shown by the latest census returns; and it appeared that duties had been decreased upon necessary articles consumed by the American people to the amount of five billion dollars' worth annually, while they had been increased upon necessary articles consumed to the amount of only two hundred and seventy-three million dollars each year.

It is the time-honored claim of the opponents of protection that it increases the price, not only of imported articles, but also of similar articles produced in this country; and that, in order to measure the cost of the system to the people, it is necessary to add to the taxes collected at the custom houses an amount equal to the aggregate of duties if they were levied upon all similar articles made and consumed in this country. The tariff, it was long argued, not only increased the price of the imported article by the amount of the duty, but similarly increased the price of the domestic article also. In this way, there was made out an aggregate cost of protection which was frightful to contemplate. While this aggregate was greatly exaggerated, because in some cases the duty was never needed and never operative here, and in other cases internal

competition had reduced the price much below the importing point, it is undeniable that, as a general proposition, the effect of a customs duty is to increase the cost both of the foreign article and also of the similar article produced here. This effect is by no means confined to those articles in regard to which importations are active. Our domestic market may be under the control of a combination which, without regard to the internal cost of production, might push up the price under the shelter of a duty to a point just under the importing point, and a reduction of the duty would reduce the price even though the new duty might be prohibitory. It is, therefore, a striking test of the real character of the Payne Act that, of the necessary articles used by the American people, it reduces duties upon nearly twenty dollars of consumption for every dollar upon which it makes an increase.

The certain method of determining just what the Payne Act does is, as I have said, to take its paragraphs in detail and scrutinize the new duties in comparison with those which they have supplanted. Such a course will show the exact character and number of the increases and decreases. Those who have no other means of comparison at hand may safely take the table prepared by the Hon. Champ Clark of Missouri, Democratic leader in the House of Representatives, and produced by him July 31 last, in his speech in the House of Representatives against the Conference Report on the bill. It is true that in commenting upon it he showed that he was a trifle rusty on his Cobden, and made the amount of actual revenue the test, — a method only less weird than that based upon the average ad valorem, for it is demonstrable that a purely free-trade tariff after the British model would provide us a greater revenue than does the Payne Act. While the table given by Mr. Clark exaggerates in some cases the extent of the increases, it will clearly appear from it that on the whole the decreases

so vastly outnumber the increases as to make the new law seem almost revolutionary in character. If one takes the schedules in their order, he will find in the first schedule, which relates to chemicals, that the increases are a bare half-dozen in number, and include fancy soaps and alkaloids of opium and cocaine, while the decreases are more than fifty, and include many of the articles which are in general consumption, such as sulphur, various forms of soda, potash, lead, and sulphate of ammonia, the last of which is put on the free list.

The second schedule shows a slight increase upon the smaller sizes of plate glass, and this increase is many times offset by decreases upon fire and other brick, gypsum, various kinds of window-glass, nearly all the grades of marble, and other important articles.

In the metal schedule there is an increase in fabricated structural steel, zinc ore, and a very few other items, some of which relate to articles not manufactured when the Dingley law was passed; but, on the other hand, the basic article of iron ore is reduced from forty to fifteen cents per ton, the lowest ad valorem that it has had in the history of the country; pig iron is reduced from four dollars to two dollars and a half per ton, scrap iron and steel from four dollars to one dollar per ton, bar iron from six-tenths to three-tenths of a cent a pound, cotton ties from five-tenths to three-tenths of a cent per pound, steel rails from seven dollars and eighty-four cents to three dollars and ninety-two cents per ton. There are nearly a hundred other reductions in the metal schedule: in fact, the reductions in this schedule are so general, and in some cases so drastic, that it may be said, practically, that these duties have been cut in two.

The lumber schedule shows but two unimportant increases, while the schedule generally is cut nearly forty per cent. One grade of sawed boards is reduced from one dollar to fifty cents per thousand feet, and all other sawed lumber from two dollars to a dollar and a quarter

per thousand. Fence-posts are put on the free list. Dressed lumber, telephone poles, railroad ties, and other important products of wood, are very much reduced.

Notwithstanding the attempt that is being made to create a sectional feeling in the West, the only schedule covering necessary articles in which increases predominate is the agricultural schedule. The duties are also increased upon champagnes and other wines, brandy, ale, beer, tobacco, silks, high-priced laces, and various other articles which, for want of a better term, are called luxuries.

Bituminous coal is reduced from sixty-seven cents to forty-seven cents per ton, which, with the exception of a very brief period, is in value the lowest duty we have ever imposed upon it.

Agricultural implements are reduced, and a provision added admitting them free of duty from any country which admits our agricultural machinery free.

Works of art more than twenty years old are put on the free list.

Hides of cattle are put on the free list, and an enormous reduction made, not merely on all the products of these hides, but on nearly all articles of leather. Sole leather is cut from twenty to five per cent ad valorem, upper leather from twenty to seven and a half per cent, and boots and shoes from twenty-five to fifteen per cent, and, on important kinds, to ten per cent.

It is perhaps a matter of indifference at the present time what the duty may be upon boots and shoes. That industry has become so developed in the United States, our machinery is so vastly superior to that of any other nation, that under present conditions our manufacturers could easily compete with manufacturers abroad on equal terms; and, on the other hand, the business is conducted here by so many independent concerns, and it has been so impossible to organize anything like a shoe trust or combination, that we should get the benefit of the fullest domestic competition, even if the importa-

tion of foreign shoes were absolutely prohibited. But our shoe machinery is now being introduced into other countries. The United Shoe Machinery Company, which has the practical control of the best shoe machinery, has built factories in Germany and Great Britain, and has sent experts abroad to educate the workmen there in the use of its machines. It has also been announced that it is intending to build similar factories in France, Russia, and later in Japan. It seems altogether likely, therefore, that we are approaching a period of actual competition from abroad in the manufacture of boots and shoes. With the scale of wages prevailing in those countries, which is one-half, and in some of the countries one-quarter, of the scale prevailing here, a substantial duty will be necessary. If protection in any great line of duties has been cut to the quick, it has been in that relating to boots and shoes.

It would be tedious to follow the paragraphs in detail, and I shall refer only to the more important of them and give the general conclusions which I think can be fairly drawn. The two great textile schedules are practically unchanged. The wool duty is politically the most powerful of any in the tariff. The farmers of the country have been pretty thoroughly educated to the belief, whether rightly or wrongly, that the free-wool agitation, culminating in the tariff of 1894, was responsible for the slaughter of their flocks. Their representatives formed the strongest single element behind the passage of the Dingley law; and, in the session just ended, their strength was so great as to discourage any assault upon the wool duties. These duties range from forty to more than one hundred per cent of the value, and so long as they are maintained at such a high point it is idle to talk of any very material reduction on woollens or worsteds. The centre of the entire schedule is the duty upon wool. In order for that to be effective, there must be duties sufficiently high upon manufactured

woolens to lead people to engage in the business of manufacturing in this country; for otherwise our wool would need to be exported and sold upon a free-trade market, and the duty would become of no value. The reading of the debates upon the bill will show that the schedule, as a whole, found its most conspicuous supporters among the senators and representatives from the wool-growing states. Every duty in this schedule from top to bottom might have been cut ten per cent without trenching upon the necessary amount of protection.

The Dingley duties upon cottons were greatly less than those in the woolen schedule. This was doubtless due to the fact that we are the great cotton-producing nation, and our manufacturers are at no disadvantage in raw material with any of their foreign competitors. The cotton-manufacturing industry has taken a firm hold in the South, and it is so widely extended that it is not exposed to sectional attack. There was little fault found with the Dingley cotton schedule as a whole. The annual importation of seventy million dollars' worth of cotton goods showed that foreign competition was most active. These duties are so complicated that it is difficult for one who is not an expert to understand them; but, according to the best experts, they are, at least, no higher in the Payne Act than the Dingley duties were intended to be, and were interpreted to be for four years after the passage of the act. The duty of sixty per cent, at first levied upon some of the finer fabrics, was reduced to six and seven per cent by a change in classification, made necessary by judicial construction. In the same way, cloths of a variety of colors were brought in as plain white cloths at little more than a nominal duty. Some fabrics, the foreign value of which was fifty cents per yard, were admitted as the commonest sort of cotton cloth at the flat duty of one cent a yard, or only two per cent *ad valorem*. No party could honestly revise a tariff and not correct such glaring inequalities, permitting art-

icles of luxury to come through our custom house with a nominal *ad valorem*, while imposing a duty of thirty per cent upon cloths in general use among the people. It was therefore necessary to restore the duties which had been practically removed by judicial construction. In most other respects, the duties upon cotton cloths generally show slight decreases. The important increases in this schedule were upon hosiery and gloves.

It is not easy to understand why the removal of the duty from hides should have given rise to so acrimonious a controversy. Our first tariff act, approved July 4, 1789, placed hides on the free list; and, except under the Walker revenue tariff, which impartially levied a duty on almost everything, and during the Civil War period, when revenue was sought wherever it could be found, on the free list they remained until the passage of the Dingley Act in 1897. They were on the free list as the bill passed the House, and the duty first appeared in a Senate amendment. The Payne Act simply returned to the ancient and almost uninterrupted policy. Our tariff laws have commonly taken into account the important difference between producing wool and producing hides. Many kinds of sheep are bred and cared for chiefly for their wool, of which they yield the farmer an annual crop; but cattle are raised primarily for beef, in the production of which the hide is merely a by-product. Quite often their price in this country is fixed at Liverpool, and vast numbers of cattle are exported. The meat industry in this country is largely in the hands of a few concerns, and their control of the raw material for sole leather would portend very strongly a sole-leather trust, and possibly a shoe trust.

Undoubtedly the industry of raising cattle will flourish almost equally well in this country if hides are free; and if the farmer's profits should be slightly less, which is by no means certain, they would be more than made good to him in the decreased cost of his boots and

shoes and other articles made of leather: for since there is now the most active internal competition in these articles, whatever will reduce their cost will go to the consumer, and not to the manufacturer. It is a prime object of protection to keep up the wages of labor, but hardly of the sort involved in the production of a hide. That is contributed chiefly by the placid steer patiently cropping all the long day the predigested food growing upon the government ranges.

The removal of the hide duty was most strongly opposed by the senators from a half-dozen Far Western states. The interest of those states in the duty is relatively less than is commonly supposed. There are seven great and populous states, having together one hundred and fifty-one representatives in the House, and there is another group of eight states, having, all told, only thirteen representatives in the House. The first group contains sixteen million cattle, and their one hundred and fifty-one representatives were almost unanimously in favor of free hides. The second group contains eight million cattle, and their representatives were for retaining the duty, but gracefully yielded. The second group of states with their small population had — such in that regard is the beauty of our Constitution — sixteen votes in the Senate, as against only fourteen from the populous group. But since the representatives of states having a vast majority of the people, and a majority of the cattle as well, were in favor of free hides, there would hardly seem a good reason for attempting to arouse sectional antagonism, and shaking the pillars of the empire.

For the first time in our tariff legislation, the Payne Act presents an elaborate set of maximum and minimum duties. The general minimum duties are now in force in favor of all countries, and they will continue in force in favor of such countries as give us their lowest tariffs. If another country prefers to favor other nations as against us, it thereby elects to take our maximum tariff. This maxi-

mum is twenty-five per cent ad valorem upon all articles which are dutiable, and does not apply to articles on the free list. It must be admitted that it is a high maximum, but if there is to be a maximum at all, there is much to be said in favor of its being a heavy one. Foreign nations will be less likely to invoke its operation against them. An important part of the world's trade is carried on under commercial treaties, by which nations grant one another special concessions from their tariffs. We have the greatest market in the world, and it is quite unlikely that other countries will discriminate against what we send them, at the risk of losing our market for their own products. The maximum and minimum clauses are so drawn as to exempt Canada from their operation in such of her tariffs as may discriminate in favor of Great Britain. If Canada has no aspirations for independence, she is in reality a nation, and this concession is a friendly recognition of the fact that she is our near neighbor, and also of the important trade between the two countries.

The bill reduces the duty on print paper from six dollars to three dollars and seventy-five cents per ton, with a higher duty to be put in force contingent upon the action of other countries. Whatever the course which some of the Canadian provinces may take, it is likely that the provisions of the bill will result in cheaper print paper than we should have had under the old law, although such a result may be a doubtful blessing. There are doubtless some who think that it would not be easy to expiate the crime committed against civilization in the invention of wood-pulp paper. Before this inventor appeared with his chest of "oak and triple brass," it was necessary for the newspaper publisher to attempt to condense; but with the cheap pulp-paper, dilution, or rather invention, has been called into play. As in the case of the good and bad trusts, it is necessary or discreet to discriminate between the good newspapers and the bad ones. In the old

days, our nerves were sufficiently thrilled by the publication of crime in ordinary type; now, however, when print paper is so cheap, the report of it is broken to us by smearing a single startling word across a whole page in dripping red. It is the boast of a publisher that forty acres of noble spruces have been sent to the shambles in order to make the paper necessary for a single issue of one of his monstrosities. But whatever the public value of the fact, or whether a further development of the type of journalism which cheap pulp-paper has fostered will tend still further to nullify the hundreds of millions which the states and churches are spending in the causes of religion, education, and order, the act is strongly in the interest of cheaper paper.

A careful scrutiny of the act will show that the decreases vastly outnumber the increases; and that, when luxuries are thrown out of the account, there are probably five hundred more decreases than increases. Except in the case of luxuries, there are few increases that are really important in character; while many of the decreases are upon articles that underlie great industries, and are of fundamental importance. The act is drawn upon great industrial lines, and takes a long step in the direction of emancipating many enterprises from the tribute that high duties compelled them to pay for the privilege of existing at all. The *New York Nation* cannot be accused of any friendliness towards protection. The new law has had no severer or more intelligent critic, and yet it frankly declares that it is the best tariff ever enacted by the Republican party. Here and there, some child of the people may be seen riding the tumult, and basking in a popularity won by indiscriminate abuse of the bill; but only time, and a brief time at that, will be needed to dissipate the tumult, and give the people a correct view.

The President effectively used his great

influence to secure a downward revision in accordance with his own pledges made before the election, and those of his party as they were commonly interpreted; and unless the President is to be a mere dummy, taking no part in formulating great party policies to be enacted into law and not permitted to be consulted as to their details, he could not have acted differently. And if it is conceded that he may make his views known to individual members of Congress, not even the most sensitive spirit could take offense at the manner in which it was done. He has acquired the habit of patiently hearing before deciding; and he gives his visitor a chance, instead of making all the noise himself. He represents, in his manner, a return to the normal type; and he shows himself to be both a constitutional and a human president. When we awake in the morning, we may feel reasonably sure of finding the country here. Compared with the satisfaction over that, the dislike of his inheritance tax or corporation income-tax, or of any other mere policy, becomes a small matter. To have the air no longer filled with strident voices, to have something left to Congress, something to the courts, something to the states, and something also to each individual one of us, is indeed a very great deal; and hence it is that, for those of us who think that there should be something in the Republic besides the mere name, the stars once again shine.

But to return to the tariff, which happily I have succeeded for a moment in forgetting, the Payne Act does not represent the sum of human wisdom; it doubtless has some duties which are too high, or are otherwise out of gear with the conditions to which they should be adjusted; but having regard to those duties which are protective in character, it represents the greatest reduction that has been made in the tariff at any single time since our first revenue law was signed by George Washington.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FLYING KITES

A SYMPATHY with the business spirit, and a deep comprehension of the underlying laws of real finance, are to be acquired in no better way, as I believe, than by flying kites. I refer, not to the modern Hargreave cellular aeroplane, but to the old-fashioned three-stick kite of our boyhood days. The boy who flew those kites, and made them fly, is the man who manages a business, and makes it go.

I appreciate the fact that the occupation of flying kites has been minimized. I might almost say that it has not been taken seriously. But I am not one of those who seek in custom or conventionality the indorsement of a profound truth. All the great truths have come to the world, violating custom and shocking conventionalities; it is the same in respect to this Gospel of the Kite.

To those who have never flown a kite this message will come in vain; unless, perchance, their faith be great, and they may be led to investigate. But to the small and select class who have had a kite "up," and have "held" it, I address myself, with no doubt as to the sympathy I shall meet. We belong to the same fraternity. We can exchange the grip. We know the answer to the secret challenge; to the others we can only say, Flying kites is business, and business is flying kites.

The young man starts his business; the boy starts his kite. Suppose yourself that boy. What are you going to do?

You must look around and discover what materials are at hand. Have you sticks? and paste? and the proper kind of paper? What is your plan? What your idea? Shall it be large, or small; simple, or ornate; humble, or ambitious; ordinary, or eccentric; built for thread, or string; built to pull, or to soar? Ah! there

are many things. Much depends on circumstances. Perhaps we have the thread, and have not string. We may have a penny for a sheet of red tissue-paper; or possibly we must do with the heavier texture of the print-covered organ which supplies the house with news. It may be that two sky-rocket sticks, gathered on the morning following "the Fourth," are the basis for the contemplated operations, and the other parts must adjust themselves to their weight and length. For it is not easy always to get sticks. And even the matter of the brad which is to fasten the three together must be taken into reckoning. It is a problem of adjustment; of fitting circumstances to ideals; of making what we have conform to what we wish to do; of evolving from the little things which have come within the narrow range of a circumscribed existence, the best type of that which is to carry our ideas toward the clouds.

It is a noble calling, to create; and if the object of the creative energies be a kite, it is a fascinating one. For a kite is like a living thing. It has a personality — a character. No two are alike. Some are steady, others flighty; some ambitious, others lethargic; some reliable, others full of tricks. One will fly before the wind and look you squarely in the eye; another sidles off to the left or right, watching for a chance to get you into trouble. One rises strong and resolute, and goes by the shortest path to his proper spot; another wavers undecidedly and must be coaxed. One pulls steadily on the string; another yanks and jerks, or keeps you alternately hauling in the slack or letting out to relieve the too-great strain. Some kites are confirmed runaways, and will fight you every minute for the weak spot in the string; others are mere molly-coddles without vim enough to keep the string up off the ground. Some are nervous, look-

ing for a chance to dive; others could not be induced to dive if robbed of half their tails. One kite will wiggle like a tadpole; another is as steady as a star. There is the climbing kite, that is trying always to reach a place directly overhead, and as often dropping back, with loss of wind and pull. And there is the kite which will not climb enough. Faithful, tricky, sturdy, weak; nervous, strong, foolish, flighty, wise, — kites are of as many kinds as there are kinds of people. And when we cross the sticks and paste the paper, we have no notion what the character will be. We only know that a new kite-personality is born, and that it will be unlike all the thousands that have gone before.

The kite now is made. Where shall we put it up? Again a problem of adjustment. Again the need for that wise discretion which must take account of many things. Which way lies the wind? How strong does it blow? What says the column of smoke from the brewery? Does it bend and dip from the stack's mouth, or does it sail off in uncertain curves? Will it be safe to try it in the street, or shall we have to journey to the vacant lot? It would be fine if we could get "her" up near the house, and then hold "her" from the porch. The vacant lot is distant, and is liable to occasional raids by predatory "micks," who "run down" and smash kites. But, on the other hand, the street is filled with obstacles. Monopolistic interests have usurped the land for houses, and have strung wires for telegraphic purposes where there ought to be a free way for the string. Heedless vehicles trespass on the road. Shade-trees lay their traps, and roofs yawn for kites struggling to get free from earth. It will take a kite of steady nerve to rise clear in such environment. Is it best to take the chance, or shall we leave the closed-in places and take our enterprise to the newer and the wider region?

Room to run; that is an essential that the boy who knows his business never fails to keep in mind. When a kite is up — if it is any kind of a kite worth having

— it will not be necessary to run with it. But in giving the kite its start — no matter how good a kite — it will almost always be necessary to do a little running. Some artificial stress must be added to the pressure of the wind, and the only way to secure this is by dragging the kite against it. A fair start for any kite means that it must rise enough to enter that steady stream of air which flows like a great unseen river a few rods above the housetops. Once in that stream, there is permanence. There is room. Up in that river is a great reservoir of energy. The kite is "up," and all we have to do is to "hold it."

"Does she pull?" — "Sure." The boy with his hand upon the kite-string, the engineer with his hand upon the throttle, the pilot touching the spokes of the big steamer's wheel, the manager feeling daily the pulse of the retail trade, the factory proprietor speeding up his mill to the point of requisite production, the banker sensing out the money market, the master of finance floating kites in winds of other people's money — all ask the question: Does she pull? Is she holding steady now? What means this lull? Is this an ebbing tide? Shall we have to wind her in? Does this forecast a change? Is the tension dangerous? Are we preparing for a "break loose"? Or will she hold? Shall we let her out? Will that dive take her down? And if she breaks, where will she land? What chance to save a section of the string; or, possibly, the sticks?

Everything depends upon the pull. A sensitive finger on the string feels the conditions at the kite. For this reason a kite must be "held." A man who would "tie" a kite, would go away and leave a business to a man not sharing in the profits.

But it is a pleasure, not a task, to hold a kite, — and for all the reasons hinted at above; added to which is the fact that by skillful management "she" may be sent up higher; she may, indeed, become the highest in the field; and the boy who holds

her finds himself the object of an admiring and an envious group of pilgrims who have come to see. She is his. Yes, he made her. Yes, she flies that way always. The momentary thrill and the triumph of the victor!

Is it the coins and notes that keep the man of business at his business, from early morn till tired night, from week to week, from year to year, from youth to age? No. It is because he is still flying kites.

A COLLEGE OF CACHINNATION

IN a foreign paper, picked up by chance in the periodical room of the Boston Public Library, I came the other day upon the interesting information that there has recently arisen in Milan a school of laughter founded in all seriousness to teach the young idea how to cachinnate. Not that the world has grown so grave as to need instruction in merriment: the matter, it seems, is one of quality rather than quantity. There is enough laughter; but, from the point of view of the higher criticism, it is so poorly laughed as to be almost laughable in itself, if the fact were not so serious. The English laugh badly; we Americans laugh worse; even the French — such is the opinion of the expert observer in charge of the new Milanese institution — laugh no longer with the charm that was once theirs, but “lack tone, color, or feeling, as if the whole nation had taken to drinking mineral waters.” Moral: Beware of mineral waters or your laughter will be full of salts.

At first thought, I was inclined to laugh at this institution myself. I did laugh. More than that, I heard myself doing it. It was the first time that I had ever consciously heard myself laugh, and the sound set me thinking, and listening to the laughter of others. So that I now feel, after all, that it would be wiser to take a course in the College of Cachinnation — and laugh at it afterward. He who laughs last, and so forth. To laugh at those who are secretly and with reason

laughing at us for the *way* we laugh at them, is a fine joke only as long as we don't grasp both sides of it. The College of Cachinnation, in short, is simply the legitimate continuation of a movement that began with the first music lesson.

But speech — and laughter, by the same token — is still taken for granted by the great majority of otherwise intelligent people. Singing is a different matter, admittedly ornamental, and demanding study and practice; the better the natural voice, the more willingly the family economizes in order to have it properly developed. And it therefore follows that every now and then one meets a young woman who sings like an angel, talks like a parrot, and laughs like a hyena. Singing, in short, is an acquirement (largely admired for the ease and naturalness with which it is finally done), but speaking or laughing is as natural as freckles on the end of the nose, and apparently no more tempting as something to improve by cultivation.

Yet those who describe laughter show plainly enough that the existence of an ideal is even here generally recognized. The novelist usually specifies the kind, and, so to speak, color, of audible merriment. We do actually hear that rippling or that mellow laugh which is the joy of novelists, often enough to know that the novelist does n't make it up out of his own head; but not often enough to make it a trite and commonplace characteristic when the novelist looks about mentally for something that will add charms to his puppets.

But the attitude of the public mind remains reminiscent of a line in a now defunct school reader, in which some imaginary and hopelessly silly person was made to say, “There is nothing like fun, is there? I have n't *any* myself, but I *do* like it in others” — a statement well calculated to make children solemn and insure quiet in schoolrooms. Such would seem to be our general feeling about the musical quality of laughter: we have n't

any ourselves, but we do like it in those we read about. But human nature rarely embodies this fine self-abnegation. The silly person in the reader did not honestly believe himself lacking in fun, nor do the rest of us honestly believe ourselves lacking in harmonic and pleasing cachinnation. We have heard these noises coming out of our mysterious interiors so long and so familiarly that it never occurs to us to examine them critically. "Teach me to laugh, indeed!" say we; "show me something funny and I'll show you how to laugh."

Evidently, however, the College of Cachinnation believes in the existence of a thoughtful minority, — and for such is education really intended, — by whom laughter can be taken seriously without being the less spontaneously enjoyable. Other things being equal, nobody will deny that it is better to make a pleasant noise than an ugly one, as is clearly enough shown by the large number of persons who make a living tuning pianos. Nor are the sounds so often subsequently produced by the owners of the pianos any proof to the contrary; they are doing their best, not their worst, although the listener next door may be pardoned for not believing it.

But suppose that the piano-tuner comes frequently enough, and the player has taste enough, and works hard enough, and by degrees begins to acquire a mastery of the instrument so that the listener no longer shudders. Certainly the pleasure of the player does not diminish in proportion as that of the listener increases; and the improvement is not frowned upon, even by her own family, as an affectation — which might happen had she devoted the same amount of time and patience to the technique of the only musical instrument that, willy-nilly, we must all play upon.

This, I take it, is the argument of these Milanese benefactors, — for benefactors they are although the movement is hardly likely to spread immediately enough to benefit many of those now living. Their

curriculum presumably includes the chuckle, the giggle, the titter, the ripple, and so on, working up eventually to the howl, snort, and bellow. For misanthropes there should be courses in the variations of bitter laughter — the sardonic titter, the sarcastic ripple, the ironical chuckle. One should be able to combine courses and acquire a characteristic and special kind of laughter: there should be, for example, a suggestion of new-mown hay in the laughter of the farmer who has always lived on the farm, to differentiate his mirth from the worldlier merriment of the gentleman farmer who has made his fortune in the great city and come back to the soil to spend it. In a group of graduates from the College of Cachinnation it would be a real pleasure to serve as a laughing-stock; and as for laughing on the wrong side of the mouth, how much more satisfactory would be that exercise if we could at least feel that we were doing it with a certain degree of technical excellence. Nor need one apologize for these mildly mirthful imaginings — provided one has accepted the principle that laughter, like everything else, is worth the trouble of doing properly. One may imagine that the institution thus successfully provides material for its pupils to practice upon, without resorting to the comic papers.

But here perhaps is the gravest charge that can be brought against the College of Cachinnation: will it not make laughter artificial? In all seriousness, such a danger seems negligible. Counting out the large proportion of laughter that is artificial already, natural laughter would have no more to fear than had music in the case of the neighbor who actually learned to play her piano. Let the College of Cachinnation teach its students to laugh with technical excellence, — in short, to do by art what we all more or less imagine we do by nature, — and the world is still as funny as ever. Education of any kind is an acquired habit, and a habit once thoroughly acquired becomes perfectly natural.

TO ABATE A FAMILIAR NUISANCE

IF consistency is half the jewel it is cracked up to be, I wish our more notable interpreters of the drama could be induced to recognize its virtues, even at the cost of a "curtain recall" now and then. It is doubtless a matter of pride to a clever player when, guiltless of a claque, he can keep a theatreful of reasonably intelligent persons applauding for ten minutes after the close of each act, while the curtain is lifted again and again to enable him to bow his thanks. But what becomes of the play, the thread of whose story is thus snipped into bits?

Rip has just uttered his plaintive "Meena, you haf turn me out of your house," and passed into the raging storm; Meena, overcome by a realization of what she has done, has fallen miserably. The dim candlelight, the ne'er-do-weel's pathos, his wife's distress, the thunder, lightning, wind, and rain, have wrought the sentiment of the audience to the convulsive pitch, when ——! Amid mingled sobs and handclapping, up goes the curtain upon a brilliantly illumined stage, with Rip and Meena in the centre of it, hand in hand, smiling, as if peace had been restored in the family as completely as in the weather outside!

If it were the purpose to stop there, leaving the audience to fill the gap of reconciliation with details of their own imagining, well and good. But no. The next scene shows Rip alone in the gloomy forest, making friends with the ghosts of Hendrick Hudson's crew. Why is he there? If he and Meena had come to an understanding, what need of his quitting home and wife and children to spend the night tramping through the inhospitable wilds? Alas, the secret will be found in a three-line paragraph which must be lugged in at the tail of tomorrow's published criticism, describing the enthusiasm of the "repeated recalls."

I remember well when every actor whose name was honored by four-inch capitals on the bill-boards was expected to halt the scene in which he made his first entrance, by advancing to the footlights and bowing right and left in acknowledgment of his welcome by the house. That custom has fallen, happily, into disuse. A few actors still make a practice of pausing to bow, without leaving the place on the stage where the action of the piece requires them to be; but a much larger number give no outward sign of recognition — a compliment to the sincerity of their admirers, who are thus assumed to have paid their willing tribute with no eye to a return of favors. Having so nearly got rid of one old nuisance, why not try to get rid of the other? It used to be bad enough when, with the curtain still down, the villain and his murdered victim, the torrential father and his spendthrift son, the runaway wife and her deserted husband, came trooping out of a door in the proscenium to make their obeisances; but the present practice of raising the curtain is worse, for the stage-setting itself is a poignant reminder of the contrast between what has just occurred and what is just occurring.

A theatrical performance is either an appealing thought made visible, or the personal exploitation of an actor. If the latter, why go to the expense of so elaborate a mounting? Clad in the conventional costume of the day, reading from an ordinary platform the lines of the dramatist, the histrionic artist could prove his powers of enchantment more surely than tricked out in a disguise, and projected against a changeful background of artificial scenery.

But, granting that the main thing is the evolution of the dramatist's idea, and not the advertisement of its interpreter, why not encourage the illusion which the author has spent his best energies to create, instead of destroying it in order to furnish food for three lines in the morning newspapers?

Or, if audiences are resolved not to be satisfied without exchanging greetings with their favorite players after the curtain has fallen, why not take advantage of modern invention, use a curtain with a white centre, and throw upon this a moving picture in which all the actors in the cast are represented in "plain clothes," bowing and curtsying to their hearts' content and that of their patrons? At least that would have the merit of not interrupting the continuity of the play.

Again, there is the good old-fashioned practice of having the curtain raised repeatedly upon the closing tableau of an act, which, if dramatic and colorful, tends to impress the story more deeply upon the minds of the spectators instead of effacing it. Besides, it conveys a compliment to author and actor jointly, like the pretty incident at a musical festival in England, when Nilsson, responding to an encore of a song from the "Bohemian Girl," discarded her more showy repertory to give another simple thing of Balfe's.

WHEN POETS HAVE TO SPEAK A PIECE

THIS has been a year of centenary celebrations of the marvelous galaxy of great men who happened to be born in a bunch a hundred years ago; and at frequent intervals during these twelve months, many men have felt themselves called upon to stand and deliver ornate speeches setting forth the essential characteristics of the great man whose hundredth birthday is being commemorated. Not a few poets also have come forward to read laudatory lyrics, in which they sing the virtues of their predecessors who have joined the choir invisible. And it has been interesting to observe how well they have acquitted themselves of this grateful task, and especially how adroitly they have adapted themselves to the novel conditions of oral delivery.

Originally, all poetry was to be said or

sung; and the poets still like to think of themselves as singers, and as touching the lyre. And yet, from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the poets of our language have appealed exclusively to the eye of the reader, neglecting altogether the appeal to the ears of an audience. One result of this is that they have forgotten how to make verses fitted for oral delivery. They have centred their efforts on effects which may be proper enough in the study, but which are out of place on the platform. Not only have they forgotten how to write rhymes that will fall trippingly on the ear, but they now fail to grasp the distinction which must exist between that which is to be read aloud and that which is merely to be read. Of course, this blunder is often made by prose-writers also, who venture to deliver an essay prepared solely for perusal as if it had the special qualities of an actual address, intended for the ear of the many rather than for the eye of the one. Yet we all know that a good essay will not necessarily make a good address, just as a good address will not necessarily make a good essay. Indeed, it is a commonplace of criticism that a really persuasive speech rarely reads well.

Now, this is a fact which the bards of the set occasion ought to keep in mind. They ought to adopt for their commemorative verses the model rather of the speaker than of the essayist. They ought to take account of the limitations of the human ear, — and also of the human intelligence when it has to be reached through the ear. In other words, what they must strive to do is to give their poetry certain of the special qualities of the oration. They must contrive to sustain their lyrics with the repetition and with the rhetoric demanded by the spoken address. And they must avoid all those metrical forms which will not carry to the ear. The sonnet, for example, with the intricate interlacing of its rhymes, is altogether too complicated for satisfactory oral delivery. The ear cannot catch the

scheme easily, and the auditor is puzzled by the complexity of structure; and as a result, there is a violation of that principle of Economy of Attention, which Herbert Spencer declared to underlie all the rules of rhetoric.

It is profitable to remind ourselves that the most satisfactory passages even in the noblest memorial odes have conformed to the laws of oral delivery. Indeed, it could be shown that the strikingly effective portions of Tennyson's *Wellington Ode* are, in essence, rhyme and rhetoric, — splendid and inspiring rhetoric, no doubt, but rhetoric none the less. And Lowell's noble characterization of Washington in one ode and of Lincoln in another, are also essentially oratorical; they have the stately structure and the serried march of the masterpieces of oratory; they have the true rhyme of the spoken word, as distinguished from the merely written word which makes its appeal only to the eye. So Kipling's "Recessional," prepared to be read, could have been spoken to advantage, as it carries its message with the clearness of Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address*. This same characteristic, it may be noted, can be discovered also in the verse of the later Latin lyrists, after the habit had established itself for a poet to speak his own lines, and to publish them with his own voice.

EXPECTED GREATNESS

I WAS lately pleased to see some nameless fellow held up to scorn on the charge of intended greatness. My case is far worse than his, in that I am expected to become great. In plain fact, I know the "incommoditie of greatnesse," and, like Montaigne, "aime not that way: I love myself too well." Yet my relatives and friends never doubt; and I am every day crushed in the fall of ambitions not my own.

Nearly all great men, I am aware, arrived late, disguised, and brought surprise to their nearest intimates. Lincoln

was a backwoods politician in the natural bark; Whistler an impudent cockney who threw pots of paint in the public's face. Whenever this knowledge recurs, it irons all the hope right out of me. I have neither the desire nor the capacity for high fortunes. Yet I have been eagerly expected since a boy, until now a white lock which no one (bless their fond hearts, anyway) will notice, hangs conspicuously over each temple.

Who knows the misery of the Expected Great? Failure is nothing to fear. Good honest failure is easy and comfortable, like sliding down-hill, like sinking into a spongy snowdrift at the base of a mountain. The Expected Great, however, is not allowed this delectable cup. The audience is seated; fans flutter; whispers pass: "He is coming." It is imperative that he rise from the drift; he must appear on the platform. He has no intention to deceive, but the wanly smiling people claim a right to him, and he must surrender. If he delays too long, he is implored to answer the telephone: "Have you done it yet, are you great?" This faithful unbelief in a man's failure, this treacherous faith in his success, is the real ruin before which the victim stands appalled.

My fate was ordained from the beginning. I was an only child, escaped narrowly from drowning at an early age, read the Bible and *Paradise Lost* in my older infancy, and was educated beyond the ken of my self-made elders. These trifling accidents are invested by hope with the roseate and ample charm of prophecy. When I bide at home I am suspected, like a setting hen, of being about to hatch a flock fabulous in quality and number; when I go upon a journey, I am banqueted by the old, and hand-shaken by the young, and in the eyes of all there lies a misty wistfulness as if they fain would join me company to my land of heart's desire; and when I disembark again at my own door, they greet me with suppressed smiles, in reference to the greatness which I have concealed about

me, as much as to say, "Out with it, you rogue, we know you've got it." But all the while I have it not at all, I have not even the satisfaction of a self-deceived hen; for I know my eggs are addled.

The Cambridge philosopher remarks that he who would be great must give up repose. But he of whom greatness is expected must give up everything that his nature may hold dear, and cleave unto this bloodless illusion of his friends. He is dressed perpetually for the marriage; and however much his taste may revolt, and however long he may postpone the actual union, he can never wholly back

out from a match so advantageous. At each delay he must invent some excuse which shall cloak his own honor and balm the wounded hope of relatives. Above all, must he forestall misrepresentation of the good faith of his lovely bride; for to let out that she will not have him, — that were scandal all round. Such worry would certainly frowze a brain of hardened steel. Good men and great live invariably to three score and ten; only count the gray-haired notables from Noah down. The Expected Great it is who usually die young. And they are blessed in the taking-off.